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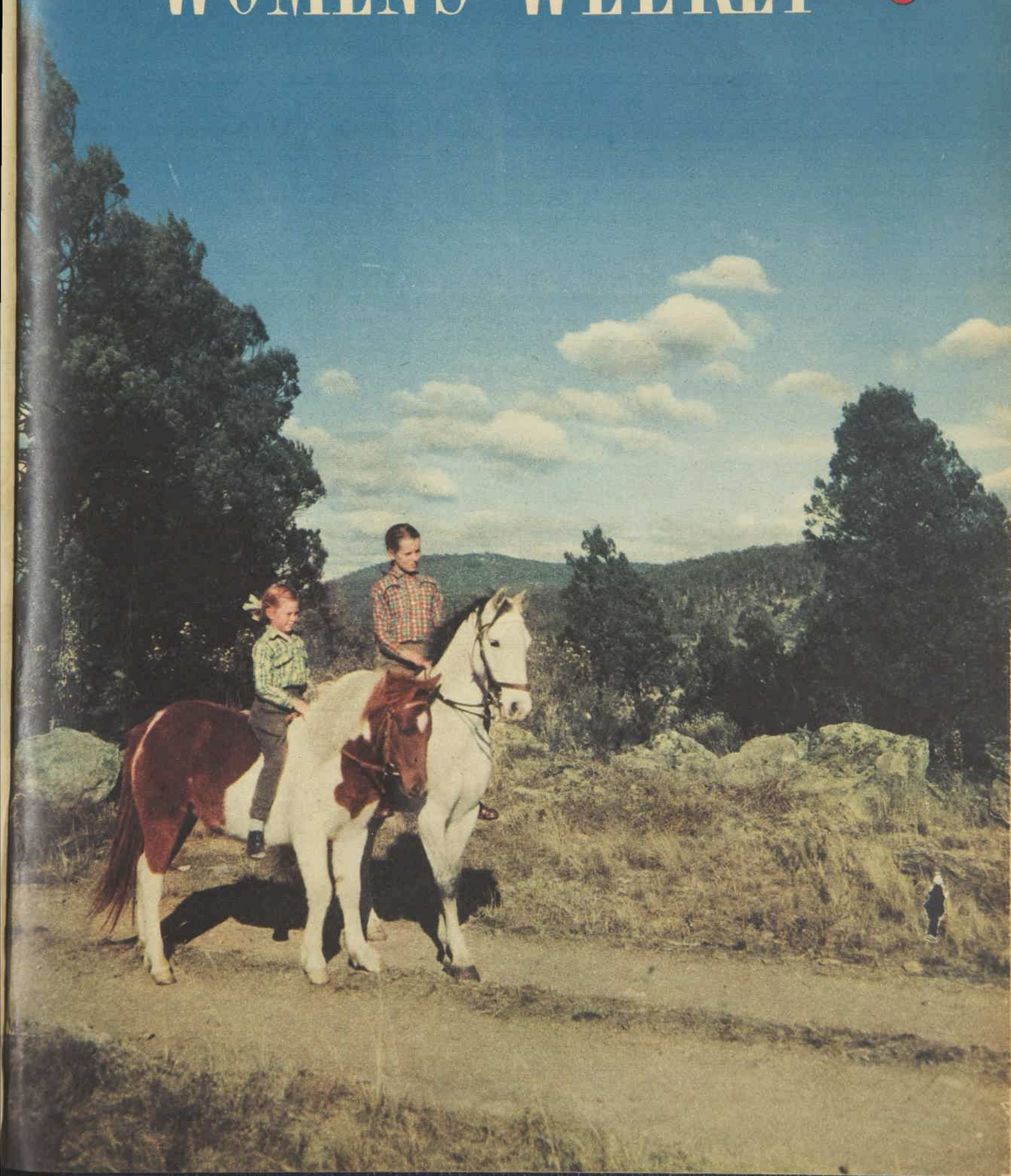
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

December 4, 1957

PRICE



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Give your
hair a real
Christmas
gift this
year!

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 34 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

DECEMBER 4, 1957

Vol. 25, No. 24

LET'S KEEP THE CURTSY

PEOPLE are not likely to cry themselves to sleep over the Queen's decision to abolish the annual presentation of debutantes at Buckingham Palace.

Being "presented" was exciting and glamorous for a few privileged individuals, but as a ceremony it was a meaningless, costly, and snobbish ritual from the musty past.

Following the announcement about the end of the debutante presentations, there were rumors that the curtsy would also be abolished.

This, however, is something quite different.

The curtsy is a salute to the Queen, not as an individual, but as head of the Commonwealth.

In its formal and symbolic way, it is much the same as a man raising his hat to a woman—a simple gesture of recognition and good manners.

New brooms are good things to sweep away social inequalities like deb. presentations. But intelligent Court reform should not degenerate into abolition of those acts, gestures, and ceremonies which have true historical or social significance.

Taking our pattern from such a Court, our society could end up, like militant feminists, with nothing left but cold and arid equality.

Imagine a society in which no man ever pulled out a chair for a woman and no woman ever smiled up at him and said thank you.

By abolishing the curtsy and all it stands for, we could be on the way to abolishing all those courtesies which make life bearable.

Our cover

Two young members of the Cooma Pony Club—Alison Ritchie (12), right, and Kerry Ferris (7)—go for a canter in the lovely Snowy River country. Kerry calls her pony "The Small One." Alison's part Arab gelding is called "Springbok." Photograph by Mr. R. Ferris, Cooma North, N.S.W.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

With so much talk about outer space at the moment, we thought the information and color pictures of the moon on the opposite page would be of particular interest to readers.

IN addition, next week we will introduce a new feature about science—a subject which Prince Philip said recently should be studied by everybody.

Briefly each week an expert will give you, in simple language, an explanation of some aspect of science currently under discussion.

We hope that this new feature will help parents to answer some of the questions their children are asking after seeing the headlines about satellites and rockets to the moon.

We also hope the feature will enable readers to have a much better understanding of the world-shaking experiments scientists are making today.

CANDY HARDY, our teenage fashion adviser, predicts, with a hot summer ahead, that Australian girls will become much more hat conscious this season.

This week she shows six delightful hats for teenagers, with the right hair-do to go with them.

ONE of the biggest carnival events of the year in Adelaide is John Martin's Christmas pageant of storybook characters.

Color photographs of this year's procession appear on pages 8 and 9 this week.

Freda Young, of our Adelaide staff, reports that the pageant again brought city business almost to a standstill this year.

The route was lined feet deep with children, and the

miracle is that only 150 of them were "lost" and taken to police headquarters to be picked up by anxious parents.

RONALD MCKIE'S article this week on "What's wrong with Australian men" set off a violent controversy in the office.

Quite a few staff members disagreed with him about Australian men being sloppy in clothes and manners.

"They're not," they stated. "They're wonderful."

Others insisted that the men took their fashion lessons from the women. If the ladies dressed badly, so did their escorts.

One staff member endorsed the opinion that if a date arrived looking ugly and badly groomed she no one to blame but herself.



GOODBYE, ROMANTIC MOON

*Poor lovers: It's
black, hot,
and full of dust*

● A few months ago satellites were things Western scientists and rocketeers talked about as near-possibilities and space fiction writers already regarded as scrap for the cosmic junkheap.

NOW that the Russians have sputniked the world, practically everyone is talking not about satellites but of the moon as the next step on the not-so-distant journey into space.

With the moon about to be invaded—this year, next year, sometime—the age-old idea of a romantic moon, aid to lovers, is already out of date.

For how will lovers be able to gaze uninhibited at the moon without shrinking into the shrubbery and whispering, "Big Brother will be up there any moment"?

And how, also, can people continue to tell their children about that cow that jumped? They will immediately want to know what kind of rocket it had tied to it.

The curious thing about all this moon excitement is that the moon is such an unpleasant place to visit, with not even the amenities of a country boarding-house.

It's 240,000 miles away, and you have to travel at a minimum of 25,000 miles an hour to escape the earth's gravity—

a journey even at that speed of nearly 10 hours.

The moon has no atmosphere and no water, and there is no sound because there is no atmosphere.

It's a silent, still world with a black sky, day temperatures of 248 degrees F. and night temperatures down to 238 degrees F.

It's a place of sabre-toothed mountain peaks, some of them higher than Mt. Everest, and about 250,000 craters, some of them hundreds of miles across.

Some of these craters, too, have peaks inside them three times the height of Mt. Kosciuszko.

There are weird physical features like the Moon Maiden, so called because in the sun's rays it looks like a girl with long, flowing hair.

And over all is the dust—craters of dust, "seas" of dust, plains of dust—fine debris from space and from exploding meteors.

So keep away from the moon if you have an allergy, because the dust might get into your space helmet.

It would be horrible to travel 240,000 miles at 25,000 m.p.h.—just to get a sneezing attack.



MOON MOODS. In the twilight (above), by staff photographer Keith Barlow; and a time-to-say-good-night moon, by staff photographer Derek Brook.

A LOVELY GIFT

IN A SPECIAL
GAY JACKET

Look for the gay red-and-gold container with twist-type top and special Xmas jacket at chemists and stores everywhere ...

3/-



three flowers talcum

ALWAYS a delightful thought at Xmas, Three Flowers Talcum Powder has been made even more attractive as a gift through its special bright Xmas wrap. It is a gift you can make with confidence. Three Flowers Talc is really wonderful! Fresh and fragrant as

the flowers for which it is named... as gentle as a caress, it smooths the skin with a lovely softness that makes you feel so cool and comfortable. It keeps you feeling fresh hour after busy hour or sends you to rest in comfortable after-bath luxury.

—and a happy companion gift is a box of



three flowers face powder

It is, indeed, a pleasant combination gift—Three Flowers Talc and Three Flowers Face Powder... or, as a complete gift, a box of the Face Powder, in the recipient's favourite shade, is a happy one. Wonderful, finely textured Three Flowers Face Powder goes on so smoothly it blends perfectly with skin tones... keeps the skin satin smooth for hours. It is the lightest powder you can imagine. So soft, so fine, it brings to the complexion a delicate, clinging veil of loveliness.

At chemists and stores everywhere 4/6.

SAY IT WITH THREE FLOWERS



LARRY ADLER practises tirelessly. He once estimated it would take him 10 years to master Bach's A Minor Concerto.

Larry Adler—genius of “tin sandwich”

● He is a dynamic little man—Larry Adler—with a forceful personality, driving energy, and a sense of humor that disappears when he talks about his music.

By
DAWN JAMES,
staff reporter

A MOUTH-ORGAN is a tremendously personal instrument,” he says seriously.

“It’s like a musical report by an analyst. If you’re a phony it’ll come out that way.”

Adler, whose interpretive genius with a mouth-organ brought its “acceptance” as a serious instrument, is on a seven weeks’ concert tour of Australia.

His continuous striving for perfection never allows him to be satisfied with his work.

Take, for example, Debussy’s “The Afternoon of a Faun.” Adler played it for eight years before he thought he could give the piece “feeling,” as opposed to mere technical proficiency.

“But I didn’t know I was a musician till 1952,” he said.

Bach snobs

“I was to give a concert in Jerusalem. When they heard I was going to play Bach, some friends of mine in Tel Aviv said, ‘Don’t do it.’”

“In Jerusalem they are the Bach snobs of all time.

“I was going to change the programme, then I thought, ‘Well, hell, if I do that I’ll always feel a coward.’”

“I was playing a Bach concerto. In the middle of the second movement I was suddenly aware that the audience was listening earnestly. I could feel it.

“Afterwards the applause began slowly. It built up till the audience was standing.

“I have never had any other doubts on the validity of my music.”

Why did Adler choose the once lowly mouth-organ? (His friend Yehudi Menuhin calls it a tin sandwich.)

“If you’re going to ask me how I came to play the mouth-organ I’ll kill you,” Adler remarked pleasantly—and then reflected:

“I suppose it was one way in which I could be independent. When I was a child my family lived in Baltimore, which I loathed.

“I didn’t fit in with the other boys in my neighbor-

hood at all—always felt ‘left out’ and inferior.

“I didn’t realise this at the time, of course, but—chaotically—the feeling was there.

“Little man”

“I remember when I attended the Peabody Conservatorium in Baltimore when I was 10.

“A large blond woman on stage said to me, ‘And what are we going to play, my little man?’

“I sat down at the piano and played ‘Yes, We Have No Bananas.’

“They said I was undisciplined, untalented, and totally lacking in ‘ear.’

“I don’t know about the others,” said Adler, “but I am NOT lacking in ear.”

A few years later he entered a mouth-organ competition, practised for about three weeks, and won.

“Then I saw a way out. I ran away to New York when I was 14, and I damn well stayed away.”

For years, while he was a novelty and variety artist, Adler coasted on his ability to play anything by ear.

When he reached the top as a popular entertainer there was “nothing more I could do.” So he left the jazz world for the classics.

Now he is a soloist with the world’s greatest orchestras.

Composers have written special works for his mouth-organ. Benjamin Britten, William Walton, and Khatchaturian are each currently writing a concerto for Adler.

Adler’s whole life reflects his philosophy.

“I have no patience with self-satisfied people. People, that is, who are second-class, who know they are second-class, and who are quite happy.

“People, for instance, who call their children ‘Junior’ as if to say, ‘This is the perfect thing. It could be no better.’

“I suppose you could call it Adler’s Law of Genetics.”

He has three children at home in England: Carole, 18, Peter, 13, and Wendy, 11.

Eighteen-year-old Carole wants to be an actress—at the moment she has a small part in “Summer and Smoke” at the Oxford Experimental Theatre.

“I’m not helping her,” said her father. “If I did she’d never know if she did it on my name or her own ability.”

Adler’s second daughter, Wendy, is still at school.

His son Peter plays the clarinet and piano, and is an ardent amateur archaeologist.

“I took him to Israel with me,” said Adler, “but I don’t think he saw the sky once. He was too busy looking for old Roman coins.”

Fabulous fashion parades

● The exciting arrival of the seven elegant French mannequins for our Dior parades has caused a rush for reservations for the parades at David Jones Ltd.

Some seats for the parades, at £1/1/- each, are still available at the special Booking Bureau on the second floor, David Jones’ Elizabeth Street store.

The parades will be given each evening at 8 from December 9 to 13. On December 14, the final showing day, there will be a morning parade at 10 o’clock.



TABLEAU OF ELEGANCE in Melbourne's Australian premiere of our Dior Parades, which begin at David Jones' on December 7. From left: France, wearing a white satin evening gown with pink velvet coat; Odile, in sea-green tulle and Dior-red coat; Lia, in ivory and silver; Denyse, in the wedding gown of white moire and silver lame; Svetlana, in pleated tulle; Lucky, in beige faille; and Simone. The girls are holding some of the flowers they received.

DIOR MODELS

They're the smoothest entente cordiale

THERE'S no need for a Dior label on any of the seven famous and dazzling Dior mannequins here to parade the very last collection of the late dictator of Paris fashion.

The girls look Dior—just what everyone imagines a Dior mannequin should look like; they walk Dior—that oh-so-smooth glide on needle-heeled shoes; and they wear Dior—both on parade and off, because the late designer gave every mannequin her choice from each collection.

Each of the girls would stop traffic anywhere. Together, they add up to the smoothest entente cordiale ever exchanged between Australia and France.

For Australian men the Dior girls look about as good as a holiday in Paris, but women might find so much glamor a little formidable.

Can such perfect, incredibly chic, and poised young women be human? . . . What do they cook for Sunday supper? . . . Do they ever have such a thing as a baby-sitter problem? . . .

Find Lucky, whom Dior described as "fashion itself brought to life," off that parade platform with Simone and Odile and ask what they're talking about.

"Babies," says Odile, who's got huge brown eyes and charming pidgin-English.

"Look," she says as she scrabbles round in her hand-bag and comes up with a batch of snapshots. "My baby Anne—she is sweet, yes?"

Anne, just seven months old, is staying at home in Paris with a nanny and her grandmother, Odile's mother-in-law.

Simone isn't to be talked down.

"Look at my baby," she says, producing a picture of Jean Jacques, who is all of

three years old, and lives with his beautiful mother and his father, Monsieur Meunier, near the Cite Universitaire.

Simone, too, has a nanny to look after her son when she's working, and her mother is being resident baby-sitter on this tour.

Then Lucky, who's the very influential president of the French Mannequins' Union and the boss of her own model school, produces a snapshot, too.

Her "baby" is almost grown-up—daughter Michele is 15, has no ambitions to be a model, wants to be a chemist instead.

When red-headed Lia comes along, the talk's likely to switch to food. Like Odile, who adores to cook for her engineer husband, Lia, who's engaged to a young civil engineer, likes to try out new

dishes on her fiance. She lives with her mother.

To make tall, blond France's aloof face break into a smile, the girls talk pets. France, whom Dior described as his greatest mannequin, adores animals, and says the only thing that makes her unhappy about this Australian tour is that she had to leave her "baby"—a non-pedigreed boxer named Cara.

The travelling "baby" of the group is tiny, brown-eyed blond Denyse Girard, who is 21. Denyse is French-Canadian and went to an English finishing school, which makes her one of the four who can speak English well.

She's the smallest model Dior ever employed, and it took her only one season to become one of his favorite and most popular girls.

Only slightly more grown-

up is Svetlana, aged 23. Like all the girls, she's so stak-slim that she makes slim beach girls look like athletes on a build-up diet.

Svetlana and Denyse, like any other young girls, have a pet subject they adore talking about. It's clothes.

"I love them," they say together.

Likely to be the most envied man in Melbourne and Sydney during the next few weeks is a slim, dapper Frenchman who wears a chalk-stripe grey flannel suit, sports a brown pork-pie hat, and who loves country life.

He's the Marquis de Maus-sabre, the official public relations officer of the Dior empire, whose job in Australia is to "escort" the seven girls.

The Marquis, who likes to be addressed simply as "Monsieur," speaks perfect English in a clipped public school British accent and views his enviable job calmly.

"My favorite . . . ? All of them," he smiles. "I could not make a choice. Consider how unsafe I should be."

Sharing the task of getting seven pretty girls, their luggage, a wardrobe mistress, two assistant "dressers," and £110,000 worth of Dior clothes all intact between Melbourne and Sydney is a long-time friend and associate of Dior's, Madame Suzanne Luling.

Directress of the Dior salon in Paris and sales staff head, Mme Luling has been with Dior since he opened his salon ten years ago.

If the girls represent Dior glamor to all young women, the extremely elegant Mme Luling demonstrates just what it can do for the woman in her late forties.

"Everything," she says with a sweep of her hand from hat to shoes, "is by Dior—naturally."

Prettiest "Pearl" at the Party!

(THE GIRL IN PEARL CUTEX!)

If being the girl they rush doesn't make you blush . . . If you love to be whirled round the floor with cut-ins galore . . . If stealing the show gives you a wonderful glow . . . Then you're just the miss to look as luscious as this . . . Pearl Cutex, the iridescent polish that glows so excitingly on fingertips and toes! Cutex Lipstick, in a radiant pink . . . rosy, romantic . . . flirtatious as a wink!

CUTEX

World's largest selling manicure aids

Color stays on for hours—even after a kiss! Cutex is creamiest too—it's the *only* lipstick with soothing Sheer Lanolin!



Now! Unlimited wear! Lasts longest of any nail polish! Resists chipping like a precious jewel!

CORAL ICE PEARL, COTTON CANDY PEARL, CUTE TOMATO PEARL, PINK PEARL, ROSE PEARL, WHITE PEARL, 6/3 CUTEX STAYFAST LIPSTICK, 4/11 CUTEX DE-LUXE LIPSTICK, 7/11

What's wrong with Aussie men?

Their clothes are sloppy... they think good manners are sissy... and many don't even try —

says Ronald McKie

VISITORS to Australia rave about our girls, but they think most of our males are a drab, careless, and uninspiring lot. This supports a crotchety theory of mine.

Take a walk through any Australian city and you'll see what I mean: It's the girls you notice most, whereas in London it's the men who generally hold your attention.

But don't misunderstand. By girls I don't mean that rare creature, the beautiful girl, or the pretty girl, or the attractive girl who isn't pretty, or the plain girl who knows how to be attractive, or the plain girl who does her best, or even the plain girl.

I mean girls collectively—pretty and plain, good shape and bad, girls who are vital and fresh, neat and reasonably smart without being fashion plates, girls who take care of hair, nails, make-up, and whose behaviour, though not impeccable, is casually normal.

In other words, girls who are good representatives of their sex, which most Australian girls undoubtedly are.

Of nearly 500 girls I noted the other day from one point in a main Sydney street only one was badly dressed, a few were a bit careless, a few dozen had been led astray with color, and a few more wore too much junk jewellery.

Now, take another walk and look at our men — and what a depressing sight!

In a two-hour period I noted only 12 men who were well dressed.

Most of the others—hundreds of them—were so untidy, careless, or unimaginatively drab that they deserved Oscars draped with garlands of ripe raspberries.

Slept-in look

Many suits, by the look of them, hadn't been dry-cleaned and pressed for months, and many others looked as though their owners had slept in them more than once.

Properly cleaned shoes stood out like starboard lights, sandals were worn with full suits, ties which matched anything were oddities, buttons were missing, buttonholes and cuff-bottoms, even on some reasonably dressed men, were frayed, and pockets often bulged so much that coat buttons, particularly on double-breasted suits, hung on like anchor men in a tug-of-war.

I also counted 23 men in 30 minutes who wore open-necked shirts.

But that's only one side of the picture, for male manners, if you watch as I did,

and listen to complaints from the girls, are almost as sloppy as male clothes.

Here are just a few examples which stem from ignorance or thoughtlessness, or perhaps that old Australian fetish that good manners, which is consideration for others, are sissy.

Among the most common male errors are allowing a girl to walk on the street side of the pavement, not raising hats, or not raising them properly, talking to a girl with a cigarette or pipe in mouth, not opening doors, including car doors, or pulling out chairs, not rising if a man or a woman comes to your table, or when they leave.

There are many more—like sitting in public transport while older people stand, allowing a girl to carry a heavy bag or parcel, letting her light her own cigarette, blowing the car-hooter when you call for a girl, but not paying her the courtesy of going in and escorting her out to the car.

But, as one girl I questioned said: "Carelessness in dressing and behaviour is all part of the Australian man's general attitude towards women."

"He does little to help build up a girl's morale—and our morale, as we search for the man we'd like to settle down with, is sometimes pretty low."

"He has a casual, almost indifferent, approach. He treats you in much the same way that he treats his football or surfing companions, or even his dog. He would never have won a place among the



Knights of the Round Table.

"The Australian man seems almost incapable of making a girl feel she's wonderful to be out with. He seldom seems to realise that a girl likes to be fussed over."

"Yet many a man will openly appraise another girl without realising that he is being rude to the girl he is with."

Or as another girl explained: "I met a man at a party and I knew I'd impressed him. He telephoned me and asked me out. I knew he would. We had reserved seats at a show, a wonderful supper afterwards, a taxi home."

"That happened two or three times. But the next time

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST? Typically attractive girl meets typically sloppy man. "I'll walk over with you," he says, hands in pockets, cigarette in mouth, no tie or scarf.

we went out we had reserved seats, an ice-cream, and went home in the bus, and the next time we were lucky to get seats, had an ice-cream, and went home by bus, and the time after that we stood in a queue and went home by bus.

"I liked him and he liked me, but after his early gallop he took me for granted. I knew he couldn't afford things like taxis everywhere. I was prepared for that, but not prepared to be taken for granted."

"The last time I went out with him I don't think he had

even troubled to change the shirt he'd worn all day. I dumped him."

"The same sort of thing has happened to other girls I know. Some take it—just to have a man on their string. But I don't want that sort of man."

Most girls agreed:

● That Australian men dressed badly and unimaginatively, although there had been some improvement in the past few years.

● That they were careless about the condition of their clothes, including cleanliness,

and often thoughtless about their appearance.

● That Australian men, although they had a simple, dumb courtesy towards women, lacked the finer details of good manners, had little polish as individuals, and were generally casually inconsiderate of femalekind.

{As one girl said: "They are not bad mannered in its true sense. They are under-mannered."}

● That, overall, in dress and behaviour, Australian men did let Australian girls down in many ways.

Girls' fault

Two intelligent girls I talked to in Martin Place summed up for many of the others this way:

"Girls dress up because they like wearing pretty things and feeling smart. They dress to attract men. They dress to confound other women in the chase for the man."

"But look how often you see nice-looking, attractively dressed girls out with men who are carelessly dressed and who don't seem to know how to behave."

"Our girls aren't perfect. That's obvious. But most of them do look nice, while so many men don't seem to even try."

"But who is to blame? We are for continuing to put up with such treatment. If our men are sloppy in dress and manners it's our job, in subtle ways, to influence them to change."

"If more girls did this—if more girls refused to go out with men who don't care how they look, there would soon be a big improvement in manners and dress."

I couldn't agree more, except for one major flaw in the argument:

MEN.



WALKING on the wrong side of the street (above), hands still in pockets. Carry her bag? It doesn't occur to him. And (right) the knightly parting. She's collected another couple of parcels, but those hands are still in those pockets.



CITY'S CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL



THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG delighted children along the processional route as she quacked on a setting of outsize eggs. Nine hundred employees of John Martin's took part in the parade, and nearly 200 were responsible for organisation. Spectators were along the route at dawn.



NELLIE, the mechanical elephant (above), didn't forget her registration plate and carried a load of monkeys through the city. She is powered by a hidden car engine.

HIGH-HATTED GIANT (right) left the procession for a brief handshake with a pint-sized admirer. Most city business stopped during the procession.



Adelaide's day for young and not-so-young

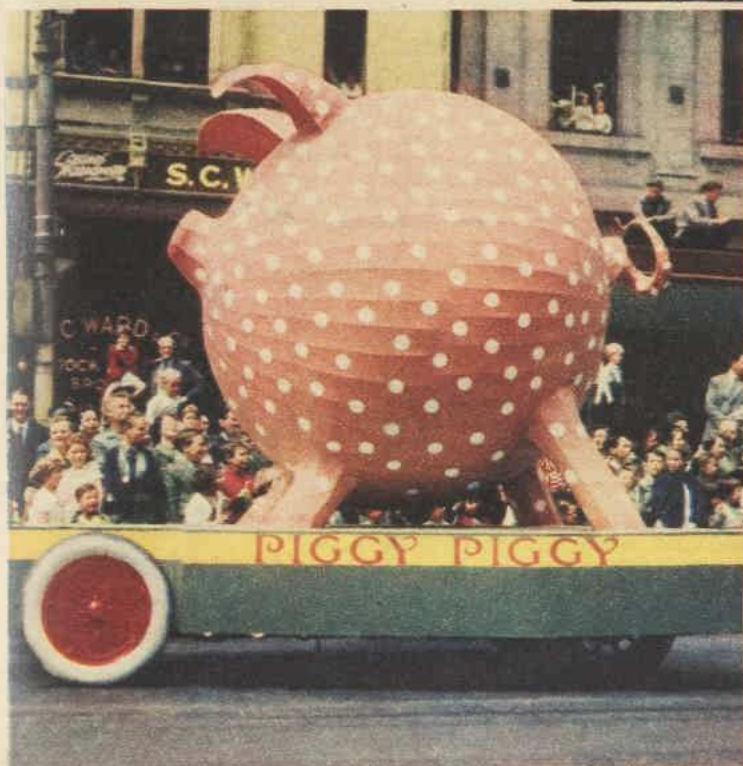
MORE than 300,000 people crowded two miles of Adelaide city streets on a recent Saturday morning for John Martin's annual Christmas pageant of fairytale and storybook characters.

Nearly 2000 yards long, the spectacular procession included 38 floats, 12 uniformed city bands, and hundreds of costumed people on foot.

The grand climax was the appearance of Father Christmas on a magnificent sleigh drawn over housetops by six reindeer.



GIANT CARNIVAL HEADS were imported from Nice, France, for the pageant and they were a sensation. The wearers were fortunate, perhaps, that only a gentle breeze blew through the city that morning. Forty make-up experts worked for two hours on the principal pageant members.



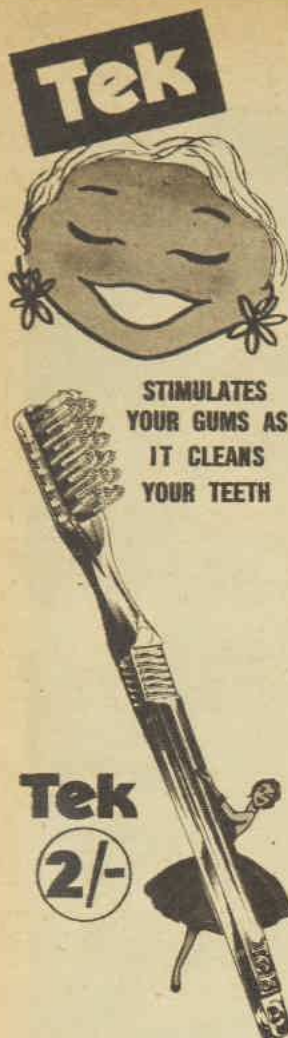
PIGGY-PIGGY, a newcomer to the annual pageant, was modelled on a child's piggy bank. His makers spent much time getting the "correct" twist in his tail, and the "correct" angle of snub to his nose. Pictures by Max Farrell.



THE DISGUISE of Cathy the Clown (left) hid the perspiration of the wearer, who had a furious, two-mile pedal on his large three-wheeler to keep up with the moving procession.

QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES atop her giant mushroom was a favorite with children, who made up most of the crowd. The queen, Gloria Robjont, was elected Queen of the Pageant.





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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I WOULD like to "strike a blow" in defence of bottle-fed babies. Every time I pick up an article or book about babies it invariably extols breast-feeding and decries bottle-feeding. No doubt some mothers do need to be scolded, scared, or coaxed into feeding their children naturally, but I'm sure most feel it is the best and easiest way. Only those who have bottle-fed a baby from birth can know the time and trouble involved in preparing the formula, and the anxiety with which a mother watches her baby's progress and tries to anticipate the need for increases and changes in his diet. But many mothers have good reasons for feeding their infants this way. I have the best reason in the world for bottle-feeding my little son—I adopted him! I'm sure other mothers, like myself, are tired of all this stupid criticism.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. A. Solomon, The Manse, Bothwell, Tas.

SUMMER, the season of sunglasses, is here, and with it the habit which irritates me most. Please, if you wear sunglasses, keep them on your nose. Don't take them off, swing them round, and end up thoughtfully sucking the arm of the sunglasses. You may do this unconsciously, or think it looks attractive. To me it just appears rather ugly, and unhygienic, too.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Geddes, Glengarry, Vic.

LET'S go in for color and beautify our land. Instead of grey bridges spanning picturesque waterways, they could be brightly painted. Imagine the Sydney Harbor Bridge with a coat of warm yellow or silver, glowing with reflections at sunrise or sunset. Australians and tourists alike would find the scene breathtaking. Don't leave all the fame to San Francisco's "Golden Gate."

10/6 to Mrs. F. Wilton, 55 Margate St., Ramsgate, N.S.W.

HOW often today we hear young people say: "We can't marry until we have everything we want." Well, when we got married we had an old shack and a kerosene tin to boil the washing in. But, believe me, our baby's first smile made up for everything, and after 30 years of married life I still say the material things of life come a poor second.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Nolan, Cornwall, Tas.

PERHAPS I'm rather fussy, but I find it most irritating when visitors refuse to use the guest-towel I provide for them and insist on using the family's towels. Sometimes they even use the baby's white one. Maybe they reason that they're saving the washing, but I'd sooner launder the small guest-towel than the large bath-towel.

10/6 to Mrs. June L. Madden, 62a Moss St., West Ryde, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

"Dinkum" Aussie plays

AREN'T you being plain snobbish, "Just Wondering" (6/11/57), when you condemn plays and films portraying the average Australian? Let's face it, thousands of Australians do have a definite accent and do use the phrases "too right" and "my word." But why be ashamed of this? After all, the English have to put up with plays and films depicting them as only two types of people—the "too, too frightful, my dear," and the oh-so-familiar Cockney maid without an H to her name. If we Pommies can take it, "Just Wondering" should be able to. The ordinary Australian who helped to build this great country didn't worry what other people thought about his speech. It's deeds, not words, that count.

10/6 to Mrs. W. Stewart, 1 Oak St., Hawthorn, Vic.

HOW fortunate "Just Wondering" (6/11/57) is if she's never come in contact with the type of people portrayed in "The Shiralee" and "The Doll." Plays about average people, speaking perfect English and living in comfortable homes, would not be interesting, because such people aren't dramatic. Drama comes from down-to-earth characters with their Australian slang. So cheers to Ray Lawler, his play, and to others like it.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Crowhurst, 23 Arcadia St., Coogee, N.S.W.

Family affairs

BEING the mother of two young daughters wasn't much fun at hair-washing time. One day, amidst tears, I said to one of the children: "Come on, I'll lift you up to see the funny little girl in the mirror." So, with hair lathered up, we produced a "funny little girl" with big white curls on top of her head, another with stiff plaits, and one with two horns like a cow. It took some time to play, but what lovely results. Now, aged seven and a half and five years, they still like to see their white curls in the bathroom mirror.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Thelma Vary, 21 Melville St., Maryborough, Qld.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

I WAS gazing vacantly at the wall in front of me in my office.

The secretary, in whom I have a one-tenth share, brought me a cup of tea.

"What are you dreaming about?" she asked.

"I'm wondering what make of car I'd get if I won the lottery," I replied.

"But you told me you'd given up getting lottery tickets."

"That's true," I said. "I was just having one of Campbell's Cut-Rate Dreams."

She seemed interested, so I explained what I meant.

Year after year I used to buy a lottery ticket every week. Until the lottery was drawn I enjoyed thinking of what I would do if I won. Then the results came out and I was miserable until I bought another ticket.

One day I thought: "This is silly. All I get out of these tickets is my dream of riches. Why don't I dream without buying a ticket — and save money?"

That was the birth of the idea of Campbell's Cut-Rate Dreams.

THE BIG MONEY

It works like this: You simply dream of what you would do if you bought a lottery ticket and if it won first prize.

It takes two ifs instead of one. But your chance of winning is so small, anyway, that the difference doesn't matter.

A little practice is needed. I



started by having Cut-Rate Dreams of winning third prize, then second prize, etc. I imagined myself getting a garage first, then a used car, then a new car.

I told my wife about the idea and she was very keen on it. In fact she was almost too keen.

My own dreams are fairly

modest — like having an electric dishwasher and using a new razor-blade every day.

But when I asked her what she would do with her lottery win, she said: "I'd get a Bentley. And a yacht. And I'd own some race-horses, and..."

"You can't do all that with £6000 — or even £12,000," I objected.

"Who's talking about £12,000?" she said. "When I dream I do it in a big way. My dreams are getting better all the time."

But to my mind Cut-Rate Dreams are more vivid if you keep them within your means.

If large numbers of people adopted my system, it would hit the lotteries pretty hard. I don't want to put them out of business, because then there would be no lotteries to dream of winning.

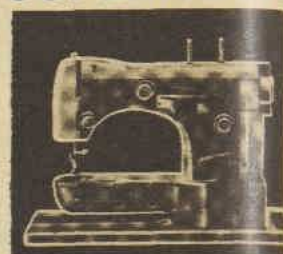
Still, I suppose the scheme may get the N.S.W. State Lotteries worried.

There is only one way they can stop me from competing against them with my Cut-Rate Dreams. That is by giving me £6000.

On second thoughts I'll make it £12,000.



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FREE ARM
FULLY
AUTOMATIC
SUPERNOVA



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It's sew easy, sew simple, now! the new push-button NECCHI

just press the button and **NECCHI** does the rest — automatically!

Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? But it's not. It's true. Absolutely true. NECCHI has revolutionised sewing. Now NECCHI automatically controls the movements of the fabric and the needle. You just choose your pattern, push the switch, sit back and relax, and watch NECCHI sew and embroider for you. Now NECCHI not only sews plain and fancy, but it buttonholes, it mends, it darns, it monograms, by itself — automatically!

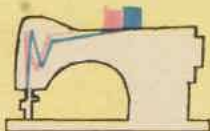
The handsome Supernova. Its sleek functional line — created by a leading Italian designer — has already won several outstanding acknowledgments as one of the finest examples of modern industrial design. The attractive combination of two colours — soft, eye-resting grey and cream — adds to the Supernova a touch of unusual beauty.



This charming frock was made and embroidered on a NECCHI.

Only **NECCHI** has all these advantages!

With a twin-needle your Supernova can combine two colours in the same stitch. Add endless variety to your fancy sewing.



This is the Necchi "cam", the little mechanical "brain" that controls the automatic sewing. It offers you over 200,000 different fancy stitches.



NECCHI not only does all the work — it does its own thinking, too. By turning the magic "stitch-selector" dial in the lid of the NECCHI accessory box, small windows will show you a sample of the stitch, the "wonder-wheel" to use, and the correct setting for each machine control.



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Contemporary, S-Drawer, De Luxe Cabinet. Smartly modern in maple, ash-blond or mahogany finish. Double-leaf, 2-way flap, desk top.



Chair Cabinet. Smartest idea, ever — the chair is actually built into the detachable cabinet front. Flap-over top. Ash, maple or mahogany.



Necchi Supernova Portable. A smartly styled mount with a handsome, lift-off top. Accessory kit, instruction books and sample-stitch cloth included.

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AJAX ^{new} miracle cleanser with exclusive "foaming action" cleans twice as easy, twice as fast!

No other cleanser cuts grease so fast!



Greasy pans come shining clean with half the rubbing! Miracle "foaming action" dissolves grease fast, floats it away down the drain. And AJAX leaves no scum!

No other cleanser polishes so bright, so fast!



AJAX actually polishes as it cleans—makes pots, sinks, cookers, everything, shine brighter than ever. AJAX floats away every trace of grease and dirt—in half the time!

YOU CAN PROVE IT YOURSELF



★ AJAX IS GUARANTEED

Use AJAX on a portion of any grimy, greasy, porcelain or enamel surface. Use any other cleanser on another portion—if you don't find AJAX better, return the partly empty can to Colgate-Palmolive, Sydney, and your money will be refunded.

A COLGATE-PALMOLIVE PRODUCT

FLOATS DIRT, GREASE and STAIN RIGHT DOWN THE DRAIN

BUY THE LARGE KING SIZE AND SAVE MONEY



No other cleanser keeps porcelain so white—because only AJAX contains **BLEACH**

No other cleanser can make your sinks and tubs so brilliantly white and bright—tea stains, fruit stains, coffee stains, rust—"foaming action" AJAX floats them down the drain!

- ★ AJAX sells more in America than all other brands combined.
- ★ AJAX is gentle to lovely hands.
- ★ AJAX smells good, too.

TELEVISION PARADE

● With a year's telecasting behind them, and superb new studios before them, A.B.C.-TV has many interesting plans and ideas for 1958 telecasts.

By NAN MUSGROVE

THE plans allow for vigorous programme competition with the two commercial channels, TCN and ATN, but not for entry in the number-of-hours-telecast race raging between commercial stations.

The A.B.C.'s main programme emphasis for 1958 will be the presentation of an increasing percentage of live programme material and light entertainment.

But perhaps the most significant part of the schedule is the A.B.C.'s plan to pioneer the education field in Australian TV.

The pioneering begins in February with the start of the 1958 school year. The telecasts will be directed towards late-primary and secondary school pupils, but also they will have general viewer appeal.

Subjects are not yet finalised, but they are expected to start with a series programme—"The World We Live In." Other subjects will be simple science and nature study.

The Education Department is naturally very interested in the project, but manufacturers of TV sets are even more so.

Manufacturers are reported to be interested to the extent of supplying and installing sets in a number of schools so that teaching by television can be thoroughly tested in Australia.

This news, coupled with the drastic changes sought in the education system, seems to herald a new deal for school-children.

Most of the new entertainment programmes will begin when the A.B.C. moves from the present studios—a 20 x 30 temporary job known to all as either "The Shed" or "The Boot Box"—into their new studios on January 29, 1958.

Their "more ambitious" live-drama programme will start that night with the production of Barbara Vernon's successful play "The Multi-Colored Umbrella."

An increasing amount of film material will be used by Channel 2 next year so that they can bring as much as



BRIAN HENDERSON, TCN announcer and news reader. Brian, a New Zealander, is 26, married with two children, a son, Rick, 2½, and a daughter, Stacy, 4 months. He also has a new car. He made TV history recently when he ad-libbed a splendid commercial for the make of car he bought, showing his own car with eagerness and touching pride. Brian has quietly appealing TV charm; many girls ask wistfully about him. This answers them.

possible of the Australian scene to the TV screen.

Outside telecasts are limited always by the physical and expense problem of getting the necessary O.B. van to the scene. (An O.B. van is an immense pantechnicon that is a TV studio-transmitter: it costs round £70,000.)

Happily, these limitations are overcome easily by the cine camera.

Well-known film producers Charles and Elsa Chauvel are busy filming a series titled "Australian Walkabout."

Already on film is the story of Coober Pedy, the famous light-opal field in South Australia, and there's a beauty about "The Ghan," the famous train, and the trip it makes from Quorn to Alice Springs.

Incidentally, if you're worried about your children's literary tastes running only to cowboys and Indians, the A.B.C.-TV will help you out there, too, in 1958.

Starting then, probably in the 6.30 to 7.00 p.m. time slot, are a series of TV serials on film.

The first two scheduled are Stevenson's "Kidnapped" and Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre."

Both of them are potted down to eight half-hour episodes and should be a wonderful way to introduce children to some literary classics.

● On Tuesday, December 3, The Australian Women's Weekly is sponsoring the first of a series of variety shows at Manly.

OUR show will be held each Tuesday for the next 12 weeks at the open-air Theatre of the Stars, Ocean Beach, Manly.

It begins at 8 p.m., a revue packed with spectacle, color, and laughter for the whole family.

With Ken Noyle as compere, the show features top stars of the stage, TV, and radio. They include talented comedians Red Moore and

Beryl Meekin, world-famous ballroom dancers The Hendersons, and song stylist Paula Langlands.

One of the highlights for the fashion-conscious will be a parade of beach clothes specially chosen for the Australian summer.

The clothes are photographed in color in next week's issue and accompanied by complete how-to-make instructions.

"FUN FAIR" is the name given to TCN's new live show scheduled for December 6 from 8 to 9 p.m. Channel 9, TCN, is building a name for its variety spectaculars, and "Fun Fair" sounds as if it's a beauty.

George Wallace is the star of the show, which guarantees the type of humor Australians love, and there's also Alec Kelleway, Hayes Gordon, Babs McKinnon, and The Discords, a comedy duo who were very successful overseas.

Just to give everyone more and better, there'll be classical ballet from two of the Borovansky principals, and an exhibition by a team of six rock-'n'-rollers, and Jack Allen and his Katzenjammers.

This is one time when you can believe the advertisements; there really is something for everyone.

★ ★ ★
ENGLISHMAN Desmond Tester, of Channel 9, TCN, does a remarkable job as the head Ninepin in the "live" segment of the "Mickey Mouse Club" (Mondays to Fridays, Channel 9, TCN, 5.30 p.m.). He works hard and presents a show that is varied and interesting.

What worries me are Mr. T's summer clothes. Luridly patterned casual shirts hanging out over wide-legged shorts really don't look good on TV, nor do they set an example to the boys in whose homes he's a guest.

Don't make it any harder for the mothers, Mr. T. How about slacks, a shirt, and a tie—Australians regard this as informal dressing.

★ ★ ★
AN avid televiewer who sometimes misses her beauty sleep has asked me to request TV channels to announce the time occasionally.

She points out that this could be done easily in the regular pauses for channel identification. I think she's got a good idea. How about some time, gentleman, please?



THE DEBUTANTES of the year parade at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, one of the highlights of the London season, as the birthday cake is brought on to the floor.

They mourn the death of Debbery

MOST of the country's blue-blooded mamas had already ringed the year 1967 in red ink.

This was to have been the most dazzling and brilliant social season in London since Edward, Prince of Wales, came of age in 1911.

In 1967 Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, will be 18, and, following Royal custom, attains his majority at that age.

Prince Charles will then be marked down as the world's most eligible young man.

It was mostly impoverished members of Britain's aristocracy who took out the insurance policies to finance their daughters' season.

The smallest policy was worth £A3750.

One insurance broker told me that wealthier families were budgeting to spend not less than £A12,500 and were holding policies in their daughters' names for this and other large amounts.

I rang one of these socially conscious mothers who really believed that when Prince Charles entered society the gay Court life which spun round the handsome young Prince of Wales in the early 'twenties would be revived.

"Inconsolable"

I asked her how she felt about 1967 now.

"I'm inconsolable," she said.

Her husband, one of Britain's wealthiest young peers, said, "I'm glad I don't have to face up to our girl's deb season."

"It wasn't the money that was frightening me, but I can't take late nights any more."

On Saturday, November 16, the last of the "Alice In Wonderland" instructions was published in "The Times" by the Lord Chamberlain: "The Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, will hold afternoon presentation parties for the presentation of ladies at Buckingham Palace and at the Palace of Holyrood House in 1958."

"Ladies whose applications include the name of a debutante will be summoned to one of the parties at Buck-

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● Sighs of disappointment swept through nurseries when the Queen decided to end the presentation of society debutantes. Some parents had even taken out insurance to finance a 1967 deb.

ingham Palace on March 19 and 20.

"Ladies whose applications do not include the name of a debutante will be summoned to one of the garden parties at Buckingham Palace in July."

"Ladies domiciled in Scotland will be summoned to the Palace of Holyrood House on July 3."

"The regulations are as follows: Ladies who have already been presented in their present name and style and wishing to make presentations should apply to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James' Palace, London S.W.1, by December 13, giving the date they last attended a Court and were presented."

"No applications can be accepted from ladies wishing to be presented; their names must be forwarded by the ladies who wish to present them."

"Unmarried ladies are ineligible to make presentations, even though they themselves have been presented."

"No applications can be accepted for attendance only."

"A lady eligible to make a presentation who wishes to present her daughters and/or daughters-in-law may, in addition, present one other lady. Otherwise ladies are limited to one presentation only."

"On the occasion of their own presentation ladies may present only their daughters and/or daughters-in-law."

"Invitations will be extended to the husbands of ladies making presentations or being presented only if their names are submitted in the original application, and if space permits."

"The attendance of gentle-

men at these presentation parties will not count as presentations at Court."

"Ladies domiciled in the Commonwealth and Colonies wishing to be presented must make application to the High Commissioner or Secretary of State concerned for presentation by his wife."

"Ladies of foreign nationality either by birth or by marriage can be presented only through the diplomatic representative of the country concerned, except when they are in possession of British passports."

So, when all the ladies the Lord Chamberlain selects have, after the 1958 season, made their presentations, the last of the debas will vanish into the social history books.

Who are the girls we would be tipping as "Deb of the Year" in 1967 if this era of society were not coming to an end?

There is Lady Charlotte Manners (born 1947), daughter of the Duke of Rutland; Lady Caroline Percy (1947), eldest child of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland; Lady Caroline Knox (1948), daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly; and Miss Consuelo Russell, of Philadelphia (1946), granddaughter of the Duke of Marlborough.

There are the younger sisters of Prince Charles' friends at Cheam, the girls who attend Miss Vacani's dancing classes — and many others.

Mrs. Gerard D'Erlanger, wife of the chairman of B.O.A.C., is glad the presentation parties are to be abolished.

"Such a bore for everyone," she said.

The regret among the younger generation was voiced by Miss Lorna Lyle, step-daughter of the Duke of Bedford. She is 18, and was a deb this year.

"I think it is a pity the presentation parties are to end," she said.

"I would be sorry to have missed them."

"The born deb will never fade away," said a friend of the Duchess of Argyll, who was the lovely Margaret Whigham, the belle of 1931.

"I love it when grown-up women say about names under discussion, 'We came out together.'"

The loudest and longest moan at the ending of debbery comes, of course, from those who have turned "coming out" into a lucrative business.

It is suggested that if these ladies are looking for scapegoats they might look at the Duke of Edinburgh and Lord Altrincham.

What a pity!

Mrs. George Hampshire, whose daughter, Susan, is a notable deb, and who runs a dance and finishing school for budding debas, said, "Oh, what a pity! The presentations were so wonderful."

"They came out of school as little schoolgirls, just put on their pretty little hats and things, met the Queen, and became women."

Some debas' Mums are not giving in without a fight, and the dowager Lady Howard de Walden is one.

"It's not going to make any difference," she said.

Lady Howard de Walden vets the debas each year for the exclusive Queen Charlotte's Ball, which starts the season.

Madame Vacani, the Royal dancing teacher, who rehearses debas in the curtsy at a guinea a girl, isn't worrying.

"They'll still have to curtsy to the cake at Queen Charlotte's Ball," she said.

Bandleader Tommy Kinsman (the debas' bandleader) said: "We may as well do away with the Changing of the Guard," and he added moodily: "It's a blow to our heritage."



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ODO-RO-NO

PUSH-UP STICK DEODORANT

Protection starts the second you smooth on this superior new stick deodorant. One quick motion and NEW ODO-RO-NO banishes odour and embarrassing underarm moisture. Only the ODO-RO-NO triple combination formula gives:

- ★ NEW glide-on action that dries as you apply; instantly sponges up excess moisture.
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Try ODO-RO-NO Stick today... it's ideal for you... for him... for every member of your family.

NEW instant ODO-RO-NO PUSH-UP STICK DEODORANT



ODO-RO-NO — the safest, surest deodorant of all is also available in economical spray or cream form.

WOOLWORTHS create another

MAIL ORDERS, Certainly

HOSIERY SENSATION!

superfine, gift-boxed nylons at a
GENUINE SAVING OF SHILLINGS A PAIR!

Fairyweb "Special 60's"

(THE FINEST OF FINE 15 DENIER)

at a fantastic price!

8'11

A. The loveliest nylons in the loveliest gift-box imaginable! Fully-fashioned "60-gauge" means that for sheer beauty and tailored fit, Fairyweb "Special 60's" are unsurpassed. Shades: Surriento (skintone), Honey-Fizz (honey beige), Fantasy (mid-beige). Sizes: 8½ and 9 in short and average lengths. 9½, 10, 10½ in average and long lengths.



THINK CAREFULLY: before you buy gift-nylons this Christmas . . . why pay more than Woolworths' lower prices when for several shillings less per pair you can buy

- the best qualities possible of manufacture by Australia's leading mills.
- every pair mill-tested and mill-sealed in cello . . . guaranteed fresh and perfect.
- up-to-the-minute fashion shades.

What's more — money back cheerfully unless completely satisfied, because Woolworths are hosiery specialists.

B. TRUE-SHEER 15-denier "Fairyweb" full-fashioned nylons in sealed cello packet. Shillings below comparable quality in other brands! Surriento (skintone), Honey-Fizz (honey beige), Fantasy (mid-beige), Dawn (smoky). 8½ and 9 in short and average lengths. 9½, 10, 10½ in average and long lengths. 11 (Surriento and Honey-Fizz only) in long length.

C. LADDERLESS MESH 15-denier "Fairyweb" nylons — full-fashioned adorables that last so much longer. Sealed cello packet. Same shades, leg-lengths as above. Sizes 8½ to 10½. 9/11 PR.



D. 30 DENIER "Captivation" are the full-fashioned nylons with Australia's finest reputation for sheerness plus durability. Sealed cello packet. Mystic (skintone), Gypsy (honey-beige), Saraband (mid-beige), Glamour (smoky). 8½ and 9 in short and average lengths. 9½, 10, 10½ in average and long lengths.



5'11

E. FOR EVERYDAY wear, "Pre-vue" 30-denier nylons are truly lovely—yet such a saving! In sealed cello packet. Gypsy (honey-beige), Saraband (mid-beige), Glamour (smoky), in sizes 8½ to 10½.



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WOOLWORTHS GUARANTEE: MONEY BACK CHEERFULLY UNLESS COMPLETELY SATISFIED



DIOR PARADES. Guests at the gala opening of Christian Dior's autumn collection at the Myer Emporium, Melbourne, were (from left) Mrs. Harold Holt, the French Ambassador, M. Renand Sivan, and Lady Brooks, wife of the Governor of Victoria. Sir Dallas Brooks chose red chiffon and Lady Brooks powder-blue silk.

GALA OPENING. Mrs. Tom Carlyon (left) and Mrs. Graham Nathan arrive at the Myer Emporium, Melbourne, for the opening of Christian Dior's autumn collection, modelled by seven French mannequins. Mrs. Carlyon chose a moulded dress of draped white chiffon, and Mrs. Nathan wore embroidered white silk taffeta.



NEWLYWEDS. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Burge leaving St. Mark's, Darling Point. Mrs. Burge was formerly Egon Gregory, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gregory, of "Kydilla," Narellan. They will live at "Baroona," Bowral.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

A TRADITIONAL Thanksgiving dinner, including clam chowder, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, and pumpkin pie, will be served to members of the American community who celebrate Thanksgiving Day this Thursday, November 28, at the American Club.

A special service will be held that evening at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. An American, Rev. Anthony Woolf, will give the Thanksgiving message, and among the congregation will be the new U.S. Consul-General, Mr. Frank Waring, and the president of the American Society, Mr. John Minter.

After the service everyone will walk down Macquarie Street to the club, and the two hundred and fifty guests will include the Russell Hauslaibs, the Orray Tafts, the Maurice Samuels, and Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Haas.

FELLOW physiotherapy students will be among the guests when honey-blond Jill Worboys celebrates her coming of age on November 30 at her parents' Seaforth home. Jill is wearing a solitaire diamond ring, as she announced her engagement a few weeks ago to Don Davis, of Roseville.

A GRACEFUL wedding dress of white silk, the bodice embroidered with pearls and the skirt finely pleated, has been chosen by Fay Stack, who marries Francis O'Neill on November 30. After the wedding a reception will be held at midday at the Point Piper home of Fay's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Stack.

SURE to be one of the best "formals" of the year is the Gallery Society's gala Christmas party at the National Art Gallery on December 4. Nearly five hundred members and friends of the society will attend the party to be held in the largest court of the gallery — lit by enormous silver candelabra. One of the highlights of the evening will be the carols (French, Basque, Flemish, and Old English) sung by the choir boys from St. Andrew's Cathedral.

MY vote for the prettiest hat of the week goes to Mrs. Kevin Kirby's mobcap of fresh white pique with a star-shaped cut in the centre of the back, showing her neat blond hair. She wears it with an elegant, unwaisted suit of teal-blue linen.

BRIEFLY . . . I hear that Sonia Storch, who's been in Singapore for six months, has taken a job there in the Australian Commissioner's office . . . Robyn McLaren has followed the sun to Surfers' Paradise and is having a fortnight's holiday with her family . . . Kay Butler leaves on board Orontes on December 11 to spend eighteen months in England and Europe.



FOR CHRISTMAS EXHIBITION. Mrs. Gregory Kater and her daughter Penny put the finishing touches to the nativity scene which Mrs. Kater has made for the exhibition of Christmas trees and decorations opening at David Jones' Art Gallery on December 4. Proceeds will aid the Forest Lodge branch of the Sydney Day Nursery Association.



"HAYWIRE IN PARIS." Philippa Caden (left) with Michael Keenan, of Coomealla, via Mildura, and Diana Gillies at the fancy-dress dance held at the A.C.I. Ballroom in aid of N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Dick Moore and his bride, the former Jill Croker, of Cootamundra, leave St. James' Church, King Street. Dick is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Moore, of "Deer Park," Elmhurst, Victoria.

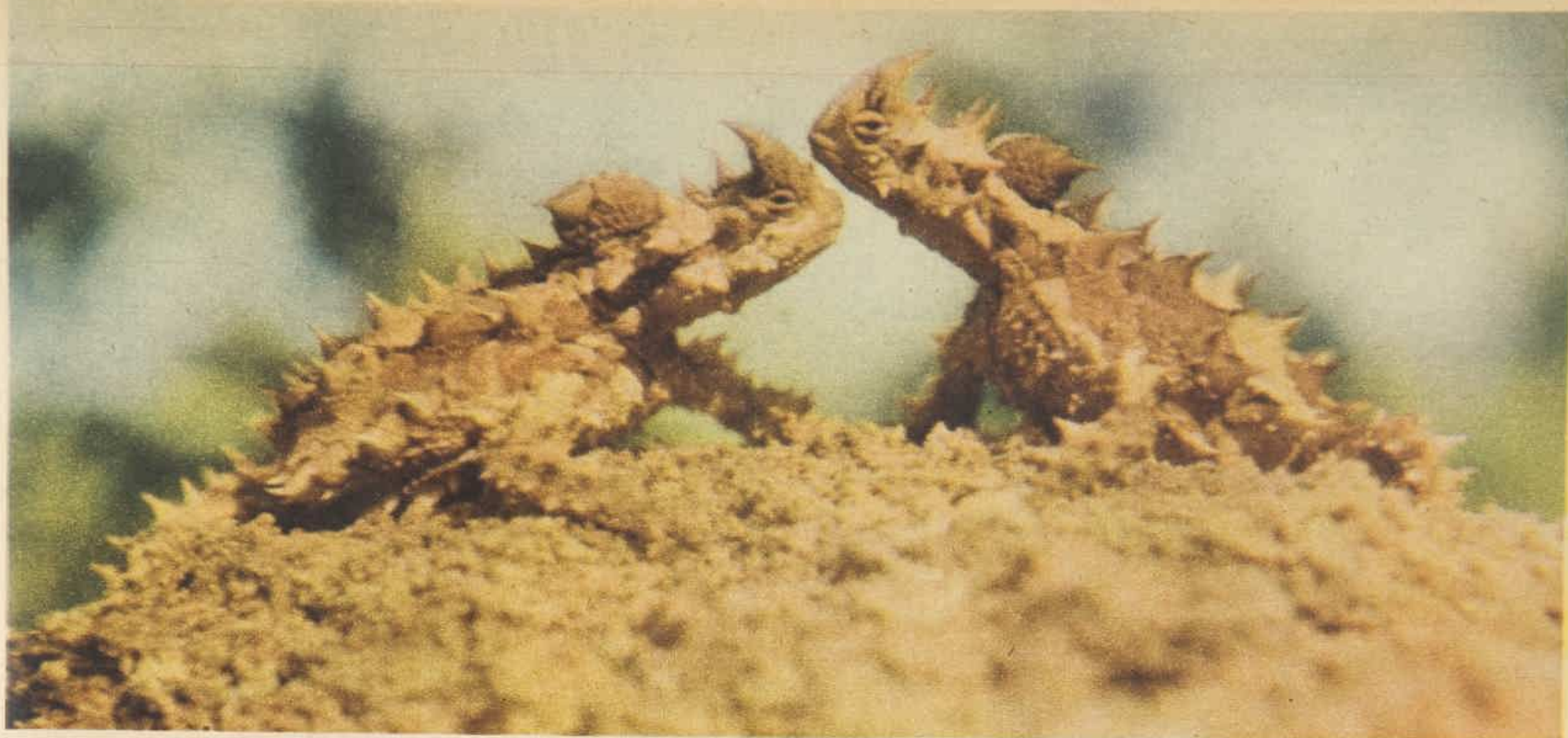
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MILK
CHOCOLATE
CENTRES

*Make Yours...
A Christmas Gift of Distinction!*



The *Gift Box* is packed
with 2 lb. of Hoadley's famous Violet
Milk assortment including several new
and intriguing centres... all foiled.

H O A D L E Y ' S 27/6^D



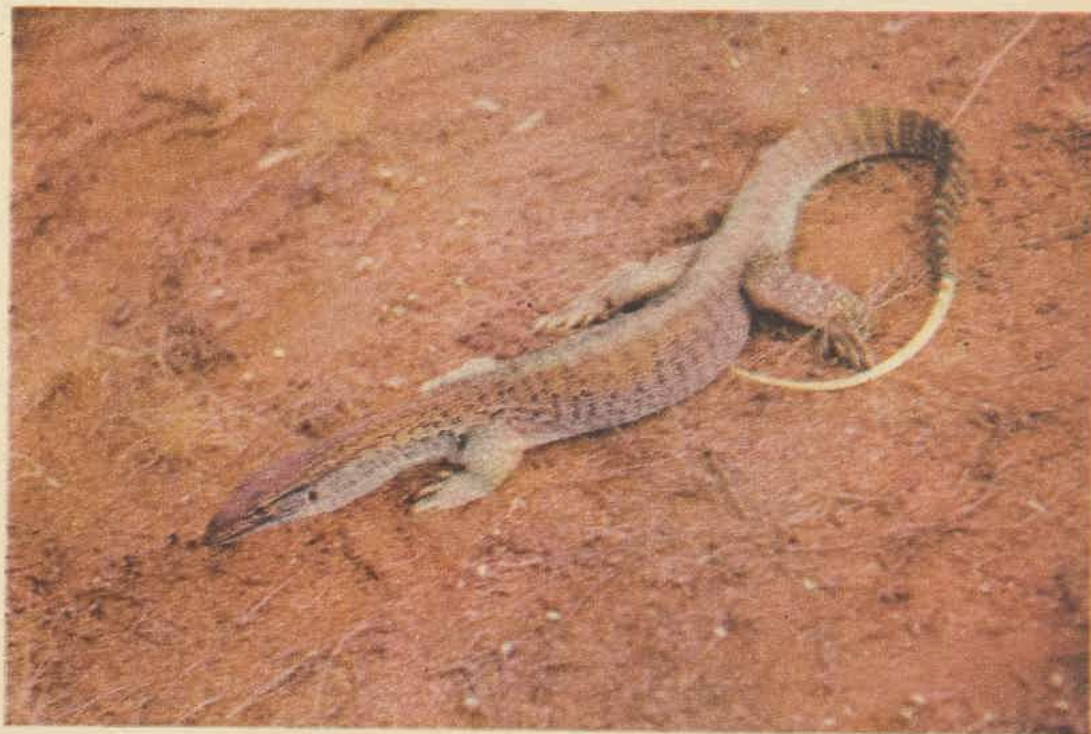
MOUNTAIN DEVIL OR MOLOCH (*Moloch horridus*). This curious desert lizard is one of the reptile peculiarities of Australia. Though only about 6in. long, it is covered with long spines that protect it from enemies. It is, however, the most gentle of animals and is frequently kept as a pet. The moloch feeds exclusively on black ants.

These are Australian:

Desert creatures

● The bizarre creatures pictured on this page occur in the Australian desert. All have the reddish coloring common in desert animals throughout the world. This provides excellent camouflage, as vast areas of the Australian desert consist of red sandhills covered with clumps of spinifex or porcupine grass.

(Pictures by Dr. Allen Keast, Sydney.)



ABOVE: Gould's Goanna or Plains Goanna (*Varanus gouldi*). This is not as large as the coastal Tree Goanna, growing only to about 4½ft. It is found across the Australian continent.



LEFT: Wolf Spider (*Lycosa*). There are a variety of wolf spiders in Australia. This one is a desert inhabitant and was photographed near Ayers Rock. They feed on small insects.



RIGHT: Desert Scorpion (*Urodacus*). The largest Australian scorpion is found in Western Australia and is 4in. long. This is a small one that inhabits the north of South Australia.



See your skin improve on Rexona's health and beauty diet

Altogether at one with blue skies, warm sunshine and bright, casual clothes is the smooth-as-silk, honey complexion of true Australian beauty, 18-year-old Jocelyn Wiseman of Sydney, whose skin knows only the gentle care of Rexona Soap.



Rexona Soap is medicated with Cadyl* to

Bring out your natural loveliness

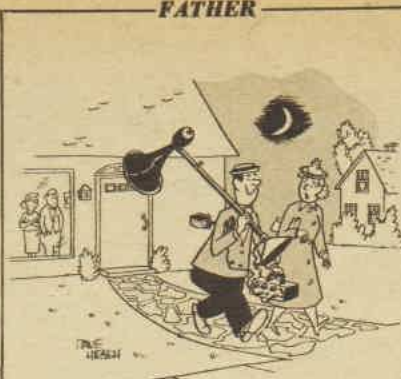


BATH SIZE 1/5 REGULAR SIZE 1/1

Give your skin a health and beauty treatment every time you wash. *Cadyl, the special blend of rare and wonderful beauty oils, cade, cassia, cloves and terebinth in Rexona Soap, flows deep into your skin where blemishes begin... healing, nourishing. Known as Cadyl, this formula is exclusive to Rexona Soap. So every time you smooth the silky Rexona lather over your face, neck, arms, all of you, your skin blooms with new health and life. And day by day, you reveal your natural loveliness. Why, Rexona even smells like a beauty treatment! Such a lovely, fresh perfume, like wild roses in the morning dew.

X.140.WW13

FATHER



"Well, you certainly dominated the conversation tonight."

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE.

"You're crazy!"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

TEENAGER problems in this paper are customarily the province of Louise Hunter, but the other day I heard of one which appears insoluble.

This teenager had been asked to a football club picnic. The invitation came from the daughter of the coach of a suburban Rugby League club.

"I'll have to ask my mother," said the girl who received the invitation.

Girls these days apparently still ask their mothers. And mothers reply in the same vein as they always did.

"You'd better ask your father," said this one. Father was reading the paper when it was put to him. He frowned and looked into space. "You know," he said gently after a long pause, "some of these Rugby League fellows aren't very good types."

"What on earth's the matter with HIM?" asked daughter, flouncing off.

"I was afraid of that," said her mother. "You have to learn the facts of life some time. Your father's an Australian Rules fan."

A SYDNEY milkman treasures the following note as the most charmingly candid he has ever received—

"Many thanks" (reads the pencilled scrawl) "for yesterday's milk. Often we get drunk and forget to put out the bottle. Leaving an extra 2/-. Buy yourself a beer."

WOMAN I know, very conscious of her just-celebrated 30th birthday, is taking steps in advance to combat middle-aged habits.

She travels to the city by ferry, and ferry travellers, as everyone knows, become particularly fond of special seats.

As a class they are far fussier on this point than train travellers. (Bus and tram passengers don't care.)

When the 30-year-old found herself rushing each day for the same seat farward near a window she became alarmed.

She decided to move about. Each morning and evening she sat in a different place.

Now she has become conscious of a slight but unmistakable atmosphere of hostility on the peaceful ferry. Old gentlemen brush past her and mutter. Young girls look at her crossly.

"But, don't you see," a friend explained to her, "there are some human habits you must accept. It is worse to be eccentric than to have fixed habits. And eccentric is what you must seem to the other passengers."

THOSE taxi-drivers in New York who serve morning coffee to fares have a promising idea.

I took a short journey the other morning at Sydney's peak hour. "There you are," said the driver, looking at the meter. "A shilling more than it ought to be on mileage, because of the jam."

It might have been wiser to walk. But coffee would be a powerful attraction for the extra fare.

MALE mannequin parades are no longer startling.

But they still have an atmosphere of novelty.

One Sydney store holds them regularly, and the faces of the crowd are always as well worth watching as the mannequins.

Some of the women look amused. Others have that intent air which obviously means that a husband is going to find himself with a new shirt which he may or may not like.

Middle-aged and older men wear a "What next?" expression.

But the younger ones appear entirely absorbed by the clothes. The other day I stood next to a young tram conductor whose gaze, directed at a fairly violent beach coat, exactly resembled that of a woman coveting an expensive piece of costume jewellery.

The mannequins are an interesting study. They don't mince or act like the old-fashioned idea of a male mannequin. In fact, they look pleasantly self-conscious. Whether this is real or assumed I don't know, but it's effective.

I'M glad to see there's a little reluctance in America to use a new kind of TV advertising which flashes messages to the viewers' subconscious minds.

At present the code review board of the U.S. Association of Television and Radio Broadcasters is studying the device.

The messages are flashed on the screen for one three-thousandth of a second every five seconds. You don't actually see them, but they are said to register.

It sounds like an ad-man's dream, and a human nightmare.

The danger of the new device is that it can be used for much more harmful purposes than making humans buy somebody's soap.

And, the way things are going, in time it probably will be.

LATEST engagement rings have "side-swept shoulders," according to a jewellery store advertisement. The ad continues: "They're sweeping America, making other rings old-fashioned."

No matter what your heart, or any song says,

Or how you treasure words that are impassioned,

Engagement rings are something like fiancées,

Both, in due course, will tend to seem old-fashioned.

Time passes, and your ring with side-swept shoulders

Will date, grow old, like every boy and lass will,

His eyes, in which today such feeling smoulders,

Will wear that look for every light and gas bill.

The Best Laid Plans

A complete short story

By **PATRICIA CARLON**

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERTSON

HELEN said, "The children had everything planned so wonderfully. They were going to marry us off in St. Stephen's with lilies—or maybe it was orchids. Ken was going to be best man . . ."

There was laughter in Rob Sellar's voice as he broke in, "And Sue was going to be matron of honor. My dear Helen, it was all so obvious what they wanted that I nearly ran away! But even the best-laid plans can come to nothing if the planners don't allow for everything."

Urgently he asked, "You're happy now, aren't you?"

Helen looked at the gold band on her finger. "Yes, I'm happy," she said. Content softened her voice and he smiled, taking his hand from the wheel for one moment to let it rest on hers.

Laughter rimmed his deep voice as he said, "If you could have heard Ken's hints—hinting with the grace of a young elephant!" His big shoulders shook in silent mirth.

"It couldn't have been worse than Sue's hints, Rob. She kept leaving magazines around, open at the fashion pages showing wedding gowns, with special emphasis on gowns for the middle-aged woman."

They looked at each other in shared understanding, but their laughter was soft, echoing the sympathy they felt for the two young people who'd planned so carefully and whose plans would never come to life.

Helen looked at her gold wedding band and thought that there'd never be a church wedding now, with lilies or anything else. The wedding was over, and the children hadn't known. She felt guilty about it. She should have told them.

They were driving through the crowded evening traffic as they talked. Already, on that late winter day, the street

lights were blazing, and a faint haze of frost fogged the air. The people who passed by the gaily bright stores wore heavy coats and mufflers, hands thrust into pockets. They walked briskly, eagerly, towards home.

Helen thought that she was going home, too. But she wasn't eager to be there. Because the children would be there and she was going to disappoint them. She felt so guilty, thinking how splendidly Ken and Sue had planned for herself and Rob. But as Rob had said, one couldn't plan things for someone else's life. It was impossible. And after the first shock Ken and Sue would get over it. She was going to give them the flat—they'd love it after their two tiny cramped rooms.

She leaned back in her seat, thinking that tomorrow she'd be in another land—with Rob. She'd been out of England only once before. She'd saved every penny for that trip. Had looked forward to it for years, expecting so much. She'd worked as hard as she could in the frock salon where she was a designer. Slowly her salary had risen, and with it her dreams. And finally it had come true—she'd actually gone to Rome, and Naples, and the whole fabulous world of Italy.

She'd thought she might find romance. And she had. And lost it, too. She'd met and married in one crazy, whirlwind of a fortnight. She'd known so little of him—of his hopes and ambitions—and he'd known nothing of herself. Two days after their wedding he'd told her he'd thrown up the wonderful job he had as a theatrical director, and intended to do as he pleased from there on—to build on his ambitions.

Even now she could shiver at the thought of what had followed—herself railing at him, pouring scorn on his

ambitions, telling him he couldn't just please himself any more—that he was married. He'd told her he'd look after her and care for her, and had begged her to trust him. But she hadn't been able to. She'd been afraid to try, because she'd known so little of him.

It had finished in a series of tearing, horrible quarrels. He'd told her she'd have to choose between solid security and life with himself. That nothing would stop him going ahead.

But the war had, she thought sadly. She'd left him and gone back to an England on the verge of the conflict that had crashed over the world. It had taken him to the forces and swept his ambitions aside. It had taken so much.

And it had given her Sue, a baby of two years old, left an orphan when her sister and brother-in-law had been killed. There had only been Helen to care for the baby.

She'd thrown herself into work again, spending all her spare time with the child, telling herself to forget the brief, secret marriage. She vowed that never again would she let romance touch her.

Of course, she hadn't guessed that fate would bring

To page 49

In Italy, within one crazy whirlwind of a fortnight, Helen had found romance.



Hollywood's favourite
Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...



Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Yes, Terry Moore uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favourite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars! It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin, foams into rich lather, leaves hair so easy to manage. It beautifies! For bright, fragrantly clean hair, choose the favourite of Hollywood stars!



Terry Moore

starring in "PEYTON PLACE",
a 20th Century-Fox production in
CinemaScope and DeLuxe Color.



Tubettes 1/3, Small Size 2/-, Large Economy Size 3/6

BUY THE LARGE ECONOMY
SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

Also available in creamy
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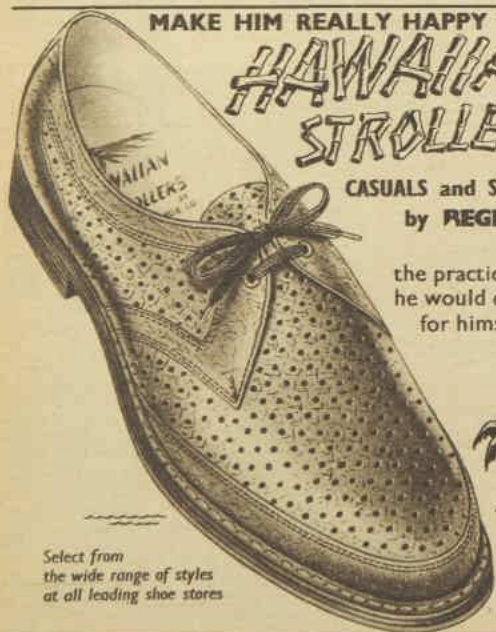
W220

MAKE HIM REALLY HAPPY WITH

**HAWAIIAN
STROLLERS**

CASUALS and SANDALS
by REGENT

the practical gift
he would choose
for himself...



Select from
the wide range of styles
at all leading shoe stores



An amusing story by Australian author DAL STIVENS

MY Uncle Henry was a sucker for auction sales. He couldn't keep away from them, and he was always buying things, generally useless ones, at them. Once he came back to his farm with a dozen meat-dish covers, which, as Aunt Lil said, might have been a good buy for a hotel but certainly wasn't for them.

The meat-dish covers were in shiny nickel, and ranged in size from a foot across to three feet. Aunt Lil used one of the smaller covers for a time, but the others went into the barn along with the other junk that Uncle bought. They stayed there, too, until we kids found that two of the smaller ones made good helmets, and played Ancient Romans and then firemen with them.

They were not the most comfortable helmets, because the handles were fastened by screws, and these dug into our heads. We undid the screws, and didn't Uncle Henry create when he saw what we had done!

"I'll dust your pants for you if you lose those screws, my lads," he said. "These were one of my best buys."

"Best buys?" said Aunt Lil, sniffing her little nose and tossing back her neat little head with its bun. But she wasn't really angry about Uncle's auctions. As she said to my mother one day: "Well, auctions are better than other things, drink and—" she peered around to see if I was about, and, deciding I couldn't hear at forty yards, added, "And women, you know."

Whatever the reason, auctions did something to Uncle Henry. They were to him what drink, drugs, and writing poetry were to other men—and talking of poetry, there was something of the poet about Uncle Henry. He was about forty, and had soft brown eyes like a spaniel, a wistful moustache, and a long, melancholic figure.

Of all Uncle's buys none was more strange or exciting than the racehorse.

One morning Uncle harnessed up his old grey in the sulky and set off, wearing his Sunday-best blue serge suit, and a high starched collar which

we disrespectfully called a whitewashed fence. Around it Uncle Henry wore a knitted black wool tie with red stripes, on his feet shiny new brown boots that were tight across the instep.

Uncle was back early. At four o'clock in the afternoon I heard a yell from my brother Bill, and scampered outside in time to see Uncle Henry bowling past in the sulky, leading a rangy, wicked-looking black horse.

"A real bargain!" Uncle shouted to us as he spanked past. Whether his voice frightened the black horse I don't know, but it started to rear and plunge.

It waltzed on its hind legs and showed its teeth. They looked as big as piano keys. The black horse squealed and tried to climb into the sulky with Uncle.

"There's only room for one of us here," said Uncle, and went out the other side.

The horse abandoned its ambitions to get into the sulky, and now tried to kick it to bits. It smashed three planks and four spokes before it gave up and galloped away. My other Uncle, Septimus, attracted by the noise, ran out and caught the horse. Uncle Henry ran up to it and began anxiously inspecting its legs to see if it was hurt.

"Your bit of lions' tucker?" asked Uncle Septimus, who was a bachelor and the hard-headed member of our family.

"Yes," said Uncle Henry, "but not too much of the lions' tucker. He's a thoroughbred, and I'll win the President's Cup with him. Fortunately, he's not hurt."

Uncle Septimus went up to the horse, patted its head, and then tugged its long, drooping underlip down. A short, nimble little man with fierce blue eyes, he gazed solemnly at the horse.

"Sixteen years if he's a day," he said.

"Six," said Uncle Henry.

"Leap years," said Uncle Septimus.

"A stallion, too! And sour as hell."

"Sweet as a lamb," said Uncle Henry.

Septimus said nothing. He just looked pointedly at the sulky.

"It was my fault. I frightened him,"

"Sour as verdigris," said Uncle Septimus. "Look at that eye—wicked as sin. There's enough white there to whitewash your dairy."

The debate ended with Uncle Henry going off in a huff with the lanky black stallion, now apparently intent on living up to the reputation Uncle Henry had given it.

Septimus stumped off down the road to his farm. Septimus was fifty, ten years older than Uncle Henry, a few years older than my father, and a professed woman-hater.

The next morning Uncle Henry was mending the sulky when Septimus strolled over, assuming a carefully casual air. Septimus prided himself on his judgment in horseflesh, and was determined to prove Uncle Henry wrong.

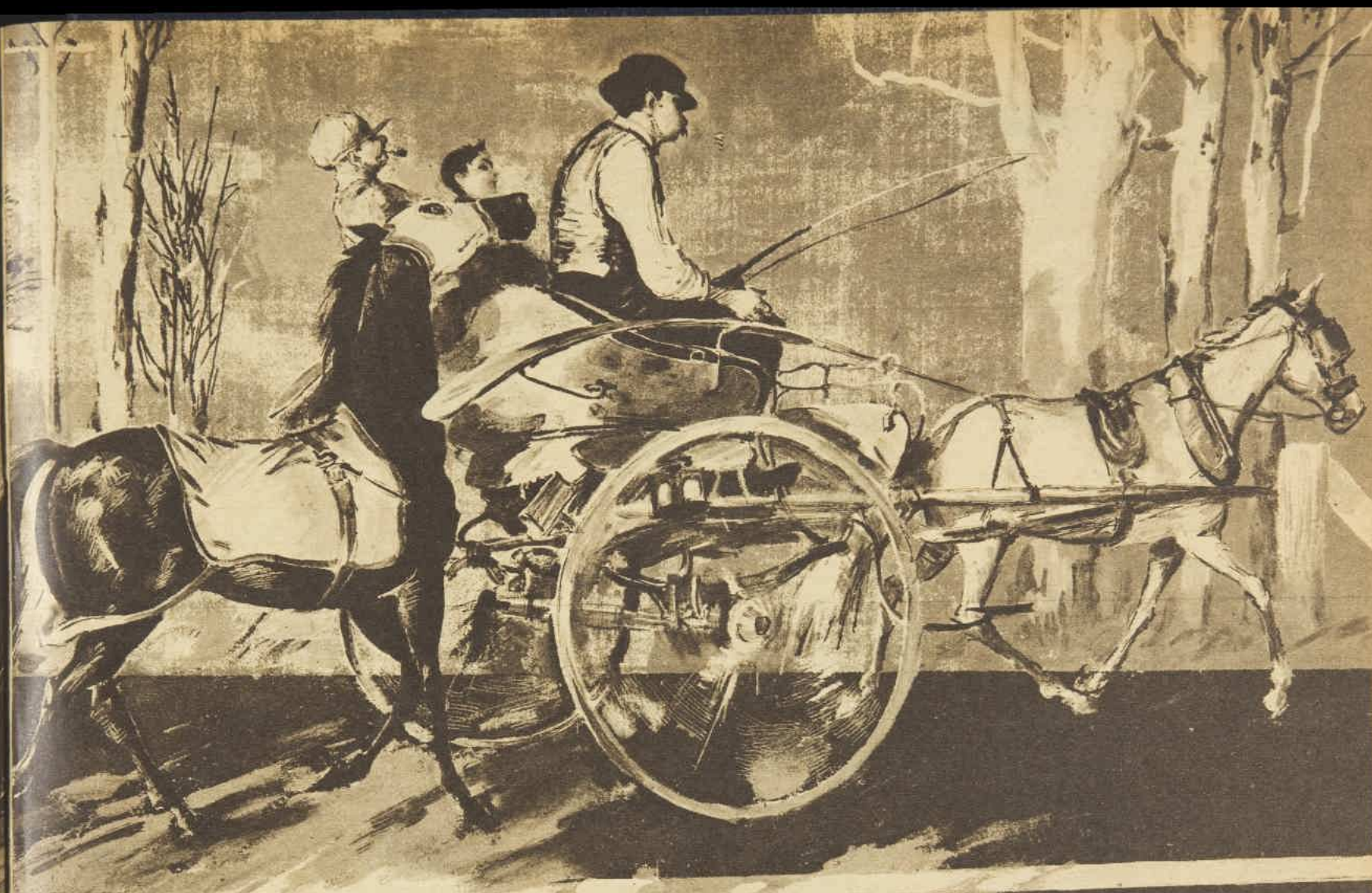
He watched the hammering without saying a word until Uncle Henry hit his thumb, and then he said, "How's the lamb today?"

"Six years," said Uncle Henry, dispensing with preliminary sparring.

"Sixteen," said Uncle Septimus.

"Six," said Uncle Henry, and hit another finger.

"Well, it'll certainly be something to write up in 'The Advocate' when he wins the President's Cup."



The Lovesick Racehorse

The big day finally arrived and we set off, leading Hyperion to the racecourse.

ILLUSTRATED
BY PHILLIPS

"He is called Hyperion," said Uncle Henry. "He has a pedigree as long as your arm and his name is Hyperion. Would you like me to spell that?"

That was a shrewd hit by Uncle Henry, who was the scholar of the family.

"I can spell," said Septimus. "How much did you give for this Hy-bag of bones?"

"Dirt cheap at ten quid," said Uncle Henry, and winked quietly at me. I'd heard him tell Aunt Lil he had paid twenty. It was a good guess he'd paid thirty, or even forty.

"Ten?" said Septimus, screwing up his tight little lips. They were usually as straight as a cut in a finger. "Might have been a bargain at seven. Give me a hammer, you'll be all day mending that sulky."

Uncle Henry had a mixed farm fifty miles from Melbourne. He grew wheat, grazed sheep, and kept a few cows. It was just after sowing, and things were a bit slack, so that afternoon Uncle started putting Hyperion into training. Whatever the cause of yes-

terday's tantrums, the knobby big black was all gentleness, and Uncle climbed aboard and walked him about a little.

Every day for a week after that Uncle Septimus found an excuse to drop over to Uncle Henry's farm. So did Bill and I—not that we worried much about excuses. At eleven every morning and four every afternoon Aunt Lil would bang a piece of pipe on the rusty old ploughshare hung up outside the kitchen, and we'd race up for hot scones, cakes, tarts, and pastries. It was a pity that Uncle Henry and Aunt Lil never had any kids.

Every morning Septimus greeted Uncle Henry with "Sixteen!" and Uncle Henry yapped back with "Six." Septimus soon took to dropping in during the afternoons when Uncle Henry was exercising Hyperion. He sat on the rail and occasionally made some remark such as: "Might make a good sulky-horse, though he's a bit old," but these got fewer as time went on.

And after about a fortnight he came out with: "Mind you, he's old, but there might

be one good race in him if you train him carefully." Then he added quickly, "Of course, he's a stallion, and sure to turn as sour as hell. You'll have to watch out for your mares."

"Doesn't take any notice of them," said Uncle Henry. "Watch."

He turned Hyperion and walked him up to a couple of fillies grazing in the corner of the paddock. When Hyperion sauntered by, the fillies threw up their heads, took a couple of dainty steps forward, and whinnied invitingly. The black stallion did not even twitch an ear.

"A woman-hater, that's what he is," said Uncle Henry.

From that moment Uncle Septimus was won over to the black horse, though he didn't admit it immediately. His sneers became

fewer and fewer. At the end of a month he was begging Uncle Henry to let him help with the training, and Uncle Henry agreed.

The stallion improved astonishingly. He began to dance like a two-year-old and his coat flamed in the sun. He remained gentle and ignored the mares.

"That's what I call good sense," said Uncle Septimus. "It's worth more than being young in years."

After a fortnight's more training there was talk of a trial gallop, and Bill and I had to clear the fallen logs and old rusting farm machinery from the home paddock and fill in the rabbit holes.

On the day of the trial Bill and I were kept in at school. When we reached the

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By JOHN ROWAN WILSON

THE ROUND VOYAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

THIRTY-YEAR-OLD DAVID HOWARD, deputy-purser of *s.s. Capricorn*, a luxury liner on the London-Sydney run, is more and more bored with his life at sea. He is determined to leave it and pursue a career on shore. Towards this end he has been indulging in some smuggling, and in Sydney when he hands over one of the smuggled parcels to a mysterious **MR. JOHNSON**, he tells him this is the last time as he has now saved enough money. Johnson asks him to do one last job, to sign on a man named **MARTIN DILLON**, who has to get out of Australia and who will jump ship at Naples. David unhappily agrees to do this.

Meanwhile, in the company's office **CAPTAIN SLADE** is introduced to the new commander, **HUME**, who is to be his second-in-command, taking the place of Slade's old and trusted commander, **BULL**. Slade does not like Hume, finding him a blustering

self-confident man, and is not looking forward to the voyage with him.

The night before sailing David takes pretty **ANN BELLAMY**, one of the ship's nurses, to dinner at a fashionable nightclub. Their evening together is spoilt when they are joined by **PETER FELLOWS**, the ship's doctor, accompanied by a handsome red-haired girl, **JULIA RAYMOND**, daughter of **SIR EDWARD RAYMOND**, a politician and TV celebrity who has been on a confidential mission to Australia. He and his daughter are returning to England in the *Capricorn*.

After the ship has left Sydney, David has a quiet meal with **ROSS**, the purser, who tells him that trouble with the crew is brewing. Ross also says he does not care much for Hume. Their conversation is cut short by the entry of Hume, who subtly manages to convey that he does not have a high opinion of Captain Slade. **NOW READ ON:**

AT luncheon next day David encountered for the first time the members of his own table. He had no great expectations of them. They had been mainly selected on the grounds that they might give rise to difficulties if placed elsewhere. Mrs. Upjohn, a tall stringy woman on his left, had travelled by the line twice before, and on each occasion had written a letter of complaint to the managing director at the end of the voyage. On his right was Mrs. Katina Cranston-Smith (nee Pataghian), a dark, buxom, bejewelled woman in her thirties, who claimed to be the widow of a British naval officer. Next to her on her other side was a barrister named Floyd, notorious for his extreme Left-wing sympathies and a taste for controversy. He had been called over from London to Sydney to advise on the legal issues in a labor dispute, and was now on his way home. Mr. and Mrs. Kelso, a colorless, middle-aged couple, who made up the other two seats, were vegetarians.

After the first introductions David found himself talking to Mrs. Upjohn. Regarding him with extreme suspicion through a pair of steel-rimmed pince-nez, she asked:

"Is the sea likely to be rough?"

"I don't think so."

"It can sometimes be very unpleasant in the Bight," she said, as if fully prepared to hold him responsible.

"Not usually at this time of the year."

"Not according to your ideas, perhaps. But I am extremely subject to seasickness. The slightest quiver sets me off."

"How very unfortunate."

"Particularly in a stuffy cabin such as I have at the moment."

As berthing officer, David was not foolish enough to make any comment. After a significant pause, Mrs. Upjohn said, "If I am seasick, am I correct in saying that it is the doctor's duty to treat me for nothing?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't tell you." The company policy was that no charge should be made for medical treatment of seasickness. However, to protect the doctor from the too-persistent attentions of people like Mrs. Upjohn, this fact was usually kept secret for as long as possible.

"I'm sure it's so, though none of you will admit it. I've heard of people being sent in bills—scandalous!"

David made a non-committal noise. He must remember to warn Fellows about this woman. To his relief she turned away from him and began to talk to the Kelsoes.

On the other side of him, he was relieved to see, things had got off to a flying start. Floyd, a dark, vulpine creature in a linen jacket, had plainly succumbed to the mature but by no means negligible charms of Mrs. Cranston-Smith. A most satisfactory state of affairs, thought David. It should keep them both quiet for the rest of the voyage. He gave them a benign smile.

Mrs. Cranston-Smith was anxious to identify certain notabilities. She pointed to the captain's table.

"Is that Sir Edward Raymond?"

"Yes," said David.

"How exciting! I read all about him in the papers. Wasn't it wonderful, what he did on the TV?"

"What was so wonderful about it?" said Floyd contemptuously.

Mrs. Cranston-Smith was slightly confused. Plainly it had not occurred to her to question her newspaper's interpretation. "They all say it was so courageous—"

"Courageous, my foot!"

"He spoke up for his principles . . ."

"He licked the boots of the Americans in their own capital. That's not my idea of bravery. Now, if he'd made a stand for peace—or said a few words in favor of the Soviet Union—they would have been something worth talking about. Don't you think so, Purser?"

"I'm not the purser," said David apologetically. "Only the deputy."

Floyd seemed put out. "I was told I would be on the purser's table."

"There had to be a slight rearrangement . . ." said David vaguely. In fact, Ross, hearing who Floyd was, had flatly refused to sit with him. Floyd appeared to contemplate the possibility of taking offence and then reject it.

"Not that I mind whose table I'm on, of course. A lot of silly nonsense, if you ask me. But, as I was saying—I haven't any time for Raymond. He's just one of the old gang. Don't you agree?"

"I've never met him," said David. "I wouldn't like to say which gang he's in."

"Well, you take it from me, then. He was too reactionary even for the Foreign Office to stomach. But they daren't kick him out because of the Yanks. That's how it is with us now," he said, in a burst of unconvincing patriotism, "a second-class nation."

"It certainly does seem a shame . . ." said Mrs. Cranston-Smith.

Later on during the meal Mrs. Upjohn tapped David sharply on the arm.

"That man," she whispered, indicating Floyd, "is a Communist."

"Hardly that, I think . . ."

"A Communist," she repeated with venom. "If there's a name for something, why not use it?"

"Left-wing sympathies, perhaps . . ."

"He's a Red. It was all over the Sydney papers. They brought him over to organise some strike or other—"

David winced with embarrassment. Her whisper had gained in volume to a point where she was audible all over the table. Did she intend Floyd to hear her? Fortunately he did not appear to have done so yet. He was occupied in explaining to Mrs. Cranston-Smith his views on the Monarchy.

David could see meals would be difficult with the acid Mrs. Upjohn, handsome Mrs. Cranston-Smith, and aggressive Floyd.

"I won't say," he summed up judiciously, "that I'm in favor of abolishing the Royal Family completely . . ."

Mrs. Upjohn's voice boomed out, now audible beyond all question. "What I want to know is—if he's so keen on equality, why is he travelling first-class?"

After lunch the women went to their cabins to rest. David, drinking coffee in the lounge, found himself alone with Floyd. After a few minutes of stilted small-talk, Floyd said: "Nice woman, Mrs. Cranston-Smith."

"Yes."

"She has true breeding."

"I'm sure she has." Quite apart from a pair of large sloe-black eyes, a skin like pale walnut, a wide, moist, eager mouth.

"Just because she's an Armenian that stupid old female on your left turns her nose up."

"Mrs. Upjohn?"

"Yes, and the Kelsoes. They're as thick as thieves already. Gossiping among themselves. It's disgusting, don't you think?"

"One always has these difficulties on board ship," said David, deliberately non-committal.

"It makes me see red. The wife of a British naval officer who gave his life in the war. Was that what we were fighting for?"

It occurred to David that while he might just be able to put up with Floyd the revolutionary, Floyd the warrior was going to be altogether too much of a good thing.



"What service were you in?" he asked.

"Army," replied Floyd laconically. He seemed ready to change the subject of conversation, but David was ruthless.

"What unit?"

"Educational Corps." He added defensively, "I had an ulcer."

David clicked his tongue in sympathy. "That was bad luck."

"Yes." Floyd seemed unconscious of any irony. "At first I was very disappointed. Then I realised what a great privilege it was—to have a chance to do something for the minds of those boys. They were pathetically eager for knowledge. What education they'd had so far had been worse than useless. Nobody had bothered to tell them about anything that really mattered."

"They knew nothing at all about economics or local government or social legislation. It was then," he said with reminiscent satisfaction, "that I really felt I had a part to play. It wasn't much use winning the war if we lost the peace. Not much good beating the Nazis if we handed the world back to people like Baldwin and Samuel Hoare, and—" he searched for other likely names.

"Sir Edward Raymond?" suggested David.

"Exactly. They're clever, you know—they're worming their way back in. I met plenty of obstruction in Australia, I can tell you. But they didn't get much change out of me."

"I'm sure they didn't."

Floyd paused for a moment. Then he looked at David with a crafty smile. "Got a bit of labor trouble yourselves, I hear?"

This was an unpleasant shock. It was most undesirable that the troubles with the crew should become known to the passengers, and particularly to Floyd.

"I'm sorry. I don't quite follow you," he said.

"It's all right," said Floyd confidentially, "you don't have to clam up on me. I've heard all about it from friends of mine. But I suppose your bosses have told you to keep it a secret." He looked at David expectantly. When there was no reply he said tolerantly, "O.K., I can sympathise. You've got your job to watch. If you don't do as you're told, the company can chuck you out into the street. If you look at it one way, you chaps in the officer class have less security than the man who washes down the deck. And why? Because you're not organised."

"If you'll believe me, I don't want to be organised."

"But you're organised as it is—by the company." Floyd gave a short, triumphant laugh. "Not in your own interests, of course, but in theirs. The company doesn't give you enough food to satisfy the men. The men play the devil—can you blame them? And who has to bear the brunt of it all?"

Not the directors, riding down to Fenchurch Street every morning in their Rolls-Royces. They leave you to fight their battles for them."

It was the sort of grouse which they had made, time after time, between themselves. The company, the shore staff, the directors, were the targets for all their discontents. It was Floyd's gift to add an unpleasant malicious taste to the most legitimate expression of grievance, so that to agree with him contained almost an implication of disloyalty.

"You're talking utter nonsense," said David coldly. "You don't know so much about ships, and particularly this ship, as you imagine."

Floyd smiled. He was not a man easily rebuffed. "You think over what I said."

Soon afterwards David excused himself and returned to the berthing office. The indications were, he reflected despondently, that this was going to be his worst table ever. Of course, one always thought that; but this did seem to be a particularly unpromising collection. He would simply have to grit his teeth and put up with them. It was only for a few weeks. And then . . .

He played with the idea of making this his last voyage. There was no reason why he should not resign unexpectedly, make a sudden end to officer work, to the smiling and the small-talk, the deck games, the tombola. But in the meantime (and the thought was like a trickle of cold water down his back) there was a job to be done. In Melbourne tomorrow he was to engage a steward . . .

Mr. Johnson had said it would be easy—there was no difficulty, no trouble, no risk. But Mr. Johnson was not an

To page 55

SEE YOU LATER SENORITAS

A short short story

By HAROLD WARD BAILEY

ILLUSTRATED
BY KICK

THEY say the forties are the dangerous years for a man; they certainly were for Mr. Percival, the postmaster at Kelsdon Magna. Everybody had a good word for Percival and his wife.

In fact, you could say he was the perfect postmaster, and when he took his annual holiday at Yellowbeach each August he was sadly missed.

He was short and plump, with spectacles. Maybe he was just a bit too fussy, but he was always courteous and efficient. He was also the Sunday school superintendent and village choir-master. "One of the best, old Percival," was the general opinion held by all in the village.

The rot really set in at Yellowbeach one balmy August evening when Mr. Percival and his mousy little wife sat on the pier watching a concert party. It was the so-called Spanish dancers that did it—changed the placid postmaster into a panting pursuer of adventure who swore that one day he'd get to Spain and see the real thing. Of course, he didn't tell his wife about this new ambition. He was sure she just wouldn't understand it.

Suddenly, sitting there in sandalled ease, he realised that in a few months' time he'd be fifty. Too old to do anything with a bit of spice in it. Why—he'd never travelled farther than London in his life.

Imagine a trip to sunny Spain... the flashing-eyed, sinuous señoritas with their swirling skirts, thrilling bull-fights; the magic of old Madrid.

Glancing sideways at his wife, he noticed her suet-pudding complexion and triple chins. She was fast asleep and snoring slightly—a failing of hers which had always annoyed him.

Even then he might not have been able to do anything about his secret and burning desire for change had not fate, in a strange and rather sad way, played into his hands by taking his faithful partner from him.

When Mrs. Percival succumbed to a short, severe illness he carried on, bravely and quite alone. He was still the perfect postmaster, the object of general and undisguised sympathy and admiration from both the men and women in the village.

"Keeps the place spotless, he do. Aye, but he misses Maria—not that he be the one to show it," remarked one of the villagers.

So the months passed and August came around again. This year there was a heatwave and for the twentieth time that Saturday afternoon Mr. Percival wiped his spectacles.

"A postal order for seven and sixpence was it you said, Mrs. Mason? Thank you very much. Oh—and a half-crown book of stamps. Much



"Yes, Johnny?" Mechanically Mr. Percival listened as the child asked in a high, clear voice for the stamps.

What was it the bishop had said on his last visit? "I congratulate you, Mr. Percival. It's the best choir in my diocese."

Ah, well, soon he'd be listening to a different sort of music—guitars, clicking heels, and castanets.

"Goodbye, Mr. Percival. Hope you have a nice holiday," broke in the lad.

"Er—oh, yes. Thank you, Johnny. Bye-bye."

The closing of the door coincided with the chiming of the clock and he lost no time in slamming home the bolt and lowering the green blind.

Phew—it was hot, but he couldn't stop to make a cup of tea, even though he badly needed one. He had to catch that first bus to Bambridge to connect with the London train.

He was already dressed in his best suit and, quickly checking the contents of his pockets, he picked up the bag, a folded raincoat, and left by the back door.

As he walked towards the bus stop at the end of the High Street he tingled with elation mixed with fright.

Even now, he told himself, it wasn't too late—he could turn back. He shrugged the spasm of weakness away. This was his big chance!

As he neared the bus stop he congratulated himself on picking the time of his departure.

Most of the villagers were indoors, having tea and listening to the cricket scores. Not that it mattered really; everybody knew he was off for his fortnight by the sea tonight.

Anxiously he looked at his watch; surely the bus was late. Then he realised it was merely his own burning impatience. A few minutes passed and the familiar green shape

appeared, far in the distance along the dusty road.

He was about to pick up the bag when two figures turned the corner from a side road, a man and a boy. The boy started to run as he caught sight of Mr. Percival, waving something in his hand and calling out his name in a loud, clear voice.

Then he stood before the horrified postmaster, a panting, somewhat incoherent little figure.

"It's—these—stamps, Mr. Percival. Dad says they're not perfect—got no holes round the edges. Worth a fortune, Dad says; chance of a lifetime, he says, but you taught me to be honest, Mr. Percival, so I brought them straight back to you, as Dad says you'll know best what to do with them."

Mr. Percival slowly crumpled on the pavement as the green bus passed by on its way to Bambridge.

"Well, I never," said Johnny's father. "Reckon it's the heat got him down."

Mr. Percival soon came round and Johnny's father handed back the sheet of stamps.

"I couldn't take advantage of a slip like that," he said, "not after the way you've taught Johnny to sing. Maybe it was the chance of a lifetime, though..."

He broke off as he caught the expression on Mr. Percival's face. "You'd better get back home," he said. "I'll call in at the doctor's on the way and ask him to pop in and see you."

So Mr. Percival postponed his holidays for a week and worked overtime on his books every night. He went to Yellowbeach, of course, and came back tanned and fit.

Spain—and its dark-eyed señoritas? Ah, well, he sighed, he had plenty to be thankful for.

And he was the proudest chap in Kelsdon Magna last week when Johnny sang in the Children's Hour on the radio. Just like a lark he sounded.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 4, 1957

LET THE SUNSHINE IN . . . it can't affect your 'Terylene' curtains. Curtains made of 'Terylene', England's new, man-made fibre, are unaffected by sunlight, sea air, wind, dust or fog. They combine sheerness with great strength, are easily washed, need no ironing and will retain their shape indefinitely. Available now in many designs and colours, ask for names like Bruck Everlasting Curtaining in woven voiles and marquissettes, and Prestige Presnet curtains in voiles and nets; they're absolutely lovely — and will last for years.

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EASY TO WASH

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Snap OUT OF SUMMER SAG with ICED MILO

It's no fun being a teenager unless you're vital and alive! If your teenage youngsters seem to have lost their snap, it may be that summer's fun and activity are taking too great a toll of their energy.

Try serving delicious frosty Iced Milo—the summer health drink with the wonderful smooth chocolatey flavour teenagers love. The essential minerals . . . the health-giving properties of calcium-rich milk and malted cereals . . . the fortifying Vitamins A, B, and D, that are all found in Milo, will rapidly restore your youngsters to radiant well-being.



SO SIMPLE TO PREPARE!

Just add two teaspoons of Milo to a little warm milk, stir, and fill the glass with cold milk. For extra-delicious, extra-frosty Iced Milo add a scoop of Ideal ice cream just before serving. Incidentally, Milo is wonderful sprinkled on top of Ideal one-whip ice cream.

TUNE IN EVERY WEEK TO
NESTLÉ'S BUNKHOUSE SHOW

Candy Hardy
shows you:

THE GIRL IN THE



● Brown-eyed beauty (right) has a short-cut coiffure flattered by a wide-brimmed hat in pink and red. The hat is worn straight and forward.



● Gamin type (above) has a close-cut hair-do; she wears a rolled-back sailor hat to show her forehead and a "bang." A chic look is achieved by the three ropes of beads and matching bracelet.



● Romantic as a flower bouquet is the wide-brimmed hat (above), tied to bonnet proportions with ribbon. The wearer has a smooth chignon.

NEW SUMMER HAT

GIVE yourself a new summer look via a wide-brimmed head-turning hat. A new hat can do more to change your looks (for the better) than a new anything else. These are captivating to wear for lunch in town or for any special date while the sun shines. Because the shapes are simplified the tilt of the hat is important. Note: They're shown with the correct hair-do, designed to flatter. Study them, find your type, and perhaps an exciting new you.

— CANDY HARDY



• A blonde at her best wearing a strawberry-pink Carbo-type hat, in perfect harmony with a turned-under "bob."



• That blonde again (left), this time looking the smart, efficient career girl. On her head a straw boater worn back to show the hairline.



• White rolled-back sailor hat (right) proves a wonderful foil for groomed jet-black shoulder-length hair.

Relax! Refresh!



Q.T.'s
Luscious fruit drops of orange, lemon, pineapple or lime . . . 4d.



FRUIT TINGLES
On trying days, try fruit tingles! Delicious fizzy fruit flavours! . . . 3d.



HAVAPAK BUTTERSCOTCH
Made from rich, creamy butter, glucose and pure cane sugar. Each piece individually wrapped! 7d.



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Pep up, freshen up . . . with the perfect peppermint for taste-refreshing coolness . . . 3d.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 4, 1957

The Queen's jockey



LESTER PIGGOTT, one of the greatest jockeys Britain has produced, steps out of the small aircraft in which he flies to race meetings, travelling up to 400 miles a day. He also books all his own rides.

"Golden boy" of British racing will ride here

● Lester Piggott, at 21 the Queen's jockey and the "golden boy" of British racing, flies his own aircraft, but still likes to suck lollies.

PIGGOTT, who gave the Queen her first classic win in the Oaks, arrives in Australia early in December to ride in Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

In Britain this season the partially deaf Piggott has earned more than £125,000 in prizemoney for his owners.

His Australian engagements are in the Melbourne Racing Club International Stakes at Flemington on December 7, the Sydney Turf Club meeting at Rosehill on December 14, and in Brisbane on December 21.

Whether an invitation to ride in Australia is a thrill for the young jockey is difficult to say. He more than successfully hides his feelings behind a perpetual poker-face expression.

The son of trainer Keith Piggott and his wife, Iris, Lester is one of the greatest jockeys Britain has produced, and he has many years of riding ahead of him—provided,

of course, weight troubles don't interfere.

His daily schedule, however, should be a sure cure for any weight he might acquire.

It starts at 6 a.m. with a gallop over Berkshire Downs, where his father's string is exercised, and continues until midnight, covering a morning dip in a home-made swimming-pool at his Lambourn home, flights in his small private aircraft to different race-courses (covering as much as 400 miles in a day), his rides, and then home again to finalise details for more rides.

This is not just one day—but every day during the flat racing season. It's a toughening-up course that would flatten many a man before he was halfway through it, but not Piggott. He finishes as fresh as he started.

It is not surprising that Piggott became a jockey. Even his mother—born Iris Rickaby, one of the many famous

British racing names in Piggott's lineage—forecast jockeyship for her son when she saw him as a plump three-year-old trotting a New Forest pony around her husband's stable yard.

Piggott's grandfather Tom Cannon rode a Derby winner and his great-grandfather a Grand National winner.

Lester rode his first winner when he was 12. By the time he was 15 he had ridden 40 winners and lost his apprentice allowance.

Almost as soon as he became a fully fledged jockey he clashed with racing authorities. A few weeks after winning the 1954 Derby—the youngest jockey ever to win this great race—he was suspended for six months for dangerous riding.

A despondent Piggott went back to work once more as a stable-lad, arriving at the stables each day in a sleek sports saloon.



POKER-FACE Lester Piggott. On Royal mounts he wears Queen Elizabeth's colors of peacock-blue with gold lacing and scarlet sleeves.

After three months the stewards lifted the suspension and Piggott moved from his father's stable, first to Jack Jarvis, then to Noel Murless, the Queen's trainer, who took on the 18-year-old as his No. 1 jockey in succession to Sir Gordon Richards.

This year Piggott has won the 2000 Guineas, Derby, Oaks, Ascot Gold Cup, German Derby, and King George VI Stakes, and is third in the jockey premiership to Australian Arthur Breasley and Edward Hild.

After winning the Oaks for the Queen, Piggott for once was so pleased that he smiled. Until then many people had nicknamed him the Low Head of racing.

Many people have tried to analyse Piggott's success. Some attribute it to his partial deafness, which, they say, helps him to concentrate more than other jockeys, and blot out sounds like the crowd's roar, hoofbeats, and whip-cracks.

There seems little doubt, however, that it is Piggott's cold application to his job that makes him so successful. To him friends or relatives riding beside him are just other jockeys.

Once he lodged—and had upheld—an objection against an uncle, Buster Rickaby.

This strong-handed, straight-backed youngster is dour almost to the point of rudeness to those who do not know or understand him. But he has not become bigheaded with success.

In one significant way he proves that, although he will sit apart from skylarking jockeys in the weighing-in room, he is the same as they are: If you can persuade Piggott to mark your card—ignore it. He is a shocking tipster.

AVOID SHRINKAGE!



When a shirt shrinks (even a little) you lose your comfort. Or you lose your money if you can't wear it. Don't let this happen to you. Whenever you buy a shirt, always look for "Sanforized" on the label. Then you are sure that neckband will never get tight . . . no matter how often you wash the shirt.

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EARLY-MORNING GALLOP as Lester Piggott (foreground) exercises a horse from his father's stables. Piggott is a favorite with British housewives, who choose his mounts for their shillings-each-way bets. This season he has won £125,000 prizemoney.

Real Christmas cheer

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN, staff reporter

● When you're old, and friends, money, and health are all in short supply, Christmas holds little promise of being a festive occasion.

BUT for the aged and sick who either live in one of Sydney's Chesalon Nursing Homes or are visited by the Church of England Parish Nursing Service life won't be without yuletide cheer.

(Chesalon is a Hebrew word meaning "fortress or place of security.")

Turkey and all the trimmings will be served to the 70 in-patients at the four Chesalon Homes. Scores more on the regular visiting list will have similar meals delivered.

Sister Mildred Symons, who runs the Chesalons, and was

responsible for the establishment of the Parish Nursing Service, said if possible all patients would be given small gifts.

"People really are wonderful, you know. It's amazing how they rally to help our patients at times like Christmas.

"We even have a few regular visitors on Christmas morning who bring small gifts for the patients. We'd like to see many more, of course, and would be grateful for any contributions.

"It means so much to the patients to feel they're wanted."

Any appeal Sister Symons makes comes right from her

heart, for this remarkable nurse "went it alone" for years in her determined effort to establish the now extensive nursing service.

Apart from its in-patients, the service last year covered 13,600 visits to the homes of the aged and sick unable to afford normal nursing care. It's 24 strong in nurses, and has a fleet of five cars.

Just 13 years ago Sister Symons, alone and in all weathers, tramped the streets of Sydney suburbs on her mercy mission.

"Yes, things were certainly different in those days," she said as she settled back to tell her story in her study at

one of Summer Hill's two Chesalons.

Thirteen years ago she had just returned to Sydney after a five-year spell in outback Western Australia, where she worked with a local Flying Doctor service for the Bush Church Aid Society.

Before that she had trained and worked in Sydney.

But hospital work did not appeal on her return. She wanted to continue working for the Church of England, and she felt strongly the need to help the many pathetic cases of poor, sick, and aged people living alone.

"It looked an impossible ambition," said Sister Symons, "because there just wasn't any organisation for me to join. When, eventually, I persuaded the Home Mission Society to support me as a visiting nurse I felt I'd really achieved something."

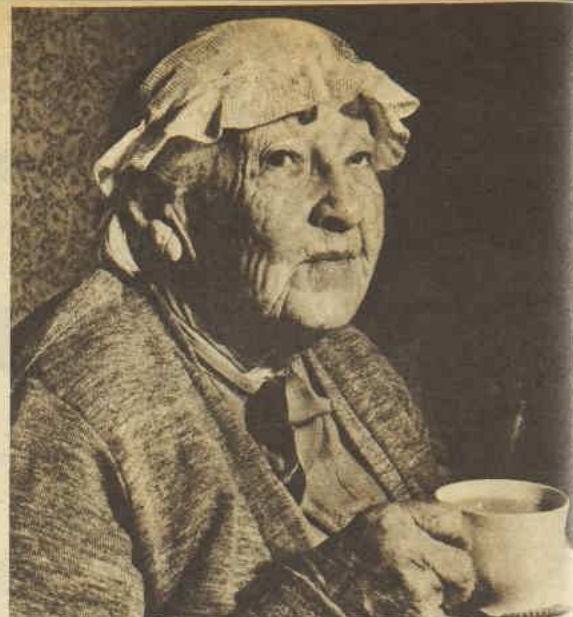
She found life hard and often heartbreaking as daily she tramped the inner suburbs visiting as many of the desperate cases as possible in a week not governed by 40-hour limits.

"You know, I think I must know every short-cut there is in Sydney," she added, with a wistful glance at her feet.

The suffering and despair Sister Symons saw on her daily rounds convinced her she had found her life's work.

And her life's ambition was to extend this service and battle for the establishment of nursing homes where the most serious cases could spend their twilight years with care, comfort, and a sense of belonging.

Alone in her first year in her job, she paid 912 visits, and the work was so successful that the Home Mission Society agreed to the appointment of another nurse, Sister



A CUP OF TEA is enjoyed by 94-year-old Mrs. Isabella Leighton, a patient at the Summer Hill Chesalon Home. As she brushed a wisp of white hair under her lace mopcap, she chuckled and said: "Do you think I'm ready for the old age pension? I'm only a young 'un you know."

Freda Tattersall, who is now district nurse for the Harris Park Chesalon Home.

"Realising how much our tramping the highways and using public transport was limiting our work, we asked if we could have a car," said Sister Symons, "but the mission just didn't have the money to help us."

So the nurses still did their visiting by day, but smartly got themselves jobs as hospital night nurses and saved every penny of the money they earned there until they bought themselves a car.

Then for nine years Sister Symons worked, appealed, and finally convinced enough people of the urgency of founding Church nursing homes.

An auxiliary got to work to raise money, and the Home Mission backed it to the hilt.

Finally, in 1952, the first Chesalon Home was opened in Summer Hill.

Now there are two homes, side by side, in Summer Hill, another at Harris Park, and yet a fourth at Eastwood.

"Harris Park at present takes only 11 patients, but we hope soon to launch an appeal for a new L-shaped building to border the existing home, and this means raising about £29,000 to supplement the £10,000 already in hand," said Sister Symons.

After seeing the Summer Hill Chesalon Homes, Sister Symons took me on a visiting trip with the district nurse, Sister Nan Focnander.

Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, a 94-year-old patient, summed up Sister Symons with her whispered words: "She's an angel. That's what she is!"



ABOVE: Mr. Frank Woosen, an 83-year-old Boer War veteran, has been living at Chesalon, Summer Hill, this year. His late wife was also a patient.



RIGHT: Sister Mildred Symons with 94-year-old Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald.

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Other disinfectants you may have used in the past cannot equal the germ-killing efficiency of Sanpic.

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Superb American styled Waltham Watch—the perfect gift this Christmas. Especially presented in an expensive leather gift case, beautifully designed and lined with satin and velvet. The Waltham Watch is the nicest way to say you care. Its modern styling appeals alike to fashion conscious women and discriminating men while matchless Swiss precision and unbreakable Waltham permaforce mainspring and shockproof protective system safeguard your gift for a lifetime.





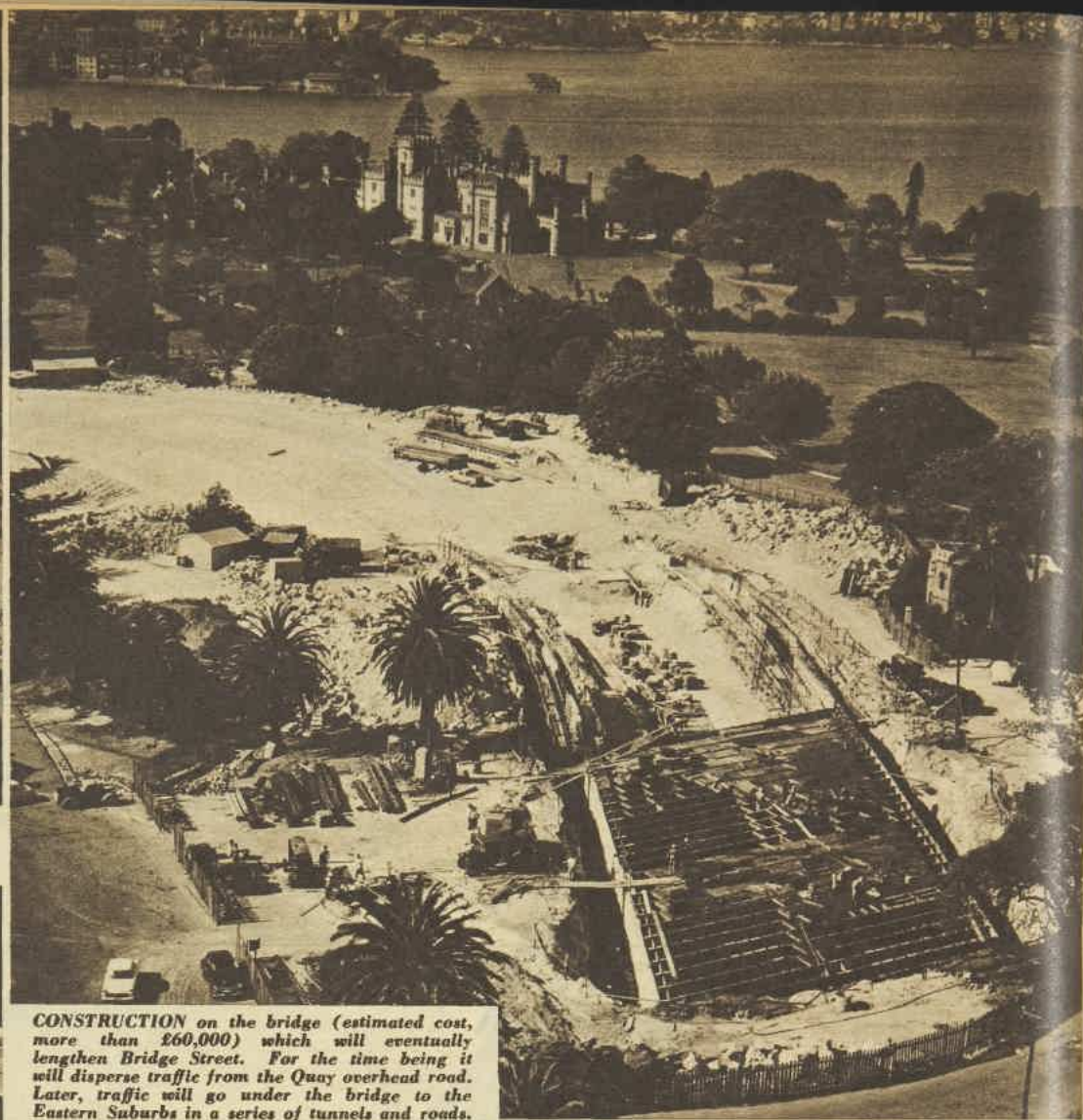
QUIET CORNER at the Quay is a peaceful place for a boy to try to hook an interesting catch. The glass-faced I.C.I. building (background) was completed recently, after 16 months' work.



BUSY TRAFFIC. Buses, latest transport innovation at the Quay, link with eastern, western, and southern suburbs.



TRANQUIL SUNLIGHT dapples the water in a view looking across to Manly Ferry Wharf from East Circular Quay. Moore Stairs (foreground) were opened in 1868.



CONSTRUCTION on the bridge (estimated cost, more than £60,000) which will eventually lengthen Bridge Street. For the time being it will disperse traffic from the Quay overhead road. Later, traffic will go under the bridge to the Eastern Suburbs in a series of tunnels and roads.

CHANGING FACE OF THE QUAY



PAST GRANDEUR. Statue of King Edward VII on a charger was erected near the Conservatorium in 1922. Protected by a picket fence, the statue has been moved temporarily to make way for the new by-pass road.



FRESH FRUIT. Voices of rival fruit sellers mingle in a melee of Quay sounds. The Quay railway (background) was finally opened on January 20, 1956.

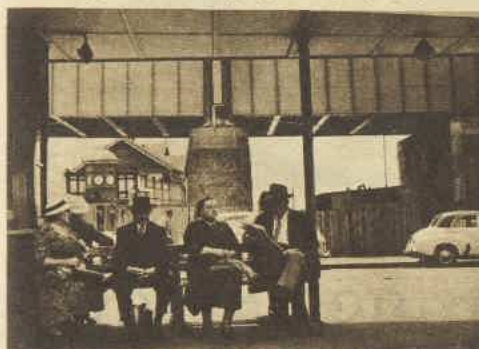
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 4, 1957

QUAY CHARACTERS

PHONES



THE IMPATIENT PEOPLE, like these harassed businessmen, find the Quay telephone boxes a great boon. They can rush straight from a ferry to a phone.



THE PATIENT PEOPLE, happy to sit in the sun and wait for the buses which replaced the network of Castlereagh and Pitt Streets trams in September.



THE NEWSVENDOR. Miss Lillian Amya, has watched life at the Quay for 38 years, the length of her service for the bookstall company.



THE CAPTAIN, Harold Liley, who retired in November after 41 years as a master with the Port Jackson and Manly Steamship Company.



THE COMMUTERS, who have paid a steadily increasing fare for their ferry trip. At the turn of the century the Manly voyage cost threepence return. Now it's 3/6.



CITY SKYLINE is a majestic backdrop to the hub of the Quay traffic, with its jetties, railway, and the overhead road.

Panorama of progress

● Circular Quay, northern entrance to the city, is always changing, always interesting, never still.

THE story of the Quay is closely linked with that of the ferries that ply between the northern suburbs and the city.

In the early days convicts used to row settlers round the Harbor, so the ferries are almost as old as Sydney.

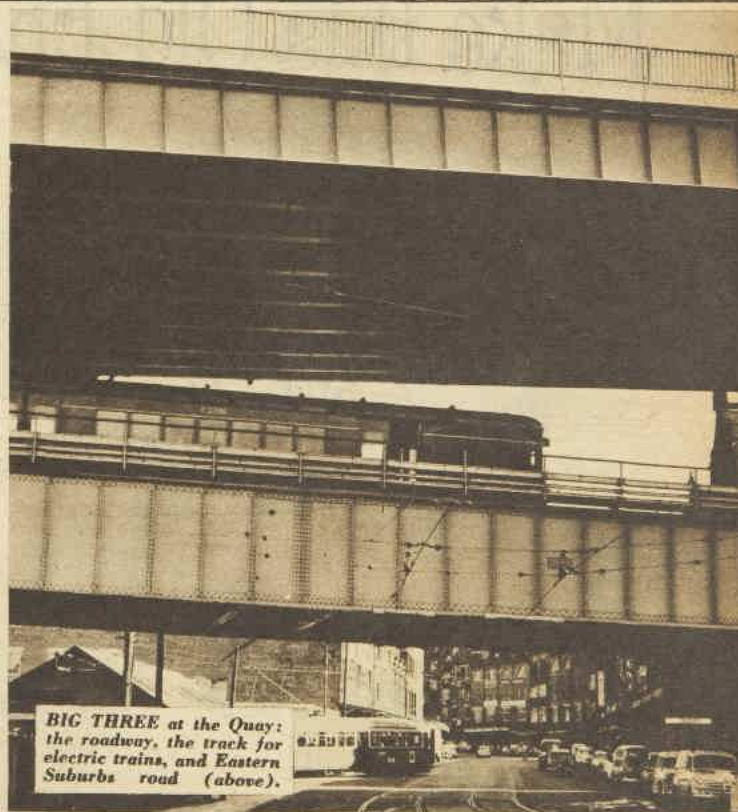
The Quay grew, and the ferry services increased until in the 1920s they carried more than a million passengers a week.

Opening of the Harbor Bridge in 1932 dealt a blow from which the ferries never recovered. Land traffic took much of their trade.

In 1936 the first holes were dug in that 20-year-old argument, the Quay railway. In actual working time it took 13 years seven months to complete, and was opened in January, 1956.

Gradually, as buildings spring up and others are demolished, the Quay is changing its "look."

Now the mighty Eastern Suburbs by-pass road is under construction. Opinions differ on its cost and estimated opening date.



BIG THREE at the Quay: the roadway, the track for electric trains, and Eastern Suburbs road (above).



OLD AND NEW. The newest ferry, controversial Kooleen (right), steams past a small, old-style ferry. These pictures taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Be a
Smart Cookie



Make this Old English Style Xmas Pudding

with
"Mother's
Choice"
FLOUR



Look for
the Christmas
recipes on every
Mother's Choice Packet

AEROPHOS in Mother's Choice Flour is
the modern raising ingredient

ENTOLETED the guaranteed way to ensure
complete purity

ALWAYS FRESH the date of packing is stamped on
every packet

VITAMIN ENRICHED Mother's Choice gives you extra vitamins
for extra health!

"Mother's Choice"
Old English Style Christmas Pudding

(Sufficient for two 2½-pint pudding basins)

COMBINE 1 lb. raisins, 4 ozs. sultanas, 4 ozs. currants,
4 ozs. chopped almonds, 4 ozs. chopped dates, 4 ozs.
chopped prunes, 4 ozs. chopped cherries, 4 ozs.
chopped peel.

POUR OVER ½ cup rum or sherry and allow to stand
several hours.

CREAM 6 ozs. shortening and 8 ozs. brown sugar.

ADD 4 egg yolks—beating well after each addition.

MIX IN ½ cup marmalade.

SIFT TOGETHER 2 cups Mother's Choice Self-Raising
Flour, 2 level teaspoons cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon
nutmeg, ½ level teaspoon salt, ½ level teaspoon bi-carb.
soda. Add 1 cup fine white breadcrumbs.

ADD ALTERNATELY the flour mixture and prepared
fruit.

MIX IN ½ cup grated carrot, ½ cup grated apple, ½ cup
hot milk, 1 tablespoon Parisienne essence.

FOLD IN 4 egg whites stiffly beaten.

PLACE in 2 greased pudding moulds and cover securely,
or in a floured pudding cloth and tie with string.

STEAM OR BOIL 4 hours and further 2 hours on day
of serving.

P.S.: If you want to cook the puddings one at a time,
you can let the second stand while the first is steaming.
Because Mother's Choice Self-Raising Flour contains
"Aerophos," you can keep it for hours, if necessary,
and the mixture won't lose a whit of its "rise-ability."

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● Girls who are keen on the boy next door are very lucky. Even when they have a row they can't help meeting him, for every simple job that takes them outside the house is maybe an opportunity to make up.

FIRST letter opened this week was from a girl who has had a fight with the boy next door.

Here is her letter:

"I LIKE the boy next door more than any other boy in our district. We used to go together, but a few months ago we had a disagreement and are only on slight speaking terms now. I think he is more engrossed in work than in any other activity, including girls. Could you advise me which way I should approach him, as he has a proud nature which can't let him swing back to where we were before?"

"Wondering," N.S.W.

I think you're doing fine as you are. You're on "slight" speaking terms now. Hasten slowly should be your motto. I wouldn't make any obvious approaches if I were you. Just make it apparent that you're glad to see him whenever you do. If you want to make a cut-and-dried approach, though, why not wait till Christmas? It's the season for friendliness.

"I AM 16½ and I was going with a boy of 20. In the 11 months I went with him he always tormented me about my girl-friends while I was out with him. About four months ago he went over to the other side of Australia to work. He wants to know if I will go with him when he comes home; he tells me that he thinks a lot of me and he is sorry for the way he tormented me before. He writes me letters and says that he will be home soon, so I would like your advice before he comes. I like him too much to stop seeing him. Have you any idea what I should do?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

Yes, just sit round and see what happens. You can't do



A word from Debbie...

● Can you set a table correctly? Here's how:

Put the tablecloth or tablemats on the table straight and smooth. If people are sitting opposite each other, have their mats and silver in line.

The silver is arranged in the order it will be used—working from the outside in. Forks are on the left of the plate, the knife and spoons on the right. The cutting edge of the knife should turn towards the plate. The water glass is placed at the top of the knife, and the table napkin at the left of the forks.

When you serve your guests, serve them from the right, but if you are offering them dishes of food to serve themselves, hold the dish at their left.

When you clear the table after the first course, remove the plates from the left of the guest. Remove all the salts and peppers, all the serving-dishes and dinner-plates before serving the sweets.

anything but that. What sort of an invitation was it to return to the West with him? A proposal of marriage? As a friend, to support yourself? You couldn't accept either of these without your parents' consent or the consent of a Court. I think the young man probably only asked you to go back with him to show you how much he does like you, and would probably run for cover if you accepted.

"ABOUT 18 months ago my periods started. They were never irregular, but a couple of months ago they skipped a month altogether, and this month the same thing happened. I am a bit worried. Do you think there is anything wrong? Could you also tell me if there are such things as false fingernails?"

"Worried Lass," N.S.W.

The only person who can advise you about your periods is a doctor. You should see

him immediately. Yes, you can buy false fingernails at any big city store.

"I AM secretary of a ball at which there is a prize for the best-dressed matron and one for the belle of the ball. Will you please tell me if young married women are considered matrons? I believe you are not a matron unless you are over 40. Also, can married women compete for the belle-of-the-ball competition?"

M.B., N.S.W.

All married women, whether they are 16 or 60, are matrons. The word has nothing to do with age. It means "married woman" unless it is used as a title for the head of a hospital or clinic, married or single, when it implies authority.

Married women can compete in the belle-of-the-ball competitions. Marriage doesn't stop them being a belle. In fact, it makes some women more beautiful than ever.

DISC DIGEST

I GUESS there's hardly any recording company in the business which hasn't turned out at least one LP devoted to Spanish-style music. I say "Spanish-style" deliberately because most of the most enjoyable music of this type was written by men from other countries. Such is the case with a new 12-incher called "España" (P.8357).

The only home-grown Spanish work is the Triana from "Iberia," by Albeniz. The others, which oddly enough always sound much more convincingly native, are Ravel's "Bolero" and "Alborado del Gracioso," and Rimsky-Korsakov's magnificently flashy "Capriccio Espagnol."

The four works are no doubt familiar to most collectors, and I've discussed them, per other recordings, several times in

this column. The particular feature of this particular disc therefore is the recording, which is carried out in what is called Full Dimensional Sound—in other words, dinkum high fidelity.

If your reproducing equipment is really up-to-date, you'll revel in this disc's wonderful "live performance" sound. The music is played by the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra, under Felix Slatkin, but I must admit that I have heard more thrilling accounts of these lustrous, sensuous programme pieces.

VICKY AUTIER is a new name to me, but apparently she is well known to folk who have had the good fortune to see and hear her at the Casino de Paris, at that celebrated night-club Boeuf Sur

Le Toit, at the Empress Club in London, and various night spots in New York and Las Vegas. She makes her debut with "I Remember Paris" on OCLP.7514, a generous collection of 21 typical songs.

Vicky's first ambition was to become a concert pianist—she accompanies herself throughout this record—but now she wants to become known as a female, French Nat "King" Cole. Now and then she introduces a song in a casual way, giving the impression that she's playing for you in the cosy atmosphere of an after-dinner party. Among the best-known songs are "La Seine," "Autumn Leaves," "C'est Si Bon," "La Vie En Rose," and "La Ronde." You don't have to know French to enjoy this charming entertainer.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

HILTON Lingerie

becomes high fashion!

* new styling * new delicate prints * new muted pastels

created for you
to sleep beautifully!

Here is a duet of darlings from the new Hilton lingerie collection. Cut on completely new lines, they have a new look in lingerie—delicious femininity—plus high fashion. Soft, smooth "Nylotrique"—an exclusive Hilton opaque nylon tricot, washes and wears like a dream. The muted pastels, subtle and bewitching, make lingerie news! All cleverly designed for you to sleep... beautifully!



DI15

"FROU FROU BABY DOLL"

Very French! Very young! An entrancing style in "Nylotrique." Ruffles of ruching form the bra, highlight the flared skirt and edge the pants. Sparkling, untarnishable Lurex thread adds glamour to every ruffle! SSW, SW, W. Pink Pearl, White, Powder Blue, Lilac Time.

99/6

NI12

Simplicity and elegance are the keynotes of this long, full, graceful gown, in a double film of heavenly rose print "Nylotrique." Has beautifully fitted bodice, and sleek, slim waist. Shoulder straps of finest rouleau. SSW, SW, W. Pink Pearl.

£6/6/0

Be smart in Hilton stockings and lingerie by day.

Be beautiful in Hilton slumberwear at night.

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Page 35

Worth Reporting

for COLOURS

for SMARTNESS

for STYLE

insist on HANDKERCHIEFS made by NILE

For "Her" NILE... Coloured borders, fancy checks, coloured grounds... 2/- ea.; 1-doz. box, 6/-

NILE FLORA... Huge range of latest prints, gaily coloured... 1/6 ea.

NILE FANTASY... Exclusive novelty prints—special large size... 1/11 ea.

For "Him" NILE... Attractive gift boxes... 1-doz. box, 19/6; 1-doz. box, 9/9; 3/3 ea.

NILE Initialled... Famous Nile White Handkerchiefs with Blue initial, 3/9ea. Coloured Nile Handkerchiefs with coloured initial, 4/3 ea.

NILE "JUNIOR"—for boys—coloured designs—2/- ea.

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in your own home!

Wavol Shampoo, the choice of leading hairdressers, will bring to your hair that magical, "professional" look—a look of lustrous vitality and perfect grooming.

Use Wavol Shampoo for enchanting hair beauty.

Wavol REG.

Economical, concentrated, soapless shampoo. For all shades of hair. 4 oz. bottle, 3/6 (Slightly more in some areas)

ASK FOR WAVOL AT YOUR NEAREST CHEMIST OR BEAUTY SALON!

FOR THAT SPECIAL HAIR PROBLEM

Lustreol works miracles on dry, brittle hair. Use Lustreol Hair Vitaliser before shampooing, and watch new highlights spring to life.

ECONOMY TUBE 3/3 (Slightly more in some areas)



A FRENCH viscount who dynamited his enormous chateau because he couldn't pay the taxes on it is in Australia as a member of the visiting Dior team.

He is Viscount de Mause, head of the Dior Press service, who was a last-minute replacement for Monsieur Thastea, business manager of the Paris fashion house.

M. Thastea was to have accompanied the French mannequins and the fabulous collection of clothes for our parades in Melbourne and Sydney, but because of the death of the designer he decided he could not leave Paris.

It is three years since the dynamiting episode brought the Viscount into the news. For years he had faced financial ruin as he'd vainly tried to pay taxes on his ancestral home. Then he found he could neither sell it nor give it away.

He offered it as a gift to the National Health Service and various charitable organisations for a holiday home, sanatorium, or convalescent home, but the offers were turned down because nobody could undertake the vast cost of repairing and modernising the chateau.

With tax bills piling up, the Viscount made his desperate decision. He had the chateau stripped of its panelling, tiled fireplaces, and other objects of value, and blew the remains sky-high. He then sold the rubble to a salvage firm and cleared off his State debt.

AFTER a children's concert given by the Regimental Band of the Irish Guards, at present touring Australia, a small boy approached Captain C. H. Jaeger, the director of music.

Looking up at the imposing red-coated figure with a shining black bearskin, the boy said: "Please, Santa, can I have a bicycle for Christmas?"

ENTER OUR READERS' CHOICE CONTEST

● Use this coupon to enter our Readers' Choice Contest. Your vote and a 50-word comment could win you £50.

WE printed a coupon last week. Readers are allowed only one vote, but this coupon is for the convenience of those who missed last week's.

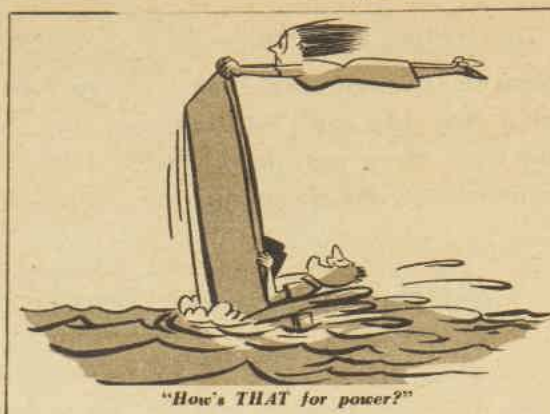
The contest is based on the six prize-winning stories in our Short Story Contest, which was held in conjunction with the International Correspondence Schools.

Vote for the story you considered the best (put a mark in the appropriate coupon square) and write a 50-word comment on "Why I Voted For This Story." Cut out the coupon and attach your comment to it.

For the best comment on the story which receives the greatest number of votes there is a cash prize of £50.

A prize of £25 will be awarded to the person who writes the best comment on the story that comes second in the voting.

A prize of £10 will go to the best comment on the story



"How's THAT for power?"

An "invader" in a bevy of beauty

WHEN the Sydney season of our Dior Parades opens at David Jones Ltd. on December 7, only one "outsider" will invade the bevy of French beauty.

The invader is Sheila Scotter, English by birth and Australian by adoption, who will compete the parades.

"As all the mannequins, and even the dressers, will be French, I hope I won't feel like their country cousin," said Sheila.

"But I'm really very thrilled at the honor of being selected, particularly as this is the last collection the genius designer presented in Paris."

Although Sheila's main ambition since she was a small child has been to work among fashion, she began her career by qualifying and working as an aeronautical engineer in England.

But fashion won through, and she "gave away" engineering to become a model, at the same time learning everything from packing to selling clothes.

In 1949 a Melbourne store brought her to Australia to run its imported-model department. She is now fashion director and head of the Australasian marketing division of an American textile firm.

A WELL-KNOWN Australian gourmet is given to cooking the most exotic Continental dishes for his family.

But, reports his wife, half-ruefully: "The other day the children went to a friend's house for lunch.

"When they got home we asked what they'd had to eat. 'They all sighed happily. 'Sausages,' they said."

Prudent piper in the park

THE strains of "Isle of Innisfree," "Wearin' o' the Green," and "Cockles and Mussels" are often heard in East Melbourne's Yarra Park.

Tousle-haired, 11-year-old John Maher goes to the park after school to practise the bagpipes he plays in the school band.

He can't practise at home because "it might disturb the neighbors or wake the baby."

"I know not everyone dislikes the bagpipes," he says philosophically. "My father doesn't and the neighbors don't."

John doesn't have to leave home to practise on his piano-accordion or his mouth-organ. But, he explains, they aren't as satisfying to play as his three-quarter size set of pipes.

For the feminine point of view

THE Institute of Sales Management (N.S.W. Branch) has 18 men on its council—18 men and one woman.

As a council member, recently elected Miss Mary Hearne will be one of the policy-makers of the Institute, which provides training for salesmen and sales managers.

Miss Hearne, who lives at Maroubra, in Sydney, is general manager of the Australian Advertising Rate and Data Service.

"I have an all-woman staff," she told us. "We keep up-to-date records of advertising charges and general information on all publications, radio, and TV in Australia. 'We print a yearly book of charges and issue a supplement weekly to subscribers."

From a lighthouse to Hawaiian sands

IMAGINE a return trip to Honolulu for two, a fortnight at a luxury hotel, £100 for a holiday "trousseau," plus £100 spending money.

All that translates into reality as the prize for the "Stocking Salesgirl of 1957."

It was awarded by a leading hosiery firm to the saleswoman who answered a simple quiz and gave the best tip for selling stockings.

The winner was Tasmanian Mrs. Nan Brown, who has spent 28 years of her life in a lonely lighthouse.

Her husband was head keeper at Edison Lighthouse, and since his death three years ago Mrs. Brown and her son Jeffery have lived in the Hobart suburb of Bellerive.

It was an exciting moment for Mrs. Brown when she was told of her win.

"But I've never won anything in my life," she gasped.

The judges chose Mrs. Brown because of her sincerity and obviously genuine interest in her customers.

READERS' CHOICE CONTEST VOTING COUPON

"Tail of a Wallaby," by Phyllis Rose. (Published October 23.) ☐

"The Ghost That Went Walkabout," by E. Wicks. (Published October 30.) ☐

"My Mother Said I Never Should," by Dorothy Hewett. (Published November 6.) ☐

"Turn Again, Mossie," by Gwen Vimpany. (Published November 13.) ☐

"The Web," by Freda Vines (Published November 20.) ☐

"Namma Hole," by Noel Tennant. (Published November 27.) ☐

● Put an X in the space opposite the title of the story you liked most. Cut out the coupon and attach your comment, "Why I Voted For This Story." Send it to "Readers' Choice Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close December 9.

Name and address

.....

.....

.....

.....

A gift for making people happy!

For a gift you'll be proud to give every member of the family, choose Eversharp—the ball pen that's backed by a name world famous for the best in writing instruments. Four sparkling models to choose from, in a range of glowing colours. They all share the Eversharp famous-name features. Clear-view moulded ink tubes show exactly how much ink is left. Refills run the full length of the pen, contain Permink, the ink that's permanent on paper—washable on everything else. Refills are obtainable everywhere in a choice of Medium Ball or Small Ball sizes. Inks in four colours: Blue, black, red and green.

1. TOP OF THE TREE—
"RETRACTABLE"
Non-failing clip action—13/9.

2. SMART AND
SERVICEABLE—"603"
Tough metal tip can't crack
or split—6/9.

3. SLEEK FOR MILADY—
"SILVER STAR"
Perfect for pocket or purse—8/9.

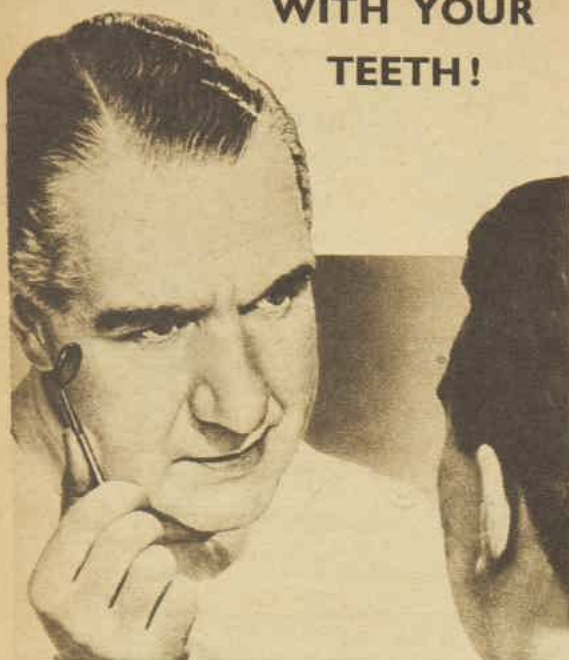
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"STENOGRAPHER"
Striking feminine colours—5/9.

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a ball pen for every purse and person

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WITH YOUR
TEETH!**



**New
MACLEANS**
PEROXIDE TOOTH PASTE
**keeps teeth whiter
and healthier...**

Use Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste . . . feel the tingle as its unique ingredient goes to work, killing decay germs, protecting your teeth and gums! Try Macleans and see how white your teeth are — that means they're cleaner and therefore safer from decay. You'll love the cool, refreshing taste of Macleans — and your breath will be sweet the whole day long.



MT Aus.8/57



DRESS SENSE By *Betty Keep*

● The gay house-dress illustrated is easy and quick to make.

IT solves the problem for a reader who writes:

"Could I please have a simple design and paper pattern for a neat house-dress? I am not a very talented needlewoman, but like numbers of other young married women on a strict budget I like to supplement my wardrobe with home dressmaking."

The dress I have chosen for you is illustrated at right. One of our easy-to-follow paper patterns will minimise any sewing problems. The design is photographed in check cotton, but would look equally attractive in a plain color. The large, roomy skirt pockets are a practical finish.

Lines under the sketch give details and how to order.

"AS I am planning several outfits to wear next autumn, when I will be married, I would like your advice on autumn colors."

Royal and carbon blue are going to be very prominent in next autumn's color story, as are reds and beige. Black is popular for late day; white, mink-brown, rouge-red, and brilliant blue are all seen in evening-wear.

"WHAT is the latest style for a coat? I want to have a very smart one made, as I am going to Melbourne for a holiday."

A barrel shape with the top accentuating roundness is the newest coat silhouette. The silhouette is stripped of trimming and fastened with widely spaced buttons.

"COULD you suggest a design for a seaside outfit to be made in floral cotton? I want the outfit to include shorts and skirt. I have 6½ yds. of the cotton and it is printed with a small rose design."

My suggestion is a shirt, above-knee-length shorts, and straight front-buttoned skirt. It would be a pretty idea to have a solid-colored pleated cummerbund belt to offset the rose-printed cotton.



DS 272. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36 in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"WHAT color stockings would be correct to wear with a beige silk afternoon frock? I generally wear a dark suntanned color, but they don't seem to look right with the beige."

Wear beige. The look of head-to-toe color co-ordination is very new. By the way, in Paris and New York dark colored hose are in fashion for autumn. Black and off-black are worn with black for late day and later; brown for tweeds, grey for grey, and taupe for red. Of course, the stockings are gossamer sheer, which means the color is actually only hinted at.

"I INTEND having a late afternoon and dinner frock made in silk taffeta or some sort of crisp silk. My problem is about the style. Would it be fashionable to have the frock made with a low neckline, wide skirt, and fitted waist? I would also like a couple of color suggestions."

Perfectly correct. Numbers of late afternoon and dinner dresses in crisp silk are snugly fitted, hippy, and have short belled skirts. Decolletes are cut low in the Watteau manner. A very new evening color is glowing-red. White is also popular, and so is a pale creamy apricot.

Beauty in brief:

TIME-SAVING WAYS TO GLAMOR

By *CAROLYN EARLE*

● This collection of lightning beauty hints is recommended for everyone who has only a minimum of time available for self-improvement.

- Fix the ends of your hair at night with setting lotion and a few hairpins, and tie into place with a net. This little habit pays big dividends next day, and makes a professional set last longer.
- Put a brightening rinse through the hair at the end of a home shampoo. It's well worth the time.
- Remove oil and powder from around the hairline each day by rubbing along it with a pad of cotton-wool soaked in skin lotion or cologne.

- Once in a while give your face a steam-bath to open and cleanse the pores. You need a bowl of boiling water over which to hold your head and a thick towel, like a tent, to cover both.
- Allow five minutes for steaming and another five for a rich lather and warm water wash. Follow this by slathering lots of skin food over your face.
- Rub a slice of lemon over stains on the fingers or hands, or, if they're stubborn, use a pumice.

If food is worth its salt it's worth its **SAXA**



Saxa Table Salt available in Cartons and Drums



15 hairsets for 4/10

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.
Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet — squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water — shake till mixed — now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Curlypet for 4/10 from your chemist or store.
QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
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Stay as sweet as you are with

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AMATEUR HOUR TOPLINE ACTS

CORNETIST Glenn Madden, of Melbourne, who at 12 is the youngest finalist. Glenn, pictured with cornet, crew-cut, and pet dog, hopes one day to have his own band or to play in a symphony orchestra. At present he is a pupil at East Kew Central School.



TAHITIAN SINGER Marguerite Spitz, who lives at Savu Savu, on the island of Vanna Levu, Fiji, travelled farther than any other artist for the Amateur Hour grand final. Aged 18, she has already made one recording, of the Tahitian song "Hoki."

AUSTRALIA'S first simultaneous broadcast and telecast of its kind will be made on November 28 when finalists from many parts of Australia and Fiji compete in the 17-year-old Amateur Hour for the £1000 Lever Award.

The 17 successful young artists will contest this grand final at the State Theatre, Sydney.

Their 10 acts are being flown to Sydney for the occasion, and winners will be announced over the regular Amateur Hour coast-to-coast network of 55 city and country radio stations and Radio Australia on December 26.

Six of the 10 acts were selected by public telephone and postal votes, and the remaining four were chosen by the judges.



TALENTED TRIO from Adelaide consists of vibraphone, bass, and electric-guitar players. The group is known as the Roy Wooding Trio, and members are Roy Wooding, John Birmingham, and Roy Horn. Roy and Roy are both young married men, but John jokingly explains that he has a sports car instead.



SOPRANO Wendy De Beyer, of Sydney, is studying at the Conservatorium on a scholarship she won last year, and has been appearing in several A.B.C. broadcasts.



LEFT: Novelty vocalist and instrumentalist Brian Bradley, of Taree, N.S.W. In his qualifying appearance he gave impressions and played the trumpet and piano together. **ABOVE:** Mezzo-soprano Wilga Wolstencraft, a 19-year-old dental nurse from Albury, N.S.W., made her radio debut 10 years ago on 2AY, Albury. She has won several awards.



ABOVE: Compere Terry Dear with the Dulcie Reading vocal trio and their guitarist, Walter Pitt. The Reading sisters, Dulcie, Phronzie, and Wilma, all come from Cairns, and their uncle, Walter, is a Torres Strait Islander. He was a 1954 Amateur Hour finalist and is brother of vocalist Georgina Lee.



VIOLINIST Brian Porter, of Adelaide. Aged 18, Brian, who does his own arranging, plays with the South Australian Symphony orchestra in subscription concerts and hopes to become a permanent member. He has also played in several programmes on the A.B.C. and 5DN, Adelaide, with great success.



BARITONE John Germain, of Sydney, is known by everyone who has seen the Elizabethan Opera Company season. He is a correspondence-school teacher, but he would like to leave this to become a professional singer.



HARMONICA TRIO the Harmonikings, of Melbourne, with Noel Marshall (left) playing the four-octave chromatic, Frank Munro the chord polyphonia, and Roy Cooper the double bass. The trio, who have already appeared on TV, first got together in the west, but came east because they thought there were more opportunities. They practise for 25 hours a week, have a wide repertoire, and do their own arranging. They take a number they like, play the melody, and then work out the chords.

THE FANTASTIC FONTAINEBLEAU

● As local humorists tell it, two old sports, Joe and Bill, were playing gin rummy in the Hotel Fontainebleau, the biggest, gaudiest, highest-priced pleasure palace on the gilded isle of Miami Beach, Florida, U.S.A.

A DIME (about 10d.) rolled off Joe's side of the table and instantly a bellhop, looking in his gold-braided, silver-buttoned uniform like a prince in a Viennese comic opera, retrieved it and offered it to Joe. The player pretended not to notice. The bellhop persisted. Joe sank deeper into his chair. The bellhop shrugged and departed with the dime.

"What gives, Joe?" whispered Bill. "The dime's yours. Why didn't you take it?"

"You think I'm crazy," retorted Joe, "and tip him five bucks (£2/4/-) for picking it up!"

"Dental plate"

There were, at a recent count, 116 jokes in circulation about the Fontainebleau (pronounced, in Miami Beach French, Fown-tin-blew), a 14-story, 16,000,000-dollar (£7,000,000) architectural extravaganza, whose most arresting aspect, its ivory-white, curving facade, suggests a mammoth dental plate.

Some stories:

● The maids won't demean them-

Sixteen-million-dollar hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, exists for one reason: to supply a craving for luxury ...

selves by delivering dirty clothes to the laundry, but they'll be glad to throw them away for you.

● The barber shop is so ultra-fancy that before the barbers will shave a man he has to shave himself.

● Congress is considering admitting the Fontainebleau to the Union as the 49th State.

● Travel agent to prospective Miami tourist: "You ought to try the Fontainebleau. It's got wall-to-wall carpeting—"

Tourist: "What's so unusual about that?"

Travel agent: "—on the beach."

But the sober truth sounds scarcely less fantastic than the jokes. Guests arriving aboard yachts, as quite a number do, moor them at the hotel's private dock, which can accommodate 50 large craft.

The cabana-surrounded swimming-pool is so enormous—6500 square feet—that a bevy of bathing beauties once water-skied across it. Children can splash in a smaller pool, 3000 square feet, shaped like a kitten.

Nine hundred and fifty feet of satiny sand—the longest privately owned stretch in Miami Beach—

beckons alluringly, but few human feet ever sully it.

Gregarious as penguins, the genus Miamiensis prefers to sun on mattresses ranged side by side around the pool or play gin rummy in the cabanas, frequently losing or winning £200 a session.

There are four tiers of cabanas, and, to spare their occupants need-

By
JOHN KOBLER

less exertion, an elevator. The ordinary cabanas, 253 of them, each with a telephone, tiled bath, and, if requested, a TV set, rent at £11 a day; the 12 de luxe cabanas, with living-room, bar, icebox, at £20.

A three-room "presidential" suite is a mere £75 a day, and a steak dinner with wine may cost £11.

Joe was not exaggerating much about the tipping. A bellhop averages up to £87 a week, more than eight times his pay cheque.

A Mexican waiter, who left his native town to work in the hangar-sized main dining-room, where, to borrow the rich prose of Fontainebleau publicity, "fleurs-de-lis of

France form a luminous background for the exquisite group of French ladies and courtiers sculptured in the manner of Dresden figures and clothed in shimmering silks and daniask," fully expects to save enough to open his own restaurant when he goes home.

Upon many Miami Beach vacationers shiny newness exerts the strongest appeal, and by this standard the Fontainebleau is practically in its dotage—that is, it was built three years ago.

For a hotel to be considered new on the island—itsself reclaimed from swampland only within this generation—to be the hotel of the year, of which at least one goes up every year, the paint should be barely dry.

Then the beach regulars will clamor for accommodation like first-nighters for tickets to a Rodgers and Hammerstein premiere.

"Doesn't matter what kind of a joint it may be," says a Miami real-estate man. "So long as it's brand new, people will go for it, sight unseen."

Usually, at the Fontainebleau's advanced age, the entire place would have to be remodelled to catch the eye of the novelty neurotics.

It continues, however, to flourish without alteration, probably because no hotel of the year has managed to surpass its showiness. Although many of the incurable first-season addicts have gone elsewhere, the Fontainebleau is still packed to the last presidential suite.

The brain that conceived the Fontainebleau belongs to a slight, shrill man of fifty named Ben Novack, whose wrists are symbolically banded by solid gold—a gold watch and gold mesh strap an inch wide glitter on his left wrist, on his right a gold slave chain.

He wears hand-made, tasselled mocassins, and sports coats of dazzling design. "I happen to have a little taste for beauty," he says.

Soared to top

When, shortly before World War II, Novack moved to Miami Beach from New York, his assets totalled 1800 dollars (£787)—all that remained to him after the liquidation of a Broadway men's-clothing store. His only previous experience in the resort business had been helping his father in a summer hotel in the north of the United States.

Surviving a near-disaster when a hurricane battered the top stories of the first hotel in which he was backed by his friends, Novack rapidly soared to his present eminence. He himself describes the Fontainebleau as "the world's most pretentious hotel."

The name was suggested by his second wife, Bernice, a freckled, coppery-haired beauty, formerly a photographers' model.

Driving through France in 1951, the Novacks whisked past the Palace of Fontainebleau, a favorite residence of French monarchs from Francis I to Napoleon, and one of the glories of Renaissance architecture.

"We didn't stop to look at it," Novack recounts. "I don't go for those foreign chateaus. Not fantastic enough. But we liked the name, kind of catchy."

Leading decorator

To materialise his dream child, Novack retained Miami's leading architect-decorator of hotels of the year, Morris Lapidus, a former designer of stage sets and shops, whose style, combining touches of both arts, runs to multi-colored glass, mother-of-pearl pillars, and papier-mache manikins posed in niches.

"The frosting sells the cake," Lapidus says. "Spongecake is spongecake, but the eye and taste appeal of delicious frosting makes one cake stand out from another."

Who contributed what to the Fontainebleau's decor, which Novack describes as "Louis Fourteenth brought up a little modern," has been somewhat obscured by the quarrels between client and architect.

The two individualists scarcely speak to each other today. Most of the hotel Novack claims to have "themed" himself, Lapidus merely carrying out his specifications; and of some of the frosting, which he concedes to be pure Lapidus, like the stepped-back top story and slick

HOLIDAY-MAKERS (left) enjoy some of the world's most expensive sunshine at the Hotel Fontainebleau, Miami Beach, Florida. The hotel owns the longest private beach in this pleasure resort, but guests prefer to relax beside its enormous swimming-pool.





ABOVE: "Open-arms" shape of the Fontainebleau, which owner Ben Novack thought of while soaking in his bath. In the foreground are the tiered ranks of cabanas curving around the pool.

BELOW: Ben Novack and his wife (left) entertain. Photographs by Ivan Dmitri, reprinted by courtesy of "The Saturday Evening Post," copyright 1957—by Curtis Publishing Company.

lobby furniture, he succinctly observes, "It stinks."

Lapidus insists that, despite the limitations imposed upon him, the hotel is mainly his concept, although he adds, "It's not the kind of place I'd care to stay in myself."

The Fontainebleau's distinctive crescent shape, which moved a puckish guest to cry, "Look, look, only three years old and already it's bent in the middle!" was undeniably Novack's idea.

"I don't want any L, T, or U shapes," he told Lapidus, after tearing to shreds 26 sketches submitted by the architect. "I want a sweep that'll show every room at once."

The solution came to him in the bathtub. He had been soaking there one morning for hours when Mrs. Novack, alarmed at hearing no sound, pounded on the door.

Curved structure

Out burst Novack, waterlogged but triumphant, shouting, "I got myself a brainstorm!" and sketched a long, curved structure.

"It gives you the feeling of open arms," said Mrs. Novack admiringly.

Of the 16,000,000-dollar expenditure the venture called for, a bank advanced more than one-third, the biggest construction loan in Southern United States real estate files.

An army of workers, eventually numbering 1200, broke ground in

January, 1954. Eleven months later the Fontainebleau was inaugurated amid a gigantic fanfare of press-agency that reeled off stupefying statistics about the hotel—49,000 square yards of carpeting, 75,000 square yards of window glass, 2000 mirrors, 100 miles of piping, 140 miles of wiring, 2000 telephones, and 847 employees, or 1.4 employees per guest.

Hundreds of VIPs, journalists, and cameramen were invited to the opening five-day junket. Each invitation was accompanied by a basket of oranges, and some guests were flown from New York.

Guest of honor at the opening dinner was the Mayor of Fontainebleau, France, M. Hubert Pajot, who arrived bearing a fir tree from the forest of Fontainebleau.

After inspecting, goggle-eyed, the mixture of Novack Renaissance and Lapidus contemporary, his honor remarked, "The outside she is very strong, but the inside—what a mixture!"

So unconfined did joy reign during the prolonged celebration that a good deal of the carpeting had to be replaced. The corporation, however, of whose stock Novack and his family now hold 41 per cent., could readily afford the loss. It has so far netted, after taxes, close to £1,212,500.

● Continued overleaf



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there's no gift that has the
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—like Irish Linen.



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Continued from previous page . . .

THE FANTASTIC FONTAINEBLEAU

● Portly merchants and their wives from the big cities of the northern United States comprise the bulk of the clientele of the Hotel Fontainebleau, with a sprinkling of theatrical, sporting, and social luminaries.

ALFRED VANDERBILT, jun., makes the hotel his headquarters during the racing season.

John Jacob Astor, who resides in a mansion nearby, likes to give dinner parties in its Fleur-de-Lis Room.

The register also bears the signatures of William Randolph Hearst, jun., Gary Cooper, Liberace, Joan Crawford, Sonja Henie, Rocky Marciano, Joe DiMaggio, the Governor of Puerto Rico, the Maharajah of Baroda.

In clothes and adornments, an assemblage of Fontainebleau guests presents a breathtaking spectacle. Jewellery by the pound weight festoons the women, furs swathe their shoulders whatever the temperature or time of day.

One woman graced the swimming-pool in a towelling robe edged with baby seal.

But as in wildlife the males of the species flaunt the brightest colors. They wear dinner jackets of tartan patterns, gold lame, green velvet; peppermint-striped evening ties with matching cummerbunds; shoes of red shantung, faille, and llama skin.

Night shopping

For guests seized by a whim to augment their finery at odd hours there is an arcade of shops that stay open past midnight.

"You'd be surprised," says the manager of one of the dress shops, "how many women feel like buying a mink-trimmed sweater in the middle of the night."

A salesman for a firm of jewellery explains: "It's like this: Mrs. Smith spots her friend, Mrs. Doakes, sporting a diamond bracelet that would choke a horse.

"She broods about it, 'Did you see what Daisy's husband bought her?' she asks Mr. Smith at dinner.

"At midnight she's still brooding about it, so she drags her husband in here. He's feeling pretty good after all that champagne. Chances are they'll leave with a bracelet twice as gorgeous as Daisy's."

Tipping records

As big spenders, many a Fontainebleau customer rivals Diamond Jim Brady. Charles Revson, head of a cosmetics empire, once gave a buffet party that exhausted the hotel's caviare supply.

Frank Frankel, a Texas department-store magnate, maintains a presidential suite and de luxe cabana almost all year round, though he uses them only during a few winter weeks. The privilege costs him nearly \$44,000 a year.

A Chicago industrialist, Titus Haffa, holds the tipping record. For a shave, a shoe-shine, or a bucket of ice he has tipped \$44.

The transportation clerk is so accustomed to largesse that when a guest requested infor-

Five famous names on register



Boxer Rocky Marciano.



Actress Joan Crawford.



Pianist Liberace.



Skater Sonja Henie.



Sportman Alfred Vanderbilt.

spectacular losses have declined. Ten to 20 plainclothesmen now patrol the corridors and public rooms around the clock.

From a private rogues' gallery in Gillice's office they familiarise themselves with the faces of known hotel prowlers. So far they have recognised and hustled seven off the premises.

Burglary, however, is only one of many perils from which Gillice strives to protect the unwary fun-seeker. His rogues' gallery also includes numerous knockout-drop girls who haunt the plushy hotels in quest of lonely males.

When they can ingratiate themselves with one, they lure him to some dive at the other end of town, pop chloral hydrate into his drink, and, as he collapses, snatch his billfold. In recent months Gillice and his cohorts have ejected four of these women.

The Fontainebleau's future—whether it will keep its clientele or be overshadowed by other "hotels of the year"—is keenly debated.

This year's challenger, solidly booked even before it opened, is the 17,000,000-dollar, 475-room Americana, the latest Lapidus-frosted cake, embodying motifs of the Americas from Brazil to Canada, with a giant glass terrarium piercing the lobby ceiling, artificial moonlight, and a lock-and-key system said to be thief-proof.

Another two

For 1958 at least two more have been projected—a 20,000,000-dollar, 800-room hotel as yet unnamed, and the Dupont-Tarleton, in Miami proper, 11,000,000 dollars, 301 rooms with color TV in each and a driveway leading up to the front desk.

The story goes that three Fontainebleau guests were comparing vacation plans for next season. The first had reserved a suite at the Americana, the second at the Dupont-Tarleton. "Me," announced the third, "I'm staying at the Under Construction."

\$110,000 in trinkets and cash. Not a penny's worth has been recovered.

"No hotel in America," said Miami Beach's deputy police chief, Captain Pete Stewart, reviewing the Fontainebleau's first season, "had as many losses."

Big plunder

Among the first guests to be plundered was Mrs. John Frumkes, wife of a New York clothing manufacturer. While she and her husband were engrossed in a canasta session by the pool, a person or persons unknown slipped into their suite and decamped with jewels valued at nearly \$31,000.

The present house detective, James Gillice, a retired veteran of the New York Police Department, says: "If the ladies would stop parading their ice in front of strangers, and put it away at night in a safe-deposit box—we have got one for every room—they wouldn't be robbed."

But in the sartorially competitive society that frequents the Fontainebleau this is like expecting birds of paradise not to spread their plumage. During her stay in the hotel last spring a Mrs. Meyer Marcus would appear of an evening with diamonds blazing at her throat, ears, corsage, wrists, and fingers. Worth \$16,000, all were stolen.

Under a system instituted by Gillice, however, such

mation about taxi planes to Palm Beach he told him 30,000 dollars (£13,125).

"What," exclaimed the guest, "to fly 60 miles!"

"Oh, sorry, sir," the clerk apologised. "I thought you wanted to buy the plane."

Resolute efforts have been made to generate in the hotel a French atmosphere in keeping with the name. Fleurs-de-lis embellish the bed pillows. The coffee shop is called Chez Bon Bon; the nightclub, where stars like Jimmy Durante, Jerry Lewis, and Tony Martin entertain, La Ronde. (An exception is the second nightclub, specialising in Latin-American gaiety, "a dimly lit cave with a mystic tropical flavor"—the Boom Boom Room.)

But the most authentic Gallic touch is imparted by the august septuagenarian who supervises the seven dining-rooms. The Maitre de Bouche (Master of the Mouth), to use the title the hotel coined for him, he rejoices in the name of Rene de la Jousceliniere de Villermet de la Godsrory.

Wherever so much wealth is so conspicuously displayed thieves and swindlers hover like fruitflies around an overripe banana.

Miami Beach hotels have always been infested with them, none more thickly than the Fontainebleau. Since it opened they have relieved its mink-bearing, gem-encrusted clientele of some



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Three ideas from Kraft to help you prepare more appetising outdoor meals

1. Take fresh foods . . . and prepare your meal on the spot. Wash salad vegetables the evening before and keep them fresh and cool in your refrigerator. Then take the crisper right along with you.

Be sure to carry Kraft Cheddar Cheese, so that you can enjoy lots of chunky cubes or thick, melowy slices with your salad.

Quick hint: Open up a can of Red Feather Wham for those who like meat in their salad. Wham is a tasty combination of ham and prime beef. Really delicious!

2. Make sandwiches before you go:

You can be sure Kraft Cheddar sandwiches will

satisfy those hearty outdoor appetites. Try combining Kraft Cheddar with cooked rabbit and tomato sauce; sliced radish; Vegemite; chutney; hard boiled egg; sliced olives.

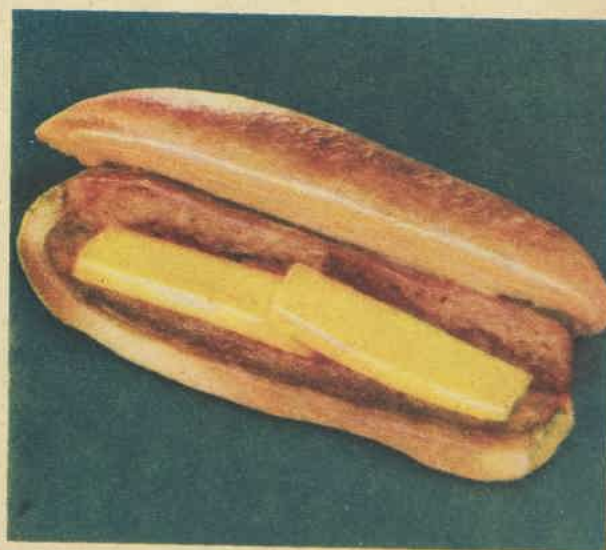
3. Take snacks to enjoy anytime:

These two suggestions from Kraft both supply concentrated nourishment.

- Long bread rolls — buttered — with Kraft Cheddar slices nestling inside and coated lavishly with Kraft Mayonnaise.

- And, something different for the kiddies — Kraft Cheddar portions and a handful of raisins.

Be sure Kraft Cheddar is in your picnic plan.



Enjoy a hot snack, too: Cook sausages over your camp fire, then pop them into bread rolls. Slice the sausages down the middle and slip in slices of Kraft Cheddar. Nothing could be easier, or more tempting than these tasty Kraft Cheddar "hot dogs". Extra nourishing, too — because Kraft Cheddar is rich in body-building protein — plus essential vitamins, valuable milk minerals and calcium and phosphorus.

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AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Dec. 2

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

 ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a new venture.</p>	<p>★ A careful comparison of prices and quality may provide surprises. Gain all the information you can through publications and from friends before making investments.</p>	<p>★ Summer conditions make for informal living. Weekends favor an outing in the car. Discover new places to visit, prepare new dishes, get out of the rut.</p>	<p>★ Perhaps he travels on the same bus to work or you run into him nearly every day without knowing who he is. Fate takes a hand in the game soon.</p>	<p>★ Get out and break away from daily routine. An invitation to visit friends at a distance of a joint expedition perhaps with a sporting body is well aspected.</p>
 TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, navy-blue. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in managing your finances.</p>	<p>★ A number of you join the do-it-yourself club to save money. Allow a reasonable amount of time to complete any unfamiliar task, and watch small details.</p>	<p>★ Only courage, a sense of humor, and patience will handle the domestic front this week. Keep the family united and refuse to allow outside interests to interfere.</p>	<p>★ Nothing is so irritating as a girl who is always late. Boys, although attracted to a girl, will not put up with this for long. Try to be on time.</p>	<p>★ You are inclined this week to prefer service to the community rather than mere amusement. A serious attitude towards voluntary work will bring you new friends.</p>
 GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a partnership.</p>	<p>★ You may be asked to take part in a scheme sponsored by work-mates and find it fun. Do not let enthusiasm make you neglect your own job.</p>	<p>★ It's a poor Gemini subject who can't find an excuse for a party. You're at your best on the spur of the moment, and hospitality will be welcomed by everyone.</p>	<p>★ Serious thoughts and marriage should never be based on a few invitations. Sensible people want to survey the field; don't take casual attention seriously.</p>	<p>★ Your sign is a born mixer and you love meeting people, hearing latest news of friends, going out. You may find you have more than you can manage.</p>
 CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in attaining your objective.</p>	<p>★ A too heavy programme can mean inefficiency or overtaxed nerves. Take on only the jobs you know you can handle. Guard your health with extra care.</p>	<p>★ Sewing for yourself or the children, working non-stop on a thrilling Christmas present, you will be wrapped up in your enterprise, shutting out all other tasks.</p>	<p>★ Your beloved may appear indifferent because he is immersed in career matters, ambitious to get ahead, or interested in sport. You are merely one element in his life.</p>	<p>★ You are likely to be a worker rather than a talker. You may find yourself behind a cake stall or helping with the washing-up at a bazaar.</p>
 LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a mild speculation.</p>	<p>★ If you are concerned with the theatre, music, art, teaching, nursing younger children, either as a professional or voluntary worker, this will be a week of surprises.</p>	<p>★ If there are terms or twenties in your household it will be gay and noisy. Otherwise young people come to visit you with, possibly, news of a new engagement.</p>	<p>★ The social and romantic tempo is rising. An offer of marriage, an understanding of an engagement later on, depending on your ages and prospects, are possible.</p>	<p>★ Your chances of winning a trophy in a tournament or acquiring glory in some sport are excellent. More a guest organizer, your popularity is high right now.</p>
 VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in your own home.</p>	<p>★ Any work you accomplish at home will pay a rich reward in personal satisfaction, practical advantages, or in cash. Some will conclude a difficult piece of work.</p>	<p>★ Getting ready for the holidays may mean you ease off on social affairs and concentrate on your personal work programme. You may add to home amenities.</p>	<p>★ If that boy who escorted you to parties has vanished into the distance, don't spill tears over a lost idol. There are plenty of fish in the sea and things will look up.</p>	<p>★ Wind-ups for the season are in full swing. As you say goodbye to one activity a new chapter is starting. Look forward and welcome the unfamiliar.</p>
 LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a crowded building.</p>	<p>★ Those sitting for examinations to improve job qualifications are favored by the stars. Those soon to leave school discover that temporary jobs are easy to get.</p>	<p>★ Only a very sturdy person could cope with what you have in mind: some of the items will be lost, but you will get enough done to satisfy your conscience.</p>	<p>★ If he is away, let him write first, but a prompt, lively answer is always good tactics. Every girl should be able to write a letter full of news.</p>	<p>★ It's going to be hard to stay in one spot for more than a few minutes. Restlessness may cause you to dip hurriedly into half-a-dozen interests. Try to relax.</p>
 SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in finding a bargain.</p>	<p>★ Your business sense was never keener. Any contract you sign, any agreement which affects finances should turn out better than expected. Watch newspapers.</p>	<p>★ A bit of extravagance makes every homemaker happy. A luxury has a tonic effect just now, and you're all set for a new deal and easier working conditions.</p>	<p>★ If you're going shopping together, it could be for a ring, most exciting purchase in a girl's life. Otherwise it could be window-shopping for your future home.</p>	<p>★ Ways and means are uppermost, whether for you personally or for a group to which you belong. Problems of fresh activities for the club may concern a committee.</p>
 SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 24 - DECEMBER 23	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in taking charge.</p>	<p>★ Should you be looking for a job, everything at present depends on the personal interview. Answer questions, but do not talk too much. Be well groomed.</p>	<p>★ Do not in a moment of good nature agree to take on something which is inconvenient just now, adding to your other duties. Be firm and steer clear.</p>	<p>★ Give that shy boy a little encouragement. He may be fascinated but too timid to take the initiative. Invite him to meet your friends or to your home.</p>	<p>★ Most of you are on top of the world. You are having a say in what goes on and you will be able to choose what you will do and when you will do it.</p>
 CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 24 - JANUARY 19	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a sealed envelope or parcel.</p>	<p>★ A feeling that currents below the surface are working against you may be pure imagination. Strained relations with associates may be due to outside causes.</p>	<p>★ Don't worry if you must give your home only a lick and a promise. You cannot be in two places at once, and the household may take a back seat.</p>	<p>★ Those who have been parted by circumstances, opposition on the part of elders, or for any other reason, may find their paths happily crossing once more.</p>	<p>★ You may be asked to help with a special project which appeals to you, and whatever you take on you will carry through with a minimum of delay.</p>
 AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in social life.</p>	<p>★ Everything is lovely on the job, but you may be so busy hohobling with fellow workers that very little is accomplished. Make it a point to achieve success.</p>	<p>★ Social activities, whether at home or elsewhere, may interfere with your work-a-day routine. Write notes to yourself so that essential matters are not left out.</p>	<p>★ If he plays any game, be there to applaud on the sidelines and do not fail to tell him he's wonderful. This will earn you many a date. Be sincere with him.</p>	<p>★ Some of you join a new group and will appreciate the novelty of associates with a new purpose. Others go in for and enjoy every form of outdoor life.</p>
 PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in displaying your talents.</p>	<p>★ Some of you take on extra work to earn money to be spent on a wish close to your heart. Others are eager to be with influential and important people.</p>	<p>★ One of the family may be celebrating a promotion, an honor, a pay increase, or the climax of a romance. This can mean dining out or other festivities.</p>	<p>★ Be the very first to congratulate your beloved if he has passed an examination, had a good job offered, or an honor bestowed on him. Organise a celebration.</p>	<p>★ This week you can shine in almost any circle and may be invited to join one that you have viewed longingly from afar. Don't be overcome by shyness.</p>

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FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER

← **Meet Juliette**

HER BOSS IS HER ROMEO

From **MARCELLE POIRIER**,
in Paris

★ Juliette Greco's friends in Paris are betting that she is returning to Hollywood not only to make a new film but also to marry producer Darryl F. Zanuck.

GRECO, the former Existentialist torch-singer, has spent most of the past year in company with Zanuck, who gave her a showy role in the screen adaptation of Hemingway's book "The Sun Also Rises."

She recently returned from Africa, where she played in "The Naked Earth" for a company of which Zanuck is one of the principal shareholders.

"Nothing to it"

Between making films and singing at the Waldorf Astoria in New York, Greco has been around continuously with Zanuck in Paris, Cannes, and Africa.

"But there is nothing to it," Juliette repeats. "We just like each other's company."

The Juliette Greco of today is a very different person from the husky-voiced singer of the "Rose Rouge," the most popular cellar cabaret in St. Germain des Pres, in the first few years after the war, when Existentialism was at its peak.

They copied

She wore black spindle-legged trousers and a high-necked, long-sleeved pullover on stage and off.

And this was adopted by

the young people of the Left Bank as a sort of uniform.

They copied, too, her long, straight black hair, hanging to the waist, framing her white face with its large sad eyes and dark red, sultry mouth.

She sang quiet little songs the ballads written by poet Prevert, which are still the rage.

Today Greco buys her clothes from the big Paris designers, and has her hair—still long—casually waved.

She no longer makes her first appearance of the day on the terrace of the cafe Les Deux Magots, hair uncombed, pants and jersey crumpled, somewhere around 2 p.m. as she used to when she worked until 3 or 4 a.m. in the Left Bank nightclubs.

Then she would sit until breakfast-time discussing melancholy philosophy with her friends.

The transformation started with her marriage to actor Philippe Lemaire. The marriage did not last more than a year or two, but it gave her a daughter, Laurence, whom she adores.

Soon after her marriage Juliette had a plastic surgeon change the shape of her nose.

Not long after that she slipped in the bath, and her nose had to be reset.

But the repair job didn't please Juliette, and she had it re-tailored again—for the third time.

Title role

A second stage in the transformation of the student-type Greco came when she played the title role in the stage play "Anastasia," and later went to New York to sing in cabaret.

Hollywood completed the transformation.

Paris no longer recognises its Greco—elegant, well-groomed, sophisticated—with the more standardised glamor of the Hollywood star.

But her records, made when she was the idol and one of the leaders of the young Existentialists in St. Germain des Pres, are still best-sellers in Paris . . . in particular, the one which says, "If you imagine, young girl, young girl, that you will always be young and as fresh as a rose, you are making a bad mistake."

Strangely enough it was not the explosive, self-opinated Zanuck who discovered Juliette. Mel Ferrer, who met her in Paris, introduced them to each other.

But it was Zanuck who gave her star billing and who, if he likes, can see that she continues to have it.



DYNAMIC Darryl F. Zanuck, big American independent producer, sprawls across a conference table in typically flamboyant fashion. He gave Juliette her big break.

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"RAINTREE"



LOVERS' MEETING. Elizabeth Taylor, who looks as delightful in period clothes as she does in modern dress, encounters an interested Montgomery Clift on a shabby office stairway in this scene from their co-starring film "Raintree County."

● "Raintree County," M.G.M.'s dramatic big budget production based on the 1948 best-selling novel by Ross Lockridge, jun., was the last picture made by lovely Elizabeth Taylor before she married again to become Mrs. Mike Todd.

She is now under studio suspension, declaring that she wants to remain by Mike's side, and no one really knows when the beautiful Mrs. Todd will again knuckle down to the rigorous schedule of film-making.

In "Raintree County" Liz has the role of a high-spirited and doomed New Orleans belle, whose family has a long history of insanity.

During a visit to a small Northern town before the outbreak of the Civil War, she meets

FILM



LEFT. Elizabeth, a fashionable and feted Southern belle who is visiting a small Northern town for the first time, sets out warily for a morning shopping excursion.

ABOVE. Clift and Lee Remick, a daring athletic hero, together with a gaily decorated town square. Clift has been badgered by



THE COUNTY //

Montgomery Clift and takes him away from his boyhood sweetheart, Eva Marie Saint.

This is the role that enticed Clift back to Hollywood after an absence of three years, because he thought it contained material that could bring an Academy Award.

FARE

Australian actor Rod Taylor, in his most important part yet, plays the politically ambitious Garwood Jones, whom Eva Marie refuses to marry after she loses Clift.

After an extensive search to find unspoiled locations that remained true to the rural and small-town spirit of Civil War America, the three-hour film was finally shot in Kentucky, Mississippi, and Tennessee.



MUDDY HERO. Clift emerges from the swamp after an unsuccessful search for the legendary Raintree to find his best girl, Eva Marie Saint, being driven home by his rival, played by Australian actor Rod Taylor.



PHOTOGRAPH of an heiress. When he goes to have his graduation day photograph taken, Indiana boy, Clift, finds the photographer giving full attention to visiting heiress Susanna Drake, whom he has tastefully posed.



RIGHT. As Professor Stiles, Nigel Patrick says good-bye to prize pupil Eva Marie Saint on graduation day, with pretty little Myrna Hansen, at left, looking on wistfully.

...in, the County's swag-
the starting line in the
...for a race to which
...challenge the braggart.

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Each week, The Australian Women's Weekly publishes an attractive home plan. These plans can be obtained at the Weekly's Home Planning Centres in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Hobart. The plans are also on sale in Geelong.



1 KIOSK GIRL Belinda, who dreams of getting out of London's East End, sees her chance if she helps her boy-friend, petty-crook Lewis, bring off a big jewel robbery by getting him the clothes that he needs.



2 TAKING advantage of her friendship with Michael, son of a local policeman, Belinda is able to persuade him to bring her secretly one of his father's spare uniforms.

SUSPENSE THRILLER

★ "The Secret Place," new Rank thriller with a suspenseful jewel-robbery-and-chase sequence in London's East End, stars blonde Belinda Lee and he-man Ronald Lewis. David McCallum is in a supporting role.

Young Michael Brooke, son of a B.B.C. announcer, plays the part of a policeman's son who unwittingly involves his father in the daring diamond theft and then plays a lone-hand game against the crooks.



3 ALTHOUGH successful in the robbery itself, the thieves, when they try to dispose of the loot, find the stolen diamonds are too large to be off-loaded immediately in an underworld watched by the police.



4 ABOVE. Belinda's wastrel brother (McCallum) hides the diamonds in a gramophone she's promised Michael.

5 RIGHT. Suspicious of brother and sister, Michael discovers the diamonds and decides he must save his father.



6 ABOVE. Determined not to let Lewis get the gems, Michael hides, is found, and in a chase drops the diamonds.

7 RIGHT. Picking up the diamonds, Belinda's better nature prevails. She decides to give them back to their owner.



Rob into her life eighteen years later, and that romance would come again.

Rob broke across her thoughts suddenly. He said, "You're feeling guilty, aren't you? Because the kids won't have the satisfaction of dressing us up with lilies and striped pants and 'The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden.' But we're happy. That's what counts. And a registry-office wedding is as binding as any other."

She smiled. "Just as binding," she agreed.

"Poor kids," he said abruptly.

"Poor kids," she echoed, "all their plans have gone bust, as Sue would say."

They laughed together with the joy of happiness. They were in love and on the verge of adventure together. If their youth was in the past, what did it matter. Only happiness counted, Helen thought.

Rob said, "I think Ken even had our honeymoon arranged. He'd quite decided we'd go to Scotland to the hotel where he and Sue went. He kept telling me about it till I could cheerfully have whacked him."

"Poor kids," she said again, wondering what Sue and Ken were going to say.

"Rob," she said, "tell me again about your home in France."

She sat there listening to his deep voice telling her what she'd heard a dozen times already. It was a farmhouse, modernised and peaceful. There were trees and a sundial and cobbled paths. It sounded like

Continuing . . . The Best-Laid Plans

from page 19

a dream. But it wasn't. It was her home, too, now.

When he came to an end he added, "You'll see it for yourself—tomorrow, Helen."

She nodded. Suddenly she found it hard to believe that the past was finished and she was stepping into a new life. She was forty-four. Wasn't she too old to uproot herself and settle in France, building a new life?

Then she smiled, remembering Sue's wedding night and Sue saying in sudden panic, "Aunt Helen, do you think it will work? Do you think I'll make Ken happy, and myself, too? It'll be all so strange—like being born all over again."

Helen had reassured her, and Sue's doubts had soon fled. As mine will, Helen thought.

She sat there in the car remembering the very first time Sue had gone out with Ken Roberts. She'd been just twenty then, and so strikingly like her dead mother—fair and tall and charming, with a happy, flashing smile.

She'd gone out dancing and Helen had gone to bed, only to read, as usual, till she'd heard Sue's key in the lock.

She had come to the bedroom door to stand there, a fairy-tale figure in her blue frock, to accuse, "you never will realise I'm truly, truly grown up, will you? You should have gone to sleep ages ago—you know you've a dozen early appoint-

ments tomorrow. You told me so."

Helen had laughed, admitting, "I wouldn't be able to sleep properly, darling—not till I knew you were in." She'd looked at her niece and had thought suddenly that there was something different about her. Sudden fear had touched her, and jealousy, too, because she'd known that Sue had found someone . . . someone important.

Sue had sat down on the edge of the bed to say, in a too-casual tone, "I met a nice boy tonight. His name is Ken—dad's second name. Isn't that a coincidence? And I'm sure he's just as nice as you've always told me dad was. He's tall and dark and has very dark eyes—they look brown in some lights and almost black in others."

Helen had lain there, realising that Sue must have been doing quite a lot of close gazing into those self-same eyes. She'd felt frightened again—afraid that Sue would be hurt. She'd seemed so vulnerable at twenty.

Sue had gone on to say, "And guess what? His godfather is Robert Sellars. You must have heard of him."

Helen had, of course. Few people would have pleaded ignorance about the man whose paintings were acclaimed the world over. Someone had claimed he looked at the world through the Creator's eyes or he couldn't have painted so beautifully. She'd seen some of his work—passionate, magnificent things that had made her throat ache with unshed tears.

Sue had said excitedly, "Ken isn't a scrap interested in art, really, but he's just frightfully

Honesty is the best policy; but he who is governed by that maxim is not an honest man.

—Archbishop Richard Whateley.

proud of his godfather. He lives in France."

After that it had been a constant round of dates between Sue and Ken. The young man had come frequently to the flat, too, and Helen had liked him on sight—a liking that had grown with every meeting. Her fears had soon vanished, for she'd felt Sue would be safe with him.

Ken, it had seemed, was never tired of talking of his famous godfather. And when the wedding date had been announced a message had come from France to say Robert Sellars would be there.

Helen had been nervous over the meeting, but he'd put her at her ease. They'd drunk champagne together and had talked of so many things. And afterwards she'd learned he intended to stay in England for some time.

Sue and Ken had settled into a tiny two-roomed flat, and Rob had become a frequent visitor there. His visits had always seemed to coincide with her own. Helen had quickly realised.

She'd soon realised what the children intended. If Ken's hints had been elephantine, as Rob said, Sue's had had the delicacy of a young volcano.

She had commented often on how lonely it must be for Rob, living alone in France, and how lonely it must be for poor Aunt Helen, too, now that Sue had left home. And she talked

of how strange it was Rob and Aunt Helen had so many things in common—shared so many interests and likes.

At first Helen had been annoyed, then alarmed. But Rob had taken a hand in things and now . . .

She was looking at her wedding ring again when Rob said abruptly, "One minute more, Helen, and we'll be there. Pull your socks up now and stop feeling guilty! You're happy and so am I. That's what counts. The children will be shocked and disappointed at being done out of the lavish wedding they'd planned, but it's our life, my dear."

She half smiled. "That's right. I'll remember."

They went up together to the flat, going inside.

They could smell chops cooking and the dining-room table was laid for four. Sue had used the best crockery, as she always did if Rob was to be there. She'd put a bowl of hot-house roses in the centre of the table. Helen looked at them and wondered anxiously if the children could really have afforded them.

She felt Rob's fingers close over hers. She looked up at him and saw the smile of encouragement on his dark features. Then Sue came hurrying from the kitchen, her young face flushed from cooking, Ken striding behind her.

Helen braced herself. There was no use putting things off.

She said, "Children—I've a surprise for you. I . . . I'm going to let you have this flat for your very own. You'll have more room . . . more . . ."

Her voice trailed off. She saw their startled expressions, then their glad, wondering looks that went from herself to Rob and back again.

Then Sue said quickly, "That means you're not going to live here any more, Aunt Helen—that you're going away. To live somewhere else. Aren't you?"

"Yes, that's right. I won't be here any more."

"You're going to be married," Sue said in content, looking back over her shoulder at Ken, a secret, knowing smile on her young face, as she said, "I knew you would be, Aunt Helen, darling. I just knew. You're going to be married. It's going to be wonderful. And you won't have to worry about a single, single thing."

It was Rob who broke in quietly to say the words that wiped the eagerness from her expression.

"We're married, Sue," he said.

Sue's gaze widened. She blurted out, "But you can't be! You can't be, Aunt Helen. Why, we'd planned . . ."

Rob smiled. "I know. Lilies and striped pants and satin gowns and a slap-up ceremony with a full chorus in the background. But we're married. It was a registry-office ceremony, my dear."

Sue cried, "When? Which one? And why didn't you tell us? So we could be there at least?"

Helen was half smiling, thinking that fate had been kind to her. Sometimes one didn't get two chances in the game of love. She looked at Rob and was grateful again. Fate had shown her love could survive anything, just as ambition could. They could survive a war, and a world of parting—as Rob's love and ambition had.

It was Rob who answered Sue's questions.

"It was in a registry office, Sue. In Naples. Eighteen years ago."

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track we saw Uncle Henry and Uncle Septimus pumping each other by the hand and shouting excitedly.

"Can't miss," said Septimus. "It's a cert," said Uncle Henry.

"Win by streets." "Cheap at thirty quid." "You said ten." "Bargain at any price."

"Not bad for a sixteen-year-old—or perhaps twelve-year-old."

"Six-year-old."

"Perhaps ten-year-old." After some handshaking, our uncles decided to enter Hyperion together for the President's Cup which was to be run in about a month. Then they fell to discussing a suitable jockey.

"Will Jones," said Uncle Henry.

"Joe Rankin," said Septimus.

"Will's mouth is too big."

"So's Joe's."

I expected that they might argue over this for a couple of weeks, but Uncle Septimus solved it on the spot.

"Hang it all, I'll ride the horse myself," he said. He hadn't yet got hold of the name.

It was settled. Uncle Septimus was a fine horseman. His weight was about nine-and-a-half stone. Both he and Uncle Henry reckoned it wasn't too much.

"He could win even with twelve," said Uncle Henry. "After we've won the President's Cup we'll try him in the Melbourne Cup." That was Uncle Henry's form.

The secret of the black horse's speed was kept. Uncle Septimus took to ridiculing the horse's chances to outsiders and Uncle Henry reckoned it would be a winner.

Continuing . . . The Lovesick Racehorse

People knew Uncle Henry and they believed Septimus.

The big day came. Uncle Henry and Uncle Septimus smuggled the black horse in half an hour before the big race. They led him in by a back gate and took an unpopulated route to the stall. They could have saved themselves the trouble; most of the judges of form were in the beer tent—including the bookies. It was a hot, dusty day and their throats were dry.

Uncle Henry and my father laid their bets. The odds offered against Hyperion started at fifty to one and shortened to twenty when my father put on bets for thirty quid with several bookmakers. They lengthened again to fifty when Uncle Henry put on fifty.

All Mundabilla was there, and, shortly before the start, the stand and the best spots on the rails were taken.

Hyperion was a lovely sight coming out of the saddling paddock. His coat was blazing, his tail and mane combed and brushed to life, and he danced on shiny hoofs, as though he was on springs. I heard a chorus of groans behind me and turned to see a couple of bookies looking pale and unhappy.

Uncle Septimus was in silks—white jacket and cap with red bands—looking proud as Caesar. When they saw the smirk he had on his sunburnt old dial three other bookies groaned.

Hyperion waltzed down to the start and then waited quietly. Uncle Henry turned to Aunt Lil and said, "Well, this is one of my buys—" and then, because he was a kindly man, changed it to "I'll

from page 21

buy you that diamond ring you want, old girl."

There were twelve other horses in the President's Cup, one of them a little bay filly that looked pacy, but wouldn't last the distance, according to my father. After some juzzing around by the other horses, while Hyperion stood soberly,

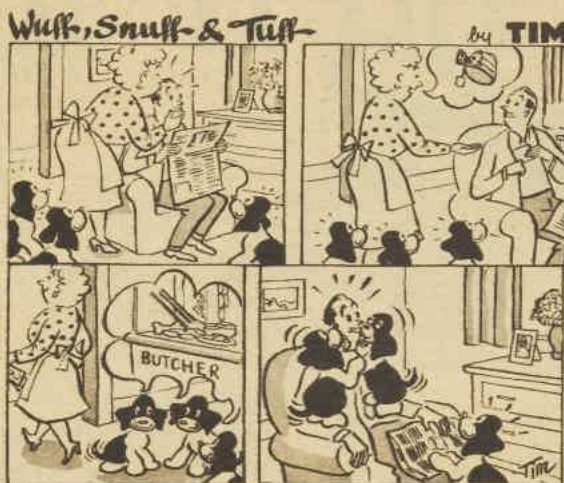
filly was still in front, but beginning to tire. Hyperion was fourth, but still moving without effort.

"By hang, he'll win by streets," said Uncle Henry, starting to jump up and down with excitement.

"The black has it in the bag," cried someone in a faltering voice behind us. He was one of the bookies.

At the halfway mark the filly

FOR THE CHILDREN



the barrier went up and they leapt away.

Hyperion was out well and went up to the front at the first-furlong post. He was going beautifully, too. At the second-furlong post he was fourth, and we could see that Uncle Septimus was taking it easy. The filly was out in the lead.

At the third-furlong post the

turned her head and whinnied. It acted on the black like the lash of a whip. He threw up his head, neighed, surged forward, and drew alongside the filly, though Uncle Septimus was hauling back on the reins. The black stallion whinnied loudly and he craned his neck and began nibbling the filly's neck gently with his piano-key teeth.

"My gosh!" cried Uncle Henry despairingly. "He's fallen in love. Head over heels!"

He was right. The saying that there's no fool like an old fool is as true of horses as it is of men. The stallion had neither mind nor eyes for anything but the pretty little filly.

The field came nearer with two furlongs to go and the filly tired now and dropped back to third and then fourth place, with Hyperion tagging alongside, giving her neck little nibbles to express his love. Uncle Septimus' face went red and then purple. He tried to wrench Hyperion away and he lashed him with his whip, but for all the effect he might just as well have been a fly on his back.

The field swept into the straight, and when they went past the winning-post the filly was eighth. Hyperion was ninth and behaving just as foolishly.

Uncle Septimus was mouthing something as he was carried past the winning-post by the two spooners. We couldn't hear but we could guess. His troubles didn't end there, either. The filly's grooms caught her and tried to lead her away. Hyperion played up as badly as any deserted lover.

He squealed. He stood up on his hind legs and pawed at the air. He tossed Uncle Septimus clean off his back, and a man who grabbed his bridle was dragged off his feet. He bounded away and got tangled in the ropes of the tea tent and brought it down on the hundred or so people inside.

Uncle Henry led Hyperion home sadly. Uncle Septimus wiped his hands of him. "Women-hater, bah!" he muttered, and went off, limping, to console himself at the beer tent.

On the way home, however,

Hyperion seemed to have repented of his behaviour. He trotted benignly and poked his muzzle in between Uncle Henry and me, asking for sugar.

By the time we reached home, Uncle Henry was talking of winning the Mundabilla Gold Cup at the big meeting next month. "It was just a lapse," he said. "Hyperion's forgotten the filly already."

Uncle Henry was just being Uncle Henry, because next morning there was no Hyperion. A trail of wrecked and broken fences showed the route he had taken—to the filly on the farm ten miles away.

Uncle Henry harnessed up the sulky and set out by the orthodox route—along the road. It took him an hour to get there and ten to get back. He returned by Hyperion's track, mending the fences as he came, leading Hyperion and the filly.

Long before he got home, Aunt Lil had got worried and rang five of the neighbors. "He's mending our fences, only right, too," one of them told her.

"Well, I expect it's not before time," said Aunt Lil, and hung up.

Uncle Henry got the filly for fifty pounds. He said she was "dirt cheap." Hyperion couldn't bear to be out of the filly's sight, and when Uncle Henry started training him for the Mundabilla Cup, he had to take the filly along, too.

After a week's sulking and ribald remarks, Uncle Septimus took to dropping in on Uncle Henry on some pretext or other, and after another week he was back in partnership.

"Though, mind you, my faith in the black has been a bit shaken," he said. More than his faith was shaken; he was still

To page 54

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limping slightly. "I've no time for gallivanters," he added.

Hyperion ran good times in training—so good that Uncle Henry took to studying the records of all the big races in Australia, including the Melbourne Cup.

Uncle Septimus was elated but guarded. "Once a horse shows himself a Romeo—well, you never know," was how he put it.

"Romeo nothing," said Uncle Henry. "Double harness has been the making of him. It has settled him down. It'd be the making of you, too, Septimus."

Uncle Septimus only grunted. "Suppose he breaks out at the meeting and falls for another smart filly?" asked Septimus presently.

"Not Hyperion, he's the faithful type," said Uncle Henry emphatically.

Nevertheless, Uncle Henry welcomed Septimus' suggestion that one of the hired hands should ride the filly along the road behind the finishing-post before the start of the Munda-billa Gold Cup. As Uncle Septimus put it, it would keep Hyperion in the straight and narrow.

On the morning of the Gold Cup meeting, the odds against Hyperion started at fifty to one. They lengthened to sixty and then seventy when Uncle Henry told a couple of people in strictest confidence that Hyperion had been cured and was a cert to win. My father and Uncle Henry got an average of sixties for the fifty pounds they put on. Ten pounds of it was Septimus' money.

When the horses paraded before the start for the six-furlong Gold Cup, the odds against Hyperion lengthened to a hundred to one. Two trim little fillies had been entered.

At the barrier Hyperion would not settle. He whinnied,

Continuing . . . The Lovesick Racehorse

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tossed his head, and pranced about. He jiggered up to one of the fillies and bared his teeth. Then we saw the little bay filly with the hired hand up come teetering along the road. She whinnied excitedly. Hyperion started and threw up his head, he backed, then whinnied to her. Uncle Henry beamed and nudged me in the ribs.

Hyperion moved forward. The barrier was raised. Hyperion bounded out in a great

on's belly. Bill and I started jumping up and down. Aunt Lil forgot her dignity and did a little ladylike skip.

But then the filly leapt the fence behind the finishing-post and bolted up the track to meet Hyperion. The hired hand was no longer her rider, but her passenger.

"That's torn it!" cried Uncle Henry. It looked as though

one hundred and fifty yards short of Hyperion.

The black stallion went even faster. His lead at the four-furlong post had been eight lengths. By the fifth he had caught up with the filly and his lead had grown to fifteen lengths.

The filly slowed to a joyful canter though the hired hand whipped her. Hyperion braked to a joyful trot though Uncle Septimus whipped him, spurred him, and cursed him. Hyperion's lead dwindled quickly. It was twelve lengths and then ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three. Hyperion pulled up to a little better than a walk.

"Oh, my gosh!" groaned Uncle Henry.

Over the last sixty yards Uncle Septimus bellowed, flogged, and dug his spurs in. Hyperion ignored him. He neighed with inane delight at seeing his bride. The filly cavorted, jiggered, flounced, pirouetted, and went through the horse equivalents of powdering her nose and putting on her face. They jizzed over the finishing-line together with half a length to spare, and left us so limp you could have knocked us over with a straw.

Ten yards past the judge's box the filly suddenly stopped flirting. She nipped Hyperion hard with her teeth and lashed him with her hoofs. She was squealing as though she was put out about something. They rescued Hyperion after some trouble, and Uncle Septimus came up to meet us.

He was furious and didn't seem to care that we had won.

"Just as I said, a danged Lothario," he spluttered. "He was giving the eye to all the little fillies until he heard his missus whinny, and then he got

the breeze up and beat it to prove to her he never had such a thought."

"You've got no proof, Septimus," said Uncle Henry, "and anyway, we've won."

"I wouldn't bank on it," said Septimus. "There'll be a protest." Septimus was wrong. There were fourteen protests, one each from the owners of the horses in the Gold Cup.

"As for proof," said Septimus, while he waited to see what the judges would do, "the little filly knows. That was why she took to him."

"Just pleasure at seeing him," said Uncle Henry.

"Funny way of showing pleasure," said Uncle Septimus sourly.

Then the flag went up to show the protests had been dismissed. The judges and stewards had thumbed twice through the book of rules and found that there was nothing directly prohibiting what had happened.

In a few minutes Uncle Henry found himself being hustled along to be presented with the Gold Cup. It took the efforts of Uncle Henry, Uncle Septimus, and the hired hand to get Hyperion to the table. He just couldn't take his eyes off a little black filly parading for the next race.

I don't know if the six hundred pounds he'd won in bets made any difference, but Uncle Septimus didn't make a single rude remark about four-legged Romeos.

Afterwards, Uncle Henry sometimes talked of entering Hyperion for another race, and then he'd stop short and a look of resignation would come over his face.

I'm sure he was seeing again that glint in the black horse's eye as he leered at that little black filly.

(Copyright)



"Oh, nuthin' much—what's new with you?"

lurch. Within a hundred yards, he was two lengths in front. His legs thrust at the ground; his thighs went like the pistons of an express. It beat anything he had done at the trials, and at the two-furlong post he was five lengths in front.

Uncle shouted joyfully, "He'll win by the length of the Harbor Bridge." The ground slipped away under Hyperion

he was right, for once. Hyperion and his little filly went bounding to meet each other, whinnying with joy. The Gold Cup could go hang for all those lovebirds would care when they met—they'd pet in the middle of the track and the field would sweep past them.

The hired hand fought the filly hard. He managed to turn her back along the track only

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Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

from page 23

especially reliable informant. It occurred to David that he should have been tougher in his terms, demanded to know more details. Who was this man Dillon? What had he done? What was his connection with the organisation? If Mr. Johnson had refused to tell him, or been unable to do so, he should have refused to co-operate until he was given more information. Yes, that was the correct line to take, the one which he certainly would have taken if he had been given time to think the matter out. But, taken by surprise, he had been, as always, too accommodating, too averse to making a fuss.

"That's right," said a voice, "give 'em blazes. Why should you put up with it?"

David looked up and saw Ross standing in the door of the office. He blushed.

"Was I talking to myself?"

"Yes. And pretty severely, too. A bad sign."

David improvised. "I was thinking of the people at my table."

"A septic lot, I expect? Well, you put them there, my boy, if that's any consolation to you." He sat down and lit a cigarette. "But we have more serious trouble than that."

"Yes?"

"Yes." He said reflectively, "Hume."

"What's happened?"

"Some blasted pipe's started leaking in the engine-room. All right, you'll say, what of it? It's happened before and it'll happen again. You just mend it and push on. But not this voyage," he said disgustedly. "Hume's managed to put into the old man's head that it's sabotage."

"Sabotage?"

"Yes." He settled back in his chair. "I'll tell you the whole story—it's instructive. This morning the chief engineer came up to the bridge and told Slade about this oil pipe. It seems the leak's in a very awkward position. We shall have to go at half-speed while they're patching it up and then there's some spare part to be picked up in Melbourne. The upshot of it was that it would mean twenty-four hours' delay. Slade said that was too bad but there was nothing to do but put up with it. He called in myself and Hume to discuss the altered arrangements. It was then that the trouble started."

"Trouble?"

"Yes. You see, I pointed out something that Slade hadn't considered—that twenty-four hours' delay would mean doing

something which we always try to avoid. We should be sailing on Christmas Eve. Instead of fifty per cent. of the crew being plastered, the whole lot would be. Heavens knows how many men would go adrift. I gave my view that it was better to wait half a day than to sail with a lot of drunken malcontents."

"But even that would mean sailing on Christmas Day."

"If they had a good night ashore on Christmas Eve they'd be so hung-over and broke that they'd be glad to sail the next day. Especially if it were managed properly—making it clear that the Christmas Eve business was a special concession. . . . That's how I put it to Slade, and he was all for agreeing. Unfortunately, he's one of these people who likes to hear all sides of a question. So he asked Hume what he thought."

HE paused for a moment and then went on. "Now, obviously Hume doesn't like me and he didn't like the idea of my persuading Slade to do something. He was against my suggestion from the moment he heard it. While I was talking he kept butting in with insinuations that I was trying to fix myself an extra night ashore. That didn't cut much ice since the captain knows perfectly well that I never go ashore. But when it was Hume's turn to talk he was much smarter. He started asking the chief engineer questions. Eventually he got him to say that the break in the pipe had occurred in a particularly difficult and unusual place. Then he asked point-blank if it could have been done on purpose."

"What did the chief say?"

"He was a bit taken aback. I don't think the possibility had entered his head. But when he thought about it he agreed that it might have been done like that, though of course it couldn't be proved, one way or the other. That was all Hume wanted. He pointed out that there were a lot of trouble-makers in the engine-room and that there was every likelihood that they'd have a grievance because we hadn't given them what they wanted about the food and so on." Ross said bitterly, "He made quite a story out of it."

David thought for a moment. "You don't think," he said hesitantly, "that there might be something—"

"Of course I do," broke in Ross with impatience. "Naturally, I thought of it as soon as I heard about the pipe. But it might equally well be accidental and you've got to treat it as such until you know. Besides, it shouldn't influence a decision about when to sail."

"Ideally no, I suppose."

"But with a man like Slade, you've only got to suggest the possibility of intimidation and he's so obstinate." He made a gesture of impatience. "He wants to prove something."

"What?"

"That he isn't himself at all—somebody quite different."

There was a short silence. David said, "So we sail on Christmas Eve?"

"Yes. Wonderful, isn't it?"

He gave a short, disgusted laugh. "And to make it even more wonderful, I've just been informed that Sir Ernest Raymond intends to give a large and sumptuous party on the same evening. That means that we shall have to keep at least half a dozen cooks, stewards, barmen, etc., on duty for his use alone."

"Can't you persuade him to put it off?"

"Hardly. The captain's already accepted an invitation." He added acidly, "I've no doubt he's looking forward to it."

There was an awkward silence. David drew meaningless designs on his blotter while Ross stared at the toe of his shoe. Finally Ross said, "Possibly you think I'm being rather rotten about the old man—"

"No, not really."

"Well, I am. Sometimes he makes me mad. This afternoon particularly. It wasn't so bad when Bull and I could manage him together. But now—You see, the trouble is he wants to leave all the dirt to others and yet still pretend to himself that he's in charge. If you could persuade him that it was the big strong thing to do, he'd pull the plug out and let the whole ship go down to the bottom."

"If he's as bad as you say," said David, "I'm surprised he hasn't been in trouble before."

Ross raised his eyebrows. "You didn't know?"

"Know what?"

"He did have a previous spot of bother. It was during the war. He was in charge of an armed merchant cruiser called the Antigone. During the North African landings he had a collision and lost a lot of men. The court-martial cleared him."

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SWEET and SOUR

Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

I WAS looking over some old photographs a little while ago and when my neighbor's two children came in they spotted one of myself as a bride in 1911.

"I know who that is," said the boy, aged seven. "It is Queen Elizabeth."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Alice F. Tenniel Evans, C/o P.O. Box 117, Mombasa, Kenya, East Africa.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

WE have a very new tennis club at which anyone is welcome, so during the term holidays attendance increased. One young lad, before returning to college, remarked confidentially to his mother about me:

"She's the only one there who doesn't play like a lady."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. J. L. Couch, Quindalup, via Busselton, W.A.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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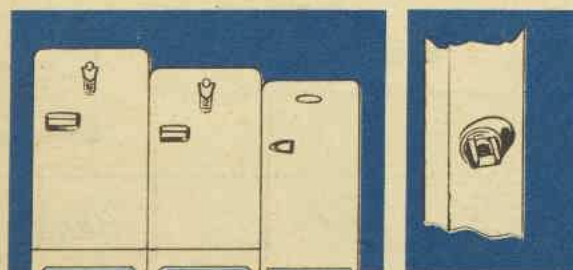
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but it left a bit of a smell all the same."

"What exactly happened?" "I don't know the details. I doubt whether anybody does—it was pretty confused around there at that time and a lot of the people concerned are dead, anyway. He was within the letter of the law, but a good many people thought his judgment slipped a bit. It could happen to anybody, I suppose." He added, "This is strictly under your hat, of course. I don't know how many people know about it, but we try to keep it as quiet as possible."

The change for time-table for Melbourne was accepted philosophically by the passengers. As for the crew, their opinion was not consulted. The captain's intention was announced in the form of a curt and unequivocal notice.

S.S. Capricorn,
23 December.
"Estimated time of arrival at Port Melbourne on 24th De-

cember is 10.00 hours. The ship will sail again promptly at 23.30 hours on the same day. All personnel must be on board by 22.30 hours at the latest. Under no circumstances will departure be delayed to take on staff who appear later than the stated time.

"(Signed) M. J. Slade,
R.N.R. (Capt.)"

They arrived at Port Melbourne promptly at ten o'clock. Soon afterwards, passengers and crew began to pour down the gangways. David sat in the berthing office, battling with problems of accommodation. There were another twenty passengers to come on today. He was anxious to get the job over quickly. Afterwards he was to go ashore to the shipping office, where he would sign on replacement staff for those lost at Sydney.

He was interrupted by Julia. She came to ask a question

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about her cabin, a question so trivial that he could not but suspect that it was an excuse to speak to him. When it had been disposed of, she said:

"Are you coming to father's party this evening?"

"I haven't received an invitation so far."

"I'll see that you get one."

She smiled and walked away. There was a certain insolence in her assumption that he would come if he was invited, and he was slightly annoyed at being so taken for granted. On the other hand, she had gone out of her way to ask him; her abruptness was probably only a mannerism and he would be foolish to take offence.

Besides, apart from all other considerations, he wanted to go. He was attracted and curious, and by the way she

behaved when they were together he suspected that she was also interested in him. Neither of them would be content until curiosity was satisfied and attraction allowed to force the relationship to whatever point was found to be mutually agreeable. It might all come to nothing, the experiment might lead only to boredom and dislike. But it would have to be made.

Soon afterwards he closed the berthing bureau and went ashore. As he drove to the shipping office in a taxi, more immediate considerations drove the thought of Julia completely out of his mind. The officials had been notified of the needs of the Capricorn in terms of staff, and a selection of seamen would be waiting at the office for him. If all had gone according to plan, Dillon would be one of them.

He wondered uneasily what sort of man Dillon would be. It was to be hoped that he would not be an obviously suspicious character. Mr. Johnson had said he was experienced in the job and would behave well, but it was Mr. Johnson's business to be reassuring. It would be pleasant if he knew more of the man. Was he discreet and reliable? And what had he done to make his secret removal from the country necessary? That was one of the things, David reflected, that he would probably never find out, and perhaps it was as well. Far better for him not to be too involved.

When he arrived at the shipping office everything was ready for him. There was a small bare room set aside especially for the purpose, with two benches outside crowded with men. The corridor was filled with smoke and the sound of voices speaking English in a variety of accents varying from Inverness to Tasmania. The conversations faltered for a moment as he passed by. They were taking a look at

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delicious New Junket ideas!

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Tape two cardboard stars together leaving space for a handkerchief and card.

Continuing . . .

The Round Voyage

from page 57

him. He did not look back. In the little office there was a table and two chairs. On the table was a list of names and a pile of discharge books. He drew a chair up to the table, picked up the list, and looked down it.

Though he had been expecting it, he nevertheless felt a slight shock, a turning-over of the stomach, when he saw the name. Dillon had been so far real to him only in the sense that a character in a book is real — now, for the first time, his existence was absolute and inescapable.

With this realisation came a sense of uneasiness. David was conscious that he was breaking new and possibly dangerous ground. Brown-paper packages were one thing, men were quite another. In theory, once he signed Dillon on to the ship's company his job was done. In practice . . .

He interviewed the first few men mechanically. It was a job he had often done before. A formal series of questions were asked, the discharge book scrutinised, a rapid assessment of character was made. It was all rather perfunctory. There was not very much choice these days.

As Dillon's name was called he looked through the man's papers. If they were forged, as they almost certainly were, the job had been a good one. There was nothing to indicate that the book was anything but genuine; it was plausibly greasy, battered, and dog-eared. The photograph, taken according to standard requirements, with the identification number below it, looked like that of a convict, but then they always did. It was far too crude to give any indication of personality.

David looked up from the table with slight reluctance, as if subconsciously he was trying to delay the interview for as long as possible. The man in front of him was tall and athletic in build, with a chubby, complacent face and blond, slightly waving hair.

Though he was dressed shabbily, he carried himself with an air, a perceptible swagger which denoted a consciousness of his own rather obvious good looks. It occurred to David that his clothes had been carefully chosen to avoid attracting attention. The crumpled, cheap blue suit, the jersey, the down-at-heel black shoes, were almost too appropriate for an out-of-work steward. He read from the discharge book.

"George Martin Dillon?"

"Yes, sir."

"You want to sign on as a cabin steward?"

"Yes, sir."

He began to ask the usual questions. Dillon replied in a soft, easy voice with a slight trace of an Irish accent. He showed no sign of nervousness and gave the impression of being slightly bored with the whole procedure. Plainly he knew the job and had worked as a cabin steward before. But his answers to questions about his previous record were evasive in the extreme; it would not have been difficult to suspect that the discharge book was not his own. It became obvious to David why Mr. Johnson had thought it so necessary to secure a sympathetic person at the signing-on.

He accepted Dillon's statements in an abstract fashion, trying to give the impression that he had missed the obvious incongruities from lack of interest. He proposed to give nothing away. Nor did Dillon give any sign of recognition or complicity. At the end of the interview he nodded his head indifferently and walked out of the room.

David's hopes rose. Per-

haps, after all, Dillon knew nothing of him personally. It was one of the principles of the organisation never to give any more information than was strictly necessary. They had probably informed Dillon that arrangements would be made, and left it at that. He would know that somebody on board the Capricorn was involved; he might even suspect the deputy-purser who had proved so accommodating and credulous. But he would have no proof.

David sat back in his chair and looked through the list of men again. His spirits were definitely lightened. Dillon was not very different from many another cabin steward, and it was hard to believe that he could have done anything very seriously wrong. At all events, his own job was over now. He had done what was required of him. His connection with Mr. Johnston was at an end.

By the time David arrived Sir Edward's cocktail party was well under way. He had deliberately refrained from going early so as not to attract attention, but by waiting rather too long he defeated his own object and rendered himself conspicuous in another way. It was plain from the surprised oscillation of Sir Edward's bushy eyebrows that he had thought his party to be already complete.

"A drink?" he said. "Thank you very much." David took a glass of champagne from the tray which the steward offered him and clutched it to him like a life-belt. Julia was talking to a group of people in a far corner of the room and had apparently failed to notice his entrance. Nor, it seemed obvious, had she taken the trouble to tell her father of David's invitation.

"So glad you were able to come, Mr.—er—" Sir Edward made a curious gobbling sound which he had developed for use on such occasions as this—a sound which might, at a pinch, be taken to represent an indistinct pronunciation of almost any common surname. "So glad. Now you must help yourself to food and drink. No formality." He motioned to a steward. "Billington will look after you."

Billington smiled at David and then moved away to another part of the room. When he was out of earshot, David asked: "Do you find him satisfactory?"

"Indeed I do," said Sir Edward with enthusiasm. "He's a fine fellow, Billington. Looks after me wonderfully. We're already firm friends." His voice took on a feudal note. "You know, I've often found," he said, with an air of one confiding a discovery — "that the most interesting people — the ones with a real philosophy of life — aren't found among the big names. You come across them in the most surprising places, doing all sorts of odd jobs — fishermen, gardeners, taxi-drivers, ship's stewards . . ."

He continued warmly in this vein. He had recently, since his rise to popularity, "discovered" the common man, very soon after the common man had discovered him. The experience had gone to his head. He was like a dew-eyed Victorian bride, fresh from the restraints of the school-room, swooning ecstatically in the lusty arms of democracy. Like most love affairs, it made tedious listening.

His panegyric completed, Sir Edward remembered his responsibilities as a host.

"If you'll excuse me, Mr. Ger—er—obble, I'm sure you

know everyone. Only too well, some of them, I expect—ha, ha. Rather like being in the Diplomatic, on board ship—same old faces all the time." He gave David an encouraging pat on the shoulder. "Now I must go and talk to Mr. Hr—rr—m."

He moved away, and David looked around for somebody to talk to. By this time the party had congealed into groups, and it was a question of either forcing himself into somebody else's conversation or standing, glass in hand, trying to look as if he were solitary through choice, a manoeuvre he had seen tried by others many times, but without success. He felt more like a gate-crasher than ever, and he looked bitterly at Julia.

It was really her job to relieve him, but she showed no sign of doing so. She was standing in a corner with the captain, who enjoyed indulging in mildly flirtatious though quite harmless conversations with attractive young women. His manner seemed to say all the time, "If I were only twenty years younger . . ." but it was possible also to imagine a slight relief that he was not. David saw him bend forward and give a little flourish with his glass, a sure sign that he was paying a compliment.

Julia was responding with an animation unusual in her. Occasionally she would throw back her head and give the short, harsh laugh which David remembered from their evening at Castel's. It was a conversation which one could hardly break into.

David moved cautiously round the room. Fellows were deeply engrossed with a ferocious, thick-set Australian surgeon ("So I rammed my fist hard down under the liver and kept it there—fifteen minutes by the clock"). Ross was suffering passively at the hands of an aged dowager with innumerable relatives in Tunbridge Wells. Hume, propped up comfortably against a bulkhead, glass in hand, was discoursing to some luckless individual about his war experiences.

"Hello," said a familiar voice. David turned round and saw Floyd. "I didn't expect to see you here."

"I didn't expect to see you," Floyd guffawed. "Amusing, isn't it? Not one of Sir Edward's brightest ideas. I think he realises it now."

"What made him invite you?"

"He thought I might be useful to him, I should imagine."

"Useful?" said David incredulously.

FLOYD laughed again. "You can't see it, eh? That shows what an innocent you are, my boy. My guess is," he said confidentially, moving his mouth close to David's ear, "that he's playing with the idea of going into politics."

"Really?"

"Yes. You see, all that cheap publicity he got in the States isn't going to help him in the Foreign Office. They've got to lay off him now for fear of creating a stir, but soon he'll be old news. When things have nicely cooled off they'll give him the business. Nothing really nasty—just ditch him somewhere. Make him Ambassador to Bolivia or something. Now, the old boy's just smart enough to know what's liable to happen, and he'll try to beat them to the gun by cashing in on his popularity with the public while he's still got it. That means politics."

"But, surely," said David, "not your sort of politics?"

Floyd became philosophical. "Politics are politics. It's useful to have contacts on both

To page 73



Arnott's

New.. Dark

Xmas Cakes

*Order early from your grocer
to avoid disappointment*



The 2lb. size is a square cake packed in a transparent, heat-sealed bag and enclosed in a carton wrapped in a colourful Xmas display wrapper.



Arnott's 3lb. cakes are attractively piped and decorated and packed in beautifully printed tins of lasting use.



There is no Substitute for Quality

Buy also, and put aside, one of these cakes for Easter or special occasions to come, whilst they are available over Xmas.



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WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH

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Put a load of clothes into Surf and while you watch you'll see the dirt falling out, streaming out, darkening the water. Take out a glass of this washing water. You'll find it nearly black with dirt that has been drawn out of the clothes by Surf's miraculous cleaning action. And after whites have been washed you can put boillable coloureds into the same water because it's impossible to boil dirt back into the weave. You'll find your coloureds came out the World's Cleanest, too.

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Surf will do everything claimed for it in this advertisement. If you're not completely satisfied, return the unused part of your Surf

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Surf's special detergent action cuts under grease, lifts it up and dissolves it completely away. No streaks left on glassware—no greasy scum around your sink, either. Dishes drain dry—sparkling clean!

SURF ELIMINATES DRYING UP!

*** Same wonderful results even in hard water**

THE CASE OF THE Curious Cat

A short short story

By A. L. YEDA

REGINA sat staring at me, almost curiously, and despite reason and common sense I felt somewhat uncomfortable and perturbed at being alone in the house with her.

It was ridiculous, I reassured myself, to be afraid of a cat, and yet somehow her continuous presence made me uneasy; it seemed as if it were Caroline herself haunting me through the stupid, lazy animal she had adored and indulged.

I remember the day she brought it home in a lined basket exclaiming excitedly: "Isn't she adorable, Isabelle?"

A mangy white kitten with one green eye and the other a bright blue to me appeared a most unadorable spectacle, but, of course, I agreed with her smilingly and stroked the supercilious animal's head while she pattered on in her usual animated fashion about what a pretty little dear it was.

It wasn't any love for Caroline that prevented me expressing my real opinion in this or any other matter, but it was easier for me to agree with her, and also to my advantage, as it was she, and she alone, who kept me in the comfort we now shared.

I had known Caroline nearly all my life, and had hated her from the very first morning I met her at school, all curls, smiles, and big blue eyes. She had made me feel dowdy and insignificant, but we sat together, and as she was sweetness itself I could hardly be anything else except civil in return.

Caroline had always had everything I wanted; rich, adoring parents, a luxurious home, and every whim of the moment granted almost before she had finished voicing it. Whereas my parents had lived in a ramshackle place near the wharf, and what was left of Dad's money after he'd called in at the "local" certainly was wishful thinking where feeding and clothing a wife and five children were concerned.

At first I refused Caroline's invitations, loathing the pity I knew she must feel for me, but gradually I wondered if it might not be to my advantage after all, and so the next time I was asked to go to her home I accepted graciously and with many shy and insincere thanks.

She was delighted, though heaven knows why, as my company was never very keenly sought after; and although it made me writhe inwardly, knowing how everyone would admire her for being so kind to such a nobody as me, I wallowed in the satisfaction of realising if I had shown how I really felt I would certainly never have shared such privileges as she and her family later made possible.

Our friendship naturally provided food for gossip in the town and people smugly said it showed that money was really nothing after all. How little they knew.

For money and what it brought I was willing to carry this farce of a friendship to any lengths.

Of course, when we had finished school Mr. and Mrs. Winter's parties and dances were frequent and popular, and naturally everyone of any importance was invited, especially the eligible young bachelors.

But though I had dressed to equal the splendor of Caroline's (gifts, I need hardly explain, from her parents), my pale face and lank brown hair hinted nothing glamorous, and it was Caroline who danced with all the handsome boys, and it was Caroline's mail that oozed invitations from adoring admirers.

In my whole life until I met young Dr. Nat Tyler I had never loved anyone. And for all the good it did me I might just as well never have loved him either. I had detested my parents for the life they had forced me to lead, and my brothers and sister had somehow seemed detached and had meant nothing to me.

The Tylers had only recently

moved to the district, and Nat's striking looks and easy manner very quickly made him popular.

I knew the moment I saw him that he was the only person I could ever care about, but as I saw his eyes rove about the dance floor and finally rest upon Caroline, I knew just as surely that he would never be mine.

My prophecy proved only too true.

If it had been anyone else but Caroline who claimed his devotion perhaps things might have been different, but to see them together and so oblivious of all about them made me so furiously jealous that I felt I could not possibly hate to a greater capacity.

The wedding was a large and very social affair, and as everyone expected, I was chief bridesmaid in a glorious dress of billowing blue which failed dismally to make me look any less like me than usual.

Then after all the excitement was over Nat and Caroline settled down, while I attempted to earn enough to keep myself. Life was much more difficult, but for once my pride

prevented any help from the Winters.

I don't wish to recall those years too vividly, but during them Caroline's parents died, and she learnt that she was unable to bear children. This was a great shock for both her and Nat, and while I stroked her hair I could not help but feel glad that she was unable to complete Nat's obvious contentment with marriage bliss.

Then one wet evening when Nat was going out on a sick call his car skidded and he was killed. Whatever was in me that resembled a heart died with him.

But although I had loved him, his death could not take him any farther from me, and it meant a home and luxuries for me, as Caroline insisted I share her spacious home with her.

But even if my existence was easier over the years that followed, my abhorrence for Caroline's gaiety and honeyed nature through trouble of every kind grew and grew like an inflated balloon until I could bear it no longer. I had to burst the balloon. I murdered her.

It was more than I could bear, being alone in the house with Caroline's big white cat.

It sounds horrid, doesn't it, but actually it wasn't so very awful or even so very hard; just old-fashioned arsenic in her medicine bottle and she dosed herself.

When she died, everyone was sorry, but not so very surprised after all, as it was well known she had suffered from a weak heart for years. Death was stated with little ado on the certificate as due to natural causes. Who would want to harm Caroline? Certainly not me, her lifelong friend, and she had no enemies.

Yes, it was all extremely easy, and I have no regrets; she had a good life and nothing much left to live for, and now I can enjoy the money which, needless to say, was left to me.

I could be happier now than ever before, as I have the security I always craved, but I only wish that wretched cat, which seems almost a part of her, wouldn't follow me about in the peculiar manner it does. It never showed any signs of affection for me before. And yet now the expression it wears sends cold little darts of fear through me.

I can almost hear you scoffingly declare that cats don't have expressions and that I am letting my imagination run riot, but, of course, you haven't met Regina; perhaps if you did you might change your mind. Or maybe it's just my conscience.

Yet, why should I feel so afraid? Oh, if I could only get rid of that creature, but then people would become curious—it would look rather odd; in fact, nothing short of callous, especially as I am supposedly so fond of it.

The infernal thing! Don't sit there and glower like that! Don't—no, don't come any closer—get down—no, NO, my eyes... my eyes... NO...

(Copyright)

Page 61



Puffin
Orange Cake Mix

Look inside for the Orange Flavour Capsule

"Home-made goodness with the tang of fresh oranges —and no messy grating— with this New Puffin Orange Cake!"

SAYS *Betty King*, HOME ECONOMIST OF WORLD BRANDS

Home-baked goodness the modern way! This wonderful, new Puffin Orange Cake Mix has all the special Puffin ingredients — plus an extra-special flavouring! Packed separately from the Mix, you get a capsule of fresh, fruity Orange. No messy grating! And, like every Puffin Cake, this beauty is guaranteed to be a success. Ready for the oven in four minutes! Like most housewives you probably feel that you'd like to give the family more

home-baked cakes — but there just isn't the time. Now, this Puffin Orange Cake — like all the Puffin Mixes — gives you the wholesome ingredients you would use yourself, with all the tedious work already done. Every Puffin Mix contains pure, sweet shortening, cane-sugar and raising ingredients — plus super-fine flour. No creaming. No mess. Just ONE mixing bowl. Try a Puffin cake this week — you'll bake it to perfection.



Chocolate Icing
1 lb. icing sugar, 4 level table-spoons Bournville Cocoa, 2 oz. butter or margarine, 5 table-spoons milk.

HOW TO MAKE
Sift icing sugar and cocoa into basin. Add melted butter and milk. Mix till smooth and thick enough to spread on cake.

Tonight! NEW melt-in-the-mouth Puffin Orange Cake with satisfying Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa



Cadbury's BOURNVILLE COCOA
1/2 LB. NET.

For supper or that mid-morning break, bake this new Puffin Orange Cake and crown it with Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa icing. Bournville Cocoa is delicious and nourishing — easily digested, too, which makes it the perfect drink from first drink in the morning to last drink at night. It's made by Cadbury's in the ideal factory by mountain and sea.

COOL SUMMER DESSERTS

● Water-ices and ice-cream are easy to make and pleasant finishes to a meal and form the base of several glamorous sweets. Water-ices can also be served as part of a first course.

A mint or lemon water-ice served in grapefruit, for example, is most refreshing on a hot day and makes the grapefruit taste delicious.

Ices can be made at home in the ice-tray of the refrigerator or in a churn type of ice machine. The churn method is quite good if you happen to be equipped with a churn. As the name implies, the mixture is churned while it freezes, and so has a velvety smoothness.

Many people prefer to buy the ice-cream ready-made to save time and trouble, especially if it is to be used for a Baked Alaska or similar sweet.

Baked Alaska is a well-known sweet that is quick and easy to make, and will provide a sensation at any dinner-party.

However, it is necessary to pay a little extra attention to detail in preparing this delicious sweet. For example, make sure that the ice-cream is really hard before use, and

that the meringue is firm, and covers the ice-cream completely.

You must be sure, too, that the oven is heated to the required temperature before putting in the dish. Here are the recipes for Baked Alaska and Lemon Ice Water, another deliciously cool dessert.

LEMON ICE WATER

Six ounces loaf sugar, 1 pint water, 1 teaspoon gelatine, thinly pared rind and strained juice of 2 lemons, 1 stiffly beaten egg-white.

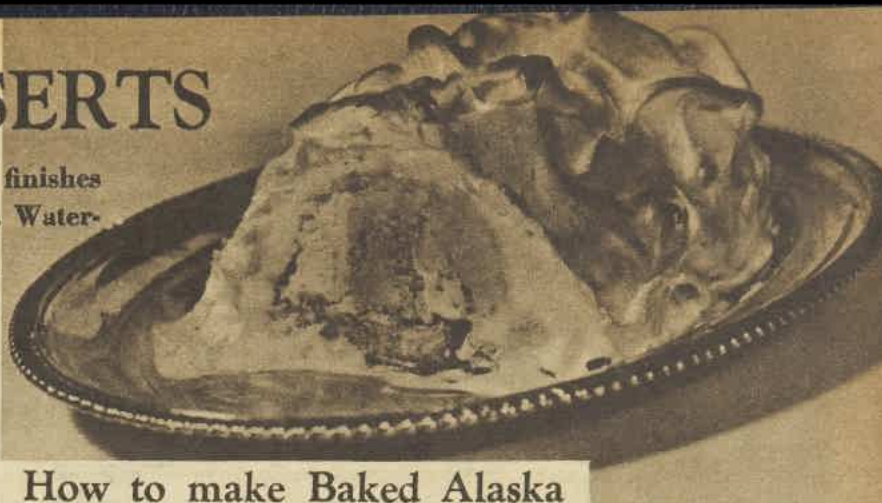
Add 2 to 3 tablespoons water to gelatine and set on one side. Put the sugar into the water, dissolve over slow heat, then add lemon rind and boil 4 to 5 minutes. Cool slightly, add juice and gelatine. When dissolved strain and chill. Freeze in tray until partially frozen, then turn out, give a short beat, and fold in egg-white. Return to tray and freeze until firm, stirring occasionally. Other fruit ices may be made in the same way, using fruit pulp sweetened with sugar or thick syrup.

Serve with a fresh fruit salad or in sweet glasses with sliced fresh fruit on top. The dish may also be flavored with chopped mint for putting in the centre of grapefruit as a first course.

BAKED ALASKA

One sponge cake, rectangular or round (if round scoop out a hollow in centre), 1 or 2 blocks coffee-flavored ice-cream. Meringue is made with 3 egg-whites, good pinch cream of tartar, 6oz. castor sugar.

For the meringue, whip whites of eggs and cream of tartar to a firm snow. Add sugar by degrees, beating with rotary whisk until the mixture is firm and glossy. Put sponge cake on a thick baking sheet on layers of greaseproof paper, place ice-cream on top. Cover at once with meringue, dust with castor sugar. Bake for 3 to 5 minutes (or until nicely browned) in a hot oven (450 to 500 degrees), take out and slide on dish. A hot sauce can be served with this sweet.



How to make Baked Alaska



ABOVE: Baked Alaska, a luscious frozen dessert, is a wonderful summer dish. See recipe on this page.

LEFT: Whip whites of eggs, cream of tartar, and sugar to a firm snow. The mixture should be beaten until fluffy and glossy.



LEFT: Cover sponge-cake base with a thick layer of ice-cream. Cover at once with the meringue and dust over with castor sugar.

RIGHT: Bake from 3 to 5 minutes in a hot oven. The meringue topping should be browned when finished. Take the Alaska out of the oven, slide on to a dish, and serve.



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Ring shaped... and the only *real butter fruit cake* made in Australia.

"Little Sister" a rich, oblong fruit cake in a handsome, round tin.



AND "BIG SISTER" PLUM PUDDING *The finest ever made*

Here is the world's best Christmas pudding, made to "Big Sister's" famous prize recipe. It's even better than home-made and comes in sizes to suit every family—12 oz., 16 oz., 1½ lb. and 3 lb. tins.



Have leisure for Christmas pleasure!

Where houses are built for comfort

● In domestic architecture in America more emphasis is placed on a house's interior comfort than on its external appearance, Melbourne architect Robin Boyd found on his recent visit there.

MR. BOYD spent eleven months at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as visiting Bemis Professor of Architecture. "It is wrong for Australians to have the impression that American houses are more modern than ours," he said. "Australian homes are more contemporary, if anything, but only in appearance."

"Actually, I believe Australians concentrate too much on appearances without thinking enough about comfort."

Mr. Boyd found few advances in popular house design in America that were ahead of those in Australia. The main advance is in equipment for the home.

"The average American," he said, "lives in a house much older or smaller than his opposite here, but the kitchen inside it is generally much better equipped."

For example, stoves are being built flush with the wall at eye-level in many new American kitchens.

Another development in American kitchens is the "packaged-unit kitchen," consisting of one long stainless steel unit comprising sink, stove, refrigerator, dishwasher, waste-disposer, and mixing machine.

The rumpus room, that very popular feature of American homes, has moved up from its former basement status, and now is usually on

the same level as the rest of the house, perhaps combined with the kitchen.

It is now a "family room," and has the TV set, lounging chairs, and a desk where the children type their homework.

Another difference Mr. Boyd noticed in American homes is that color is used more conservatively than in Australia, although American building materials are available in a far wider color range than in Australia at present.

"American residential areas have a much more homogeneous appearance than ours. Instead of the great variety of competitive architecture we see in most suburban streets here, they have 'tracts' of dozens of homes built simultaneously on almost identical lines."

Although there is less local variety in home styles in America, there is a tremendous regional variation due to climatic differences from north to south and east to west.

These regional differences in architecture support Mr. Boyd's belief that Australian architecture should depend more on the local needs and climatic conditions than on the wholesale adaptation of overseas house fashions, whether suitable or not.

The color pictures on this page show four ideas from overseas that were specially designed for conditions also to be found in Australia. Mr. Boyd believes these designs could be adapted most successfully for Australia.



ABOVE: Designed for shade, this house in North Carolina is fitted under a great square roof. Two points of the square are secured to the ground, the other two peaks are thrown high into the air.

BELOW: This cool swimming-pool and terrace were planned for a home in Miami, Florida. The area is screened against insects for extra comfort. The heavy beams used came from an old windmill.



LEFT: An idea from Honolulu which Mr. Boyd thinks might be suitable for Australia. It is a "lanai," a roofed tropical garden built against rock to make a cool, shaded outdoor living area for summer.

RIGHT: An excellent idea from a house in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The attractive, sunny dining-room looks out along the verandah. The design is by famous American architect Frank Lloyd Wright.



W

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—without
mis-giving

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smooth. No stubble—no shadow
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below the surface, and keeps
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remember, hair on legs means
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Success guaranteed or your
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All
Fashionable
Colours

... ALSO IN HAND-TOES



MODERN LIVING WITH CERAMICS



BAMBOO STALKS, a large
camellia, and a dainty bunch of
Australian wildflowers are the
attractive decorations on the
three handpainted plates above.



MODERN sculpture design (above) of an aboriginal
holding a spear and shield standing on a chunk of
terra-cotta clay. The picture has a veneer back-
ground and a frame that is made of plain wood.

MOTTLED TILES, handpainted in a Chinese design
(below), form the top of this black wrought-iron
table. It is ideal as a coffee or television table,
and the handles at the side make it easy to carry.



● Attractive and original
designs in Australian
ceramics were featured
recently at an arts and
crafts exhibition held
in Sydney.

The exhibits included
pottery, painted china,
and sculpture.

Both floral and
abstract motifs appeared
on handpainted teacups,
plates, and tiled tables.

Wall plaques were
among the attractive
pieces of sculpture.

SOOTHE ACES SPRAINS AND STRAINS

Are you paying with
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work? Pain shooting
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your shoulder, across
your back? Ease those
strained, tightened-up
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Just put on Sloan's and feel its "deep-
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Speedy relief from BACKACHE

Does every move you make
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trying Doan's Backache Kidney
Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause
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are neglecting their essential job
of cleansing and purifying the
blood. Doan's is a famous stimu-
lant-diuretic, promoting healthy
kidney action, which has brought
relief to sufferers all over the
world. No need to put up with
discomfort—get Doan's today!



OUR HOME PLAN No. 610, shown in perspective above, is ideal for adapting to suit any site. The plan allows the occupants to have a maximum of sunshine and fresh air, with the terrace making an ideal spot for relaxing.

An adaptable home planned for sunshine

● Our home plan this week shows how easy it is to adapt a design to suit a site, make the most of a view, fit a wide or narrow frontage, or keep within a budget.

THE plan is one of our signature plans and was designed by Melbourne architect F. T. Humphrys.

The perspective sketch above shows how the home looks on either a 60ft. or a 40ft. frontage.

On a wide block, the lounge and two bedrooms have a front outlook. Turn the plan around, as shown in the modified version at right, and it is ideal for a narrow block.

The larger version, as shown below, has an overall area of 13.11 squares in brick and 12.2 squares in timber. It was designed specially for a 60ft. frontage, and is therefore excellent for Adelaide and Melbourne home-builders, where this frontage is usual.

In other States, allotments are frequently 40ft. wide. The modified layout, with its area of 10.6 squares in brick and 9.8 squares in timber, shows that the plan does not lose any value in this form.

Approximate costs of building the home would be:

LARGER VERSION:

In New South Wales: Brick, £5885; timber, £4050; fibro, £3800.

In Victoria: Brick veneer, £4475; timber, £3660; fibro, £3550.

In South Australia: Brick, £3950; asbestos, £3280.

In Queensland: Brick, £5610; timber, £3660; fibro, £3550.

MODIFIED VERSION

In New South Wales: Brick, £4475; timber, £3250; fibro, £3050.

In Victoria: Brick veneer, £3625; timber, £2950; fibro, £2850.

In South Australia: Brick, £3200; asbestos, £2850.

In Queensland: Brick, £4475; timber, £2950; fibro, £2850.

The plan, complete with specifications, costs £7/7/- and can be bought at our Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane.

The Centres offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

● All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

● Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock. All standard plans cost £7/7/- and are available in six variations.

● Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Plans can be ordered by mail, enclosing fee. Addresses of the Centres are:

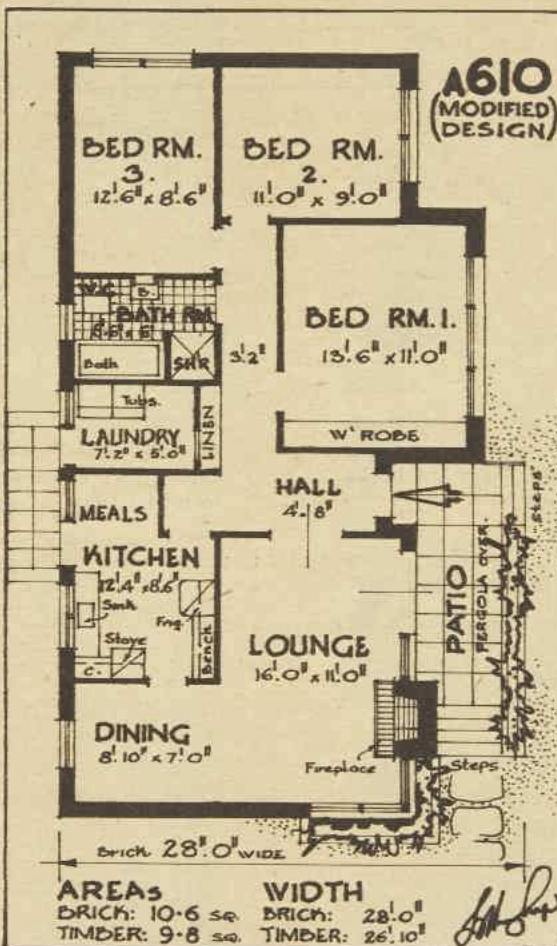
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (Third Floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (Sixth Floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

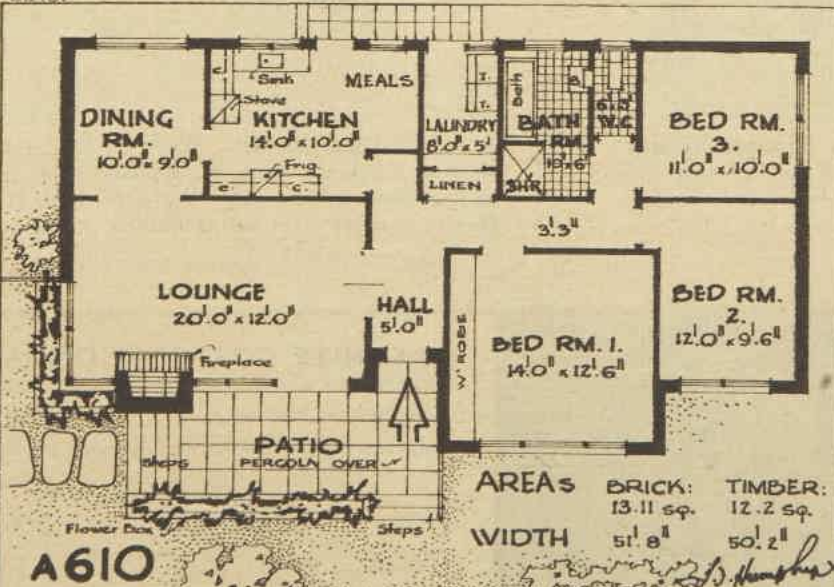
GEELONG: Our representatives will be at the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Friday and Saturday to advise readers on home plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (Second Floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd. (Second Floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.



FLOOR PLAN of the modified version of the home shows the excellent interior layout. The kitchen, bathroom, and laundry form a compact block to reduce plumbing costs.



THE LARGE VERSION of the home plan shows how easily it is adapted to suit a site. A feature of the plan is an L-shaped dining-room which opens off the lounge. Half-walls or planting boxes could be used to divide these two rooms.

Bertram P. Bear (P for Polar)



rented a new house

He moved in at midsummer — and with fan in hand, tried to beat the heat.

But the house just soaked up the heat, leaving Mr. B. in an exhausted state. A polar-type bear of his upbringing wasn't used to such unnecessary summer discomfort.



He mentioned it to a friend.

"Heavens," said the friend. "That house isn't insulated! I remember when they built it. They hadn't heard about putting a sheathing of Cane-ite Wallboard around the outside walls under the weatherboards. No wonder it's so warm for you. But it'll suit you in winter, it'll really be frigid then."



"Can't wait till then," grumped Bertram, and moved out next day.

You can't blame polar bears, or people either, for being uncomfortable in houses that aren't insulated — that is, insulated with Cane-ite.

MORAL: If you're building, ask your architect or builder to include Cane-ite insulation. Your home will be up to 15° cooler in the summer, warmer in the winter. Used as a sheathing it only costs around £36 for a 10 square house.

As an interior lining, Cane-ite does two jobs in one. Cane-ite is the only building board that insulates as it decorates. Save pounds on your new home with Cane-ite walls and ceilings. Cane-ite reduces harmful, unwanted noise. Three types of Cane-ite are available in many easy-to-handle sheet sizes.



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In the Kitchen: No more bending and digging around in cupboards when you use Pegboard to put your kitchen walls to work. Everything hangs in handy reach. It takes only a minute to arrange Pegboard hooks to hold your pots and pans exactly as you want them.



In bedrooms: Clothes, pictures, sports gear, games equipment... they all hang so easily and neatly on Pegboard... and save loads of space in cupboards. There are push-in hanging hooks for every need from shoes to model ships... you'll be amazed how much tidier a bedroom can be.



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* Masonite and Pegboard are registered Trade Names.

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Please send me your free Pegboard Space-Saving booklet.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DECEMBER is the time to . . .

. . . Sow gerbera seeds or transplant seedlings to grow in open sunny positions . . . sow seeds of cyclamen, calceolaria, cineraria, and Primula obconica to grow indoors or under glass . . . attend to lawns and summer fruit trees . . . lift and store bulbs.

DECEMBER being the first month of summer, the gardener now has to hurry with his work before the heat is really turned on.

● Sow cyclamen seed under a sheet of glass. It takes about six to eight weeks to germinate.

Cineraria seed is very small and should be scattered on the surface of a seedboxful of good fibrous soil, and then merely sprinkled with fine leafmould and watered.

● Try hybrid calceolaria that does well under glass.

It is cranky stuff to handle, but the lovely plants with hundreds of big pouch-shaped flowers, liberally spotted with various colors, are well worth the trouble involved. Primula obconica need somewhat similar treatment—and glasshouse culture.

● Pick up every day the fallen summer fruits under trees. They may be infested with grubs.

This fruit should be mashed up well and buried, or boiled, not merely buried without any treatment.

Splash soft-fruit trees once a week with any of the proprietary fruit-fly controls. This is also a "must" for the next two to three months if you want clean fruit. Tomatoes will need similar treatment. In N.S.W. and Queensland this pest often ruins the fruit after Christmas.

● Return to the bulb-beds and remove all the daffodils you intend to store for the next three months.

The tops have died down now, and the bulbs should be very carefully forked out and stored in boxes in a dry, cool place.

Hyacinths and tulips, if they've finished growing and developing their bulbs, should also be lifted now and stored for their brief summer nap. Don't leave them in the shed or garage, where bush rats or mice can reach them. They like the bulbs, and will devour them.

Gladioli that have died nearly down to the ground level and have finished their brief spell of glory can be lifted, allowed to dry off, and then stored for six or eight weeks.

Ixias, sparaxis, freezias, bulbous irises that have died off, paper-white narcissi, and most other small bulbs such as grape hyacinths can be lifted also and given a few months' rest. They litter the beds you want for summer annuals.

Nerines should be left strictly alone because they flower in summer. Their foliage has died down now, so it always pays to mark the spots where you buried them. Snowflakes can be left for four or five years until they get too crowded.

● Pay strict attention to lawns. Keep them trim, tidy, and green if the weather should continue hot, windy,



PLEASANT LAWN enclosed by trees at the home of Mr. E. G. Blake, of Dover Heights, Sydney. In December lawns need regular cutting and top-dressing of good-quality sandy loam to keep them green and fresh.

and droughty, and all weeds controlled if the lawns have become thin and patchy.

Cut the lawn regularly and top-dress lightly with good-quality sandy loam where water is plentiful. If the lawns start to look yellow and jaded, a feeding programme every six weeks, using from 3lb. to 5lb. of sulphate of ammonia per 1000 square feet, will renew their greenness.

Spring-flowering herbaceous plants such as delphiniums,

GARDENING

columbines, and others that have finished flowering should be cut down to ground level. They will bloom again "come Easter" if so treated.

● Keep the hoe and scarifier going among the vegetables. Weeds soon rob the crops of much-needed nourishment and moisture, and many provide a lurking place for pests and a breeding-ground for diseases.

Scatter some superphosphate in old cabbage ground and dig it in. It will provide an ideal spot for the next crop of dwarf French beans. Remember that the cook likes them stringless, because they save hours of work when preparing them for big families.

White turnip seeds, and in cool climates the first few swedes and kohlrabi seeds can be sown and thinned out to about 6in. or 8in. apart when big enough to handle.

● Make the first sowing of green peas towards the middle or end of this month in cool districts. The soil should be well limed or given some superphosphate and then dug over soundly.

Further crops of sweet corn should be sown this month in

the warm coastal and inland areas, and cuttings of sweet potatoes can be set out (if nicely rooted) in well-manured hills about 4ft. to 6ft. apart. This crop spreads widely, being a member of the convolvulus family, and needs ample space.

● Mulch round roses this month, using old, decayed cow manure, spent mushroom compost, or even garden compost that has rotted well. Sawdust, peat moss, leafmould, and similar materials are often used for this purpose.

Apply a 2in. blanket of mulch round perennials, shrubs, and small trees, after a good watering. This will save much further watering and is a great labor-saver. It will also keep plants in good order for several weeks if you go away for the Christmas holidays.

Sowing guide

Seeds of the following plants can be sown now.

FLOWERS: Amaranthus, aster, balsam, celosia, cineraria, coropsis, gomphrena, helianthus, French and African marigold, stocks, sweet peas (Spencer types), pansies, portulaca, Phlox drummondii, Primula malacoides, wall-flower, zinnia. For glass-house culture: Calceolaria, cyclamen, cineraria, and Primula obconica.

VEGETABLES: Beets, French beans, carrots, parsnips, spinach, sweet corn, swede turnip, white turnip, peas (in cool districts), broccoli, cauliflower, cabbage, celery, kohlrabi, tomato, cucumber, squash marrow, cress, lettuce, mustard, radish, and cuttings of sweet potato in warm coastal areas.

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25% MORE KILLING SPRAY FOR THE SAME MONEY

Now you can kill more flies, mosquitoes and other pests more surely and more quickly for less money. Only Kan-Kil contains the miracle ingredient STROBANE, proved to be

the most active insect killer of all. Bring this deadly, new insect killer into your home to bring instant death to the insect pests that menace health and peace of mind.

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KILLS MORE FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ANTS, FLEAS, COCKROACHES AND ALL INSECT PESTS FOR **LESS** MONEY

Carnation Milk makes the creamiest, smoothest, most delicious Ice Cream of all!



and it's easier to make because it needs only **One Whip**

RECIPE

CARNATION ONE WHIP ICE CREAM

1 large can Carnation Milk; 3 tablespoons castor sugar; 1 teaspoon gelatine; 1 tablespoon boiling water.

Set refrigerator at coldest point before mixing ice cream. Pour undiluted Carnation Milk, castor sugar and vanilla into ice cream trays. Thoroughly dissolve gelatine in boiling water and while still hot stir into milk mixture. Place in refrigerator and chill until ice crystals form. Pour into chilled mixing bowl and beat until stiff. Freeze rapidly at low temperature in 2 trays.

For variations:

1. Add 1 cup tinned pineapple, apricots or peaches, well drained and finely chopped.
2. For delicious chocolate ice cream, add 4 heaped teaspoons of drinking chocolate.

*Cut out these recipes and paste them in your cookbook.



FREE RECIPE BOOKLET: Send for the new Carnation Summer Recipe Booklet, containing over 25 tempting summer dishes. For your copy write to Mary Blake, Carnation Home Economist, 252 Swanston Street, Melbourne, or ask your grocer.

Richer, creamier flavour! Smoother, crystal-free texture! With just one can of economical Carnation Milk, you can make two large refrigerator trays of the creamiest, most delicious ice cream ever. So quickly and so easily too... with just one whip. Carnation, the milk that whips, is double-rich to give your ice cream extra creaminess. Its special blending qualities produce a smooth texture that can't be achieved in other home-made ice creams. Start now — delight your family with Carnation One Whip Ice Cream, the **nicer** ice cream that costs less to make.

Serve lots! Save lots! You can make two refrigerator trays of delicious Carnation ice-cream for less than

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Carnation MILK

'from Contented Cows'

TAKE CARNATION CAMPING OR PICNICKING — You'll always have pure fresh milk on hand, if you take along a few cans of Carnation. It's milk in its most convenient form. Unopened, it keeps indefinitely. Dilute Carnation with 1½ parts of water and get country-fresh milk for drinking or cooking. And for a treat, punch and pour Carnation straight from the can over cereals or fruit.

CRISP SALADS IN SEASON

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

● Easy, well-planned meals built round salads of crisp green vegetables and fresh fruits are the popular mainstay of warm-weather menus. Designed to tempt the appetite and to refresh on hot days, a salad can go to the table in many guises.

Below and overleaf is a selection of delicious salad recipes to add to your kitchen index file. The recipes are arranged so that when you cut along the dotted lines each one is complete with illustration on one page and the ingredients on the other.

RECIPES FOR YOUR FILE

LUNCHEON PLATTER



CHERRY SALADENE

● Cherry layer: One cup cherries (pitted), 1 package lemon-flavored jelly crystals, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup cold water, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely diced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup almonds, blanched, slivered, and toasted.

Lime layer: One package lime-flavored jelly crystals, 1 cup hot water, 1 small tin crushed pineapple with juice, 1 cup cottage cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise.

In two separate bowls, dissolve each package jelly crystals in one cup hot water. Add cold water to one package; pineapple and juice to the other. When syrupy, add remaining ingredients to each layer. Pour cherry layer into a quart mould, chill until firm. When firm enough, pour second layer containing pineapple and cheese on top, chill until firm. Unmould, garnish with lettuce, half orange slices, and extra cherries. Serves 6.

LOBSTER MAYONNAISE



The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 4, 1957



THE MOST ATTRACTIVE SALADS are remarkable for their simplicity. Illustrated above is a pretty platter of chilled fruit-salad with all pieces left large enough to retain their identity, and carefully chosen so their flavors blend successfully. Be sure to cut all fruits with a stainless-steel knife, and brush fruits such as apples, pears, and bananas with lemon juice to prevent discoloration to surfaces.

FRENCH DRESSING



POTATO SALAD

● Four cups diced cooked potato, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely diced celery, 3 to 4 finely chopped shallots, 1 tablespoon finely chopped young mint, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, 1 or 2 hard-boiled eggs, lettuce, chopped gherkin.

Place the potato in a large bowl with celery, shallots, and mint. Add mayonnaise and toss lightly to mix. Turn into a salad bowl and garnish with sliced or quartered hard-boiled eggs, sprinkle with gherkin. Serves 4 persons.

Quick mayonnaise: One tablespoon condensed milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 dessertspoon olive oil, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 4 to 5 tablespoons milk.

Beat salt, sugar, and mustard into condensed milk. Add oil a little at a time and mix well. Gradually add milk, then lemon juice and vinegar a little at a time.

Basic hints about salads

● To serve a perfect salad you need crisp greens and fresh fruit. Here are some helpful hints on buying, storing, and handling of salad ingredients.

ALWAYS buy salad ingredients carefully. Select unblemished, fresh green leaves and the best young vegetables procurable.

WASH greens and vegetables in cold water immediately, discarding any bruised or damaged parts. Lettuce should be cored and put under running water, then turned down to drain.

GREENS other than lettuce should be pulled apart, and each stalk or leaf held under a stream of water to rinse away particles of earth. Celery and thick-skinned vegetables should be scrubbed thoroughly with a brush.

STORE in the refrigerator, placing drained greens in vegetable crisper, which provides perfect, moist cold. Tumble in the other vegetables.

STORE picked herbs in green-glass bottles to preserve their color.

IF space is short in the refrigerator, tomatoes will keep satisfactorily on a shelf.

WHERE no crisper is available, arrange salad greens in a deep, covered enamel dish in alkathene bags or in sheets of waxed paper, then store.

CHECK the dish or container in which salad greens are stored once a day, wiping out any excess water around the greens that might spoil them.

WHEN preparing oranges for a salad, place in hot water for a few minutes before peeling. The skin will be much easier to remove.

WHEN using apples in a salad, drop them into cold water before required. They will then stand for some time without discoloring.

USE an egg-slicer for cutting up cold boiled potatoes, carrots, and similar vegetables when mixing a salad.

PARSLEY will keep its flavor and be much easier to chop if it is washed in warm water instead of cold.

CUT short the stems of radishes and carrots so they will be ready for use without further washing. Drain greens and vegetables on a wire rack. Pat dry on a towel.



ROBIN for those flashing petticoats

What is prettier than the swish and swirl of white petticoats and how important to have them starched just right. That, of course, calls for Robin, for even, crisp starching. Robin Starch is so easy to mix, so much easier to iron with. No wonder more and more women now use Robin Starch.



P.S. For "band box" freshness! light starch your tennis frock and shorts.

ROBIN Starch

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON



Any time is IDEAL time for ICE CREAM



Make it this EASY BREEZY WAY!

INGREDIENTS: One 12-oz. tin "IDEAL" Evaporated Milk, 2 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoonful gelatine, 1-1/2 teaspoons vanilla essence.

Place unopened tin of Nestlé's Ideal Milk in refrigerator overnight. 20 minutes before making, set control at maximum. When ready to make, add one tablespoonful of cold water to gelatine and allow to swell, then heat until dissolved, and cool. Open tin of Ideal Milk and pour contents into bowl. Add sugar and essence. Add dissolved and cooled gelatine. Whip until thick. With control at maximum, place in freezing trays in refrigerator until frozen for serving.



NESTLÉ'S IDEAL FULL CREAM EVAPORATED MILK
A NESTLÉ'S QUALITY PRODUCT

Meringue sweet wins prize

● A delicious fruit-filled meringue tart wins the prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest for readers.

AN attractive feature of the prizewinning dish is the chocolate-flavored crust that provides a rich, unusual flavor.

The small quantity of sherry folded into the meringue before baking reduces the sweetness in this recipe.

Spoon measurements are level.

CHOCOLATE FRUIT TART

Chocolate Pastry: Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 8oz. self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Filling: Two apples, 1 cup strawberries, 2 bananas, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons milk.

Meringue: Two egg-whites, salt, 1/2 cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon sherry.

Cream shortening with sugar; add egg, beat well. Work in sifted dry ingredients, mix to soft dough, adding milk if necessary. Roll out to 1/4 in. thickness, line 8 or 9 in. tart-plate. Trim edges, pinch a frill and prick base and sides. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Remove, arrange apples (sliced, lightly cooked, and sweetened) over base, cover with sliced bananas and strawberries. Beat egg-yolks



CHOCOLATE FRUIT TART looks and tastes delicious. Most people will enjoy the combination of fruit flavors in the filling. See prizewinning recipe on this page.

with sugar and milk, pour over fruit. Return to moderate oven, bake until set. Cool; top with meringue.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add sugar. Continue beating until mixture holds its shape; fold in sherry. Pile on to tart, place in oven until meringue is set and lightly browned.

First Prize of £5 to Miss E. Butler, 11 Delville Street, Horsham, Vic.

Recipes to file

LUNCHEON PLATTER

● An attractive and substantial platter suitable for luncheons can be made by combining wedges of papaw with luncheon-meat rolls and slices of rye bread on a bed of lettuce or endive.

Meat rolls: Half-pound sliced luncheon meat, 4oz. cream cheese, 2oz. grated tasty cheese, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons chopped gherkin, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, salt, cayenne pepper.

Combine cream cheese and grated cheese with butter, mix well. Add gherkins and onions, season to taste with salt and cayenne pepper. Place a spoonful on to each meat slice, and roll up. Secure with a cocktail stick and arrange on platter with other salad ingredients. Garnish with radish roses.

Avocado pear slices lightly sprinkled with Worcestershire sauce could replace the papaw, if desired.

FAMILY DISH

THE least expensive fillets of fish can be served for special family dinners when prepared as this week's family dish. It costs between 6/- and 8/-, depending on type of fish, and serves four.

FISH FILLETS PIQUANTE

One and a half pounds fish fillets, 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch marjoram, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Wash and dry fillets. Place all other ingredients except parsley in shallow dish, heat to melt butter and mix together. Place fillets flat in dish, baste with the liquid, and grill 9 to 10 minutes. Baste once or twice while cooking. Lift fillets on to heated platter, spoon remaining liquid over, and sprinkle with parsley.

FRENCH DRESSING

● One tablespoon castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon mustard, 2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, few grains cayenne, 2 cups salad oil, 1/2 cup vinegar.

Measure sugar into quart jar, add mustard, salt, pepper, and cayenne; pour in oil and vinegar. Cover jar securely, shake vigorously until well blended. Store in a cool place. Shake dressing thoroughly before using.

Cream cheese dressing: Cream 3 tablespoons white cream cheese until soft; gradually blend in 1/2 cup French dressing.

Anchovy dressing: Combine 1/2 cup French dressing and 1 tablespoon finely chopped anchovies.

Vinaigrette dressing: Combine 1 finely chopped hard-boiled egg and 1 teaspoon each of at least four of the following ingredients: chopped pimento, parsley, chives or green onions, gherkins, olives, capers, and green pepper; gradually blend in 1/2 cup French dressing.

CHERRY SALADENE

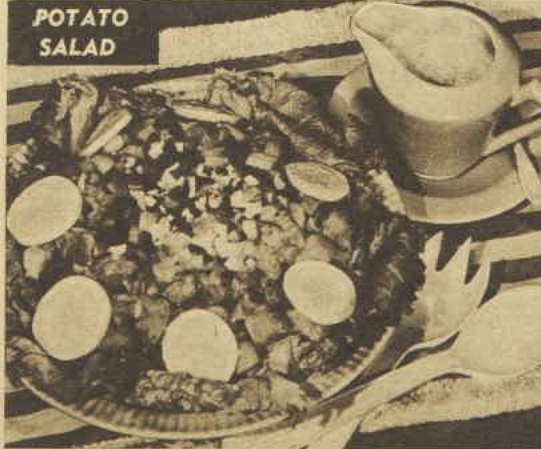


LOBSTER MAYONNAISE

● One cooked lobster, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon salad oil, 1 dessertspoon onion juice, 1 cup mayonnaise, 8 hard-boiled eggs, 1/2 cup diced celery, powdered lobster coral or paprika for garnishing.

Split lobster lengthwise from head to tail, and discard the stomach (at back of head) and all spongy tissue. Remove tail and body meat in large pieces. Wash shells well, leave to drain. Using a stainless-steel knife, cut flesh into chunky pieces. Marinate 1 hour in lemon juice mixed with onion juice and oil. Remove, combine with mayonnaise, chopped hard-boiled eggs, and celery. Toss lightly to mix. Fill into lobster shell, and garnish with lobster coral or paprika. Serve on a bed of lettuce or cress with celery curls and other salad garnishes.

POTATO SALAD



sides. He thought it worth trying to charm me a bit and find out how the land lay. I need hardly say it didn't come off. Now," he said with considerable satisfaction, "he wishes he'd never set eyes on me."

With some dexterity he swept out his right arm and exchanged his empty glass for a full one from the tray Billington was carrying.

"Here's confusion to the old humbug," he said, drinking heartily.

"In his own champagne?" said David, slightly shocked. He began to wonder how Floyd had ever achieved any success as an advocate. He seemed to have a remarkable knack of arousing sympathy for the other side.

"Why not?" Floyd's speech was already a little slurred. He was apparently unconscious of the reaction he had aroused. He looked around for Billington. "What about another glass?"

"While the workers starve?" "My going thirsty isn't going to stop the workers going hungry." He clapped David vigorously on the shoulder and said, in a North-country accent, "Use your loaf, lad."

He managed to catch Billington's eye and secured another glass of champagne. "That's better," he said. "A good chap, that steward of yours. What's his name?"

"Billington."

"No smarm and soft soap about him. I was talking to him earlier. Comes from Rochdale. His father was killed by a fall of roof in the pit."

"Indeed?" said David. Billington's pay-book gave his birthplace as Johannesburg. "Yes. He's too good altogether for these snobs he looks after, and I told him so. What's more, he knows his job." He waved his glass appreciatively, spilling a little of it over his suit. "He's got this stuff at just the right temperature. If you don't serve it ice-cold, it tastes like lolly-water."

It was much later before David was able to speak to Julia. Throughout the evening he moved conscientiously from group to group, very much the

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

[from page 58]

daughter of diplomacy. It was a side of her that David had not seen before. As time went on her elusiveness made him increasingly bad tempered. When she finally came over to speak to him he could hardly bring himself to be amiable.

"Hello," she said. "I hope you're enjoying yourself."

"Enormously, thanks," he replied stiffly.

"Have a sandwich or something?" She looked around. "Oh, dear, I'm afraid there aren't any left."

"It's all right. I'm not hungry."

"A drink, then?"

"I have one."

"Is there anything I can get for you?"

"Nothing at all, thanks." He

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1800 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

added irritably, "Do I look as if I need something?"

"Yes, you do rather. You look a bit glum and out of sorts."

"I'm not in the least."

"Don't you like the party?"

It was almost as if she were deliberately baiting him.

"You've asked me that before. I said—yes, I did. Mind you,"

he added with slight bitterness, "I think it would have been more fun if your father had been expecting me."

"Oh!" She made a show of consternation. "Did I forget to tell him? But I'm sure it didn't matter. He's quite used to not knowing who his guests are—even the one's he's invited himself."

Despite her show of regret, there was an implication that

it was slightly tiresome of him to have made such a fuss. In David, resentment struggled with a desire to move the conversation on to more profitable ground.

"It made for a slight awkwardness at first," he said, with a thin smile, "but your father carried it off with great aplomb."

"I'm sure he did. But I'm really awfully sorry. I haven't looked after you at all. Quite unforgivable. You must think very badly of me."

"Not at all. You were obviously very busy."

"I was playing hostess." She gave a grimace. "You know how it is."

David nodded dubiously. He found her attitude on this point contradictory. At their previous meeting she had seemed to regard the ordinary social conventions with contempt. In each case she had managed to give the impression that her mode of behaviour was the only proper one, and that to act otherwise was somehow to run the risk of appearing ridiculous.

"Anyway," she went on, "you seemed to be having a very animated conversation with that talkative man."

"Floyd?"

"Is that his name? Who is he?"

"A Communist agitator, so far as I can see. He told me your father had invited him."

"No!" She gave one of her harsh, short laughs. "Poor old father, what a bloomer! But it's just like him. He's got a genius for getting hold of the wrong end of the stick."

"He's done very nicely out of his indiscretions so far," he pointed out.

He wondered whether she might take offence, but she showed no sign of doing so. She paused a moment before replying.

"It's the sort of thing," she said seriously, "that can be carried too far. He worries me nowadays. While he had the tradition of the Foreign Office

behind him to keep him on the straight and narrow he couldn't go far wrong. But since he's kicked over the traces he feels that he's got to make up his own mind about everything, if only to live up to his reputation. It's a dangerous thing to start doing for the first time, at his time of life."

A little later the captain and Hume left the party.

"It's getting on for eleven o'clock," said David. "I expect the old man's going up to the bridge."

"Will we sail on time?" asked Julia.

He shrugged his shoulders. "That's anybody's guess. He said eleven o'clock, and if he wants to stick to the letter of the law he can cast off on the dot. But you can lose a lot of seamen that way on Christmas Eve. I expect he'll be sensible and give them half an hour's grace."

As he talked to her he could not help wondering what was happening among the men. He realised that he had no clear idea of what they felt or how they lived. It was so easy to delude oneself. One met people such as Colebrook or Billington and happily imagined that they represented the men as a whole. A foolish delusion, worthy of Sir Edward himself. What resemblance did they bear, these old and trusted Company servants, to the men from the Shipping Pool, half-educated, emotional, an amorphous, mysterious proletariat in the organism of the ship?

Perhaps Colebrook knew them—and perhaps not. To them, Colebrook might be almost as remote as the officers themselves. Sharing neither his manners nor his loyalties, they might well regard him with distrust. What did they think of, these men? What happened to them on these sordid, pathetic orgies ashore? How did they feel as they crawled up the gangway, their pockets inside-out, shouting farewells to the girls on the quayside? And

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 73. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 543 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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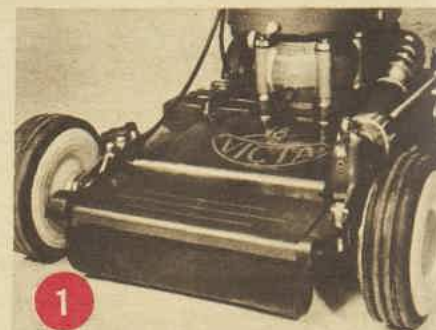
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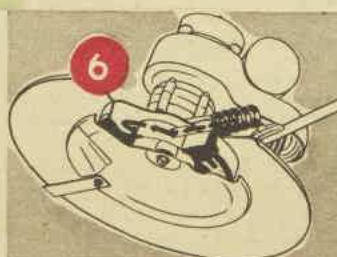
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how did they feel, in particular, tonight as they dragged themselves from their Christmas Eve celebrations to come on board and take the ship out? Angry and resentful they were bound to be. The best hope was that their resentment would express itself in grumbling rather than in action.

"Who's that man?" Peremptorily, Julia's voice called his attention back to herself.

"Where?"

"Over there — talking to the purser."

A tall man in a white uniform with greying hair and a long, melancholy face was whispering into Ross' ear.

"That's the master-at-arms."

"What does he do?"

"He's a sort of ship's policeman. Most of the time he doesn't do much. Strolls around with a stick under his arm and watches to see that nobody runs off with the funnels."

"Sounds like a cushy job."

"A reward for faithful service."

At that moment Ross nodded sharply to the master-at-arms, turned away, and walked across to David. On his face was an expression of extreme concern.

"I'm leaving now," he said. "There are one or two matters to attend to. Perhaps you'd better come too."

It was equivalent to a command. David said goodnight to Julia and accompanied Ross out into the corridor. The master-at-arms was waiting for them.

"Well, Wakefield," said Ross, after closing the door, "what is it?"

Wakefield shuffled his feet unhappily. "It's really most unfortunate, sir —" He halted.

David tried to help. "Some of the boys gone adrift?"

"About twenty I'd say, sir." Wakefield's face had lost none of its anxiety. "But then, we were expecting something like

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

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that, wasn't we? No — it's something worse than that," he said sepulchraly.

"Well, what is it?" said Ross irascibly.

Wakefield swallowed. He seemed to consider the possibility of an explanation and then discard it. "You'd better come up and see, sir."

Before Ross had time to ask any further questions he hurried along the corridor to a companionway and began to climb up it. As Ross and David followed he said over his shoulder, half to himself, "I hope the captain isn't going to put the blame on me. I'm on my own and I can't be everywhere. I really ought to have some assistance when things are like this. . . . Said so time and time again . . ."

THEY came out on to the boat deck. It was a hot, clear night. Every star was visible and the full moon lit up the ship like a lantern. The master-at-arms stood to one side and waited for them. He did not attempt to demonstrate what it was that he had brought them to see and there was no need. On either side of the funnel in huge white letters which covered the boat deck someone had written in phosphorescent paint one word:

ANTIGONE.

Christmas Day was dull and overcast. There was a sharp southerly breeze in the Bight. Blowing up over a thousand miles of water from the Antarctic circle, it brought with it a faint but perceptible chill of winter and an uncomfortable, heaving swell. The Capricorn ploughed westwards, pitching

slightly, on a sea the color of gun-metal.

To wake up and find such a sudden change in the weather was depressing and served to reinforce the sense of unease which ran through the whole ship's company as a consequence of the affair of the previous night. The painting on the deck had been more than a piece of drunken indiscretion. It had been a deliberate, malicious attack on the captain personally, a declaration of war.

"How do you suppose they know about it?" asked David as he sat in the purser's cabin before lunch.

"How does everybody know everyone else's business on board ship?" Ross shrugged his shoulders. "They do, that's all. Somebody may have been on the Antigone at the time — or heard about it from a friend who was. What does it matter?"

"Have you seen Slade this morning?"

Ross nodded. "I was up there earlier."

"How is he taking it?"

"It's hard to say," Ross scratched his chin pensively. "He didn't bring the subject up himself, and I wasn't going to."

"The first officer has the deck cordoned off and a gang of men scrubbing at the paint. Slade was standing on the bridge right above them, but he just looked as if he didn't know they were there."

"Do the passengers know about it?"

"I expect so. You can't keep a thing like that quiet. They haven't been allowed up on to the deck, but they know there's something going on."

"When will the deck be clear?"

"Some time this afternoon, the bo'sun tells me."

"Any information about who did it?"

"Not a smell. The officer of the watch didn't see a thing. He should have done, of course, but with the ship being tied up he was probably taking it easy. In any case, that part of the deck is difficult to see from the bridge and it was pretty dark earlier on, before the moon came out. The master-at-arms was down at the gangway organising the disposal of the drunks."

"So there's nothing to be done about it?"

"No," Ross thought for a moment. "Even if we had a good idea who it was," he went on slowly, "I doubt whether Slade would press it. He doesn't want to be reminded of the Antigone business any more than he can help. He'd like to pretend it had never happened."

There was a silence. Ross sat back in his chair, gazing pensively out of the porthole. With a monotonous rhythm the sea rose and fell across his line of vision, the ship's plates and timbers creaking and sighing in time to its motion. Occasionally an albatross cast its shadow across the waves. They were common in the Bight. All day they followed the ship, wheeling about the stern, maintaining by some miraculous means a speed of over twenty knots with hardly a movement of their enormous black wings.

"You know," said Ross, "I'm sorry about this. I like Slade. I've said some hard things about him in the past, it's true. But the fact remains that, as deck officers go, one could do a great deal worse. He's a decent, courteous sort of fellow, and he doesn't try to push you around like some of them. He's got faults, of course. Nobody could call him a decisive character . . ."

"I always used to think," put in David, "that that was the essential quality for a ship's master."

"There's a lot of rubbish talked about most occupations," Ross, with an automatic motion, poured out two more tots of gin and filled up the glasses with iced water. "People think that captains are always taking dramatic decisions, just as they think doctors are always saving lives, and barristers defending murderers at the Old Bailey. It isn't so, of course. Most of the work's routine, and you can go a long way by just following the rules — especially if you've got good men working under you."

"On a ship this size the heads of the various departments are pretty experienced — usually all the captain has to do is to sit back and look graceful and claim the credit. But every so often something happens. Then, quite suddenly, the captain's on his own again, just as he was in the days before the radar and the echo-sounder and the automatic pilot. He's got to take the bull by the horns and do something about some situation that isn't in the book. He's got to show that he hasn't forgotten how to command."

Ross sounded unusually concerned; more so, David thought, than the present position merited. Nothing of any great importance had happened so far, after all.

"Do you think anything as serious as that is likely to occur on this voyage?" he asked sceptically.

"It might," Ross wriggled his shoulders restlessly. "Everything feels wrong somehow. The whole atmosphere of the ship has changed for the worse. It's not easy to explain."

"Hume?" suggested David. He began to wonder whether Ross was not beginning to get matters rather out of proportion.

"He's certainly part of it."

"What does he think about the painting?"

ROSS became more his old self. "I don't accept the assumption that Hume thinks, in the usual sense of the word," he observed acidly. "He reacts. What his reaction is in this case, I don't know. I'm not sure that we're even on speaking terms, following a slight dispute yesterday over the organisation of church services for the season of goodwill. Since then we've been communicating with each other by means of typed memoranda in the third person singular." He suddenly gave a grimace. "Got any bicarbonate of soda?"

"I'm afraid not. What is it — indigestion?"

"Yes. I always get it after champagne."

"Get your head down after lunch and sleep it off," advised David.

"I can't," said Ross bitterly. "I'm scheduled to appear as Santa Claus at the children's party."

The rest of the day was equal to Ross' gloomiest expectations. The Capricorn went through its Christmas routine with determination rather than confidence. The crew, following their excesses of the previous night, were morose and despondent. The passengers, determined on creating at least an appearance of gaiety, drank too much before lunch and fell into a heavy sleep afterwards. They awoke at teatime with headaches and little appetite for dinner. The children's party, at which Ross made a short and dyspeptic appearance, for a time bore the appearance of success; but even that finally concluded in a fight

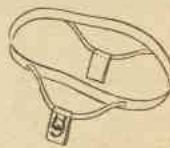
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On Christmas Day



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FOR CAR AND HOME



Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

over the distribution of the prizes.

It was expected of the officers that they should make some effort to generate an atmosphere of festivity. David found the task increasingly irksome as the day wore on. He was weary of the bogus good-fellowship, the tedious badinage, the absurd pretence that this group of people, who had known each other for no more than two or three days, and whose only common interest was a desire to land at Tilbury in a month's time, constituted in some way a natural community.

At dinner the mounting tedium of the day approached its climax. The food was stodgily traditional, the courses succeeded each other interminably — the Capricorn was not going to have it said that it had denied anything to its guests over Christmas. The stewards sweated, the passengers ate and ate and ate, secretly cursing their own imprudence as they did so.

Their demeanor varied according to how much they had drunk before dinner. At some tables there was shouting and cracker-pulling and the telling of questionable jokes. At others the fun, after a conscientious beginning, sagged heavily under the weight of seven indigestible courses.

David's table fell into the second group. Floyd and Mrs. Cranston-Smith had plainly been making merry in the bar. Their faces were suffused, and they had a tendency to laugh on insufficient provocation. As at Sir Edward's party, intoxication had induced in Floyd a mood of cheerful aggression, but in the presence of Mrs. Cranston-Smith this had taken a more romantic turn.

To his hot glances and innuendoes she responded happily with wriggling shoulders and a display of flashing white teeth.

Across the table Mrs. Upjohn and the Kelsos sat in stony disapproval. The Kelsos, primly sober, put on the paper hats which had been laid out for them and then ate solidly and silently through the dinner. Mrs. Upjohn put her paper hat and cracker in her handbag, announcing that she proposed to give them to the Dulwich Women's Institute on her return home.

Various attempts by Floyd to liven up the party were unsuccessful. His raillery was ignored, his suggestion that they should all join in a bottle of wine met with a horrified refusal. Eventually he grew discouraged and directed his at-

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tention entirely to Mrs. Cranston-Smith. Their conversation proceeded in whispers, punctuated by an occasional excited giggle. Every now and then they would steal food off each other's plates.

Wearily, David fought a rear-guard action against grapefruit, julienne soup, fillet of sole, roast turkey and stuffing, new potatoes, peas, plum pudding . . . To his left Mrs. Upjohn complained sibilantly of the behaviour of Floyd ("a great deal too friendly, in my opinion . . ."). On the other side, Floyd himself was demonstrating how it was possible for two people to drink out of a champagne glass at the same time. The whole world was futile, noisy, and insane. It suddenly occurred to David that he was nearing the limit of his endurance.

"And, even if she is the wife of a naval officer," Mrs. Upjohn was hissing in his ear, "which I doubt . . ."

"Excuse me."

With an abrupt movement he dropped his spoon and fork, pushed back his chair, and strode out of the saloon.

ON the boat-deck it was cool and quiet. The breeze had dropped a little, but was still sufficient to keep the air crisp and clear and put a slight swell on the water. Up on the bridge David could see the shadow of the officer of the watch and the tall quarter-master standing motionless at the wheel; otherwise there was no one. Everybody else was down in the saloon.

He looked down at the reflection of the moon, wrinkled and distorted by the waves. Often, even after years at sea, he would still look in wonder at that endless, heaving carpet of water, sometimes green, sometimes a dozen varying shades of blue. Under it there was a hidden world, an infinity of space, peopled by myriads of living, breathing, warring creatures. In comparison, the Capricorn was no more than a speck of dust on the surface; if she were to sink, it would hardly cause a ripple in those silent depths.

Though it was a relief to be away from the saloon, the feeling of deadness within him persisted. It came to him that here, in the midst of this crowded hive, surrounded by his friends, he was lonely. He thought of Ann. She would be no help, he decided.

Her face had looked a question at him as he had passed

by her on his way out of the saloon. "Is everything all right? You're not ill?" it had said, and he had made a reassuring gesture. He did not want her to follow him. She would try hard to understand if he explained, but he did not want to explain. It was one of those things that had to be understood instinctively, without an explanation.

The wind changed, blowing towards him a whiff of oil from the galley funnel. David moved to the other side of the deck and found he was not, after all, alone. A girl was leaning against the rail, wearing a light belted coat, the end of her cigarette glowing in the dark. Hearing his footsteps, she turned round. It was Julia.

She looked at him without surprise, almost as if she had been expecting him.

"Is dinner over?" she asked.

"Not yet."

"You came away?"

"Yes. And you?"

"I never went. I couldn't face it. I had a poached egg in my cabin."

He smiled. "Coward!"

"I can be excused. After all, I'm only a woman—and a passenger, at that. With you it's quite different. You deserted your post."

"In the face of heavy fire," he pointed out.

"That makes it worse. The officers should set an example."

He was silent. He could not keep up the joke — it came too near to his own unhappiness.

She said, "What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing very much. It's just . . ." He made a grimace.

"I suppose that's how I seem to you — a sort of glorified travel agency man. I'm here to arrange the accommodation, listen to complaints, make polite conversations to old ladies, call out the numbers for the tombola."

She interrupted him. "Why did you take the job on?"

"I wanted to see the world. It sounded an interesting life and I couldn't think of anything I'd like to do better. It didn't occur to me that it would be like this."

"The responsibility . . ."

"I have none worth talking about. The purser takes all the major decisions. And he's pretty bored himself. There's something about the whole atmosphere . . ." He made a hopeless gesture. "I can't easily explain it."

"Why bother to try?" she said indifferently. "If you feel

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IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

IRON-ON Transfer No. 1006D features dainty crinolined ladies suitable for decorating guest-towels or linens. In pretty shades of pink and blue, these transfers are easy to apply, needing only a warm iron to give a long-lasting and attractive decoration on any smooth fabric. Price 2/6.



Also available is the pattern for the little girl's pinafore illustrated at left. Easy to make, this feminine little pinafore can be worn with or without a blouse.

In sizes to fit 4, 6, 8, or 10 years, the pattern costs only 2/-.

Order your transfer and pattern from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



Salutes
the
Season
with these

Super Salad Dishes

LUNCHEON BEEF

slices perfectly for salads, sandwiches and savouries.



CAMP PIE

Meaty, firm and juicy! It's the "all round" favourite in every State . . . as well as being obtainable in the new SQUARE can in Victoria.



PLATE BRAND CORNED BEEF

A deliciously flavoured Corned Beef in the easy, speedy key-opening can.



"On Parade Salad" is a combination of sliced Luncheon Beef, Camp Pie and Corned Beef served with cold savoury eggs plus your favourite salad ingredients.



Grocer Sam Says:

Swift food products are always good

Swift Australian Co. (Pty.) Limited
Nationwide Manufacturers and Distributors of famous food products



1 the winding time 2 the waving work

Continuing . . .

The Round Voyage

from page 77

something, you feel it. Why bother with the explanations?"

"I was sitting there at dinner, listening to them talking, and it came over me like something physical—a painful sickness in the pit of my stomach. Do you know what I mean?"

She nodded. "And everything looks fuzzy and grotesque, like one of those awful expressionist films they used to make in Germany?"

He looked at her with a sense of discovery. "You've felt it, too?"

"Once," she said reminiscently, "when I was younger—it was at a reception in Copenhagen—I broke down in floods of tears and had to be taken home. When they asked me what was wrong I couldn't tell them; I honestly didn't know. It was only later that I realised that it was just sheer, insupportable boredom."

"Has it ever happened since?"

"Not in that form. Nowadays I stay in my cabin and have a poached egg. It saves embarrassment."

"Does your father mind?"

"He gave up trying to understand me some time ago. It was never a job he was very keen on, and when it became too difficult he lost interest completely. He realises in a vague sort of way that I don't fit in, but that's as far as he goes."

"Fit in to what?"

"Oh—the life he's given me. It sounds wonderful on paper, but I don't belong there. I keep on thinking there must be some other place where I do belong, but I haven't found it yet." She gave a shrug of the shoulders. "Perhaps there isn't anywhere. Perhaps there's something wrong with me."

"I don't think so."

"You don't know me very well."

"Not yet," he said.

JULIA said nothing. His words seemed to echo in the silence, their implication growing plainer with each moment that they hung in the air. She turned towards him, leaning with her back against the rail. Her coat fell open and the thin silk dress which she wore beneath was caught by the breeze and drawn tightly against the curve of her body. She threw her cigarette into the sea.

"You mustn't do that," said David automatically, "you'll set the ship on fire."

"One way of causing a little excitement," she said.

"I can think of better ones." For a moment they looked at each other and then he moved forward and kissed her. There was no token attempt at resistance. She leaned against him, her lips slightly parted, her eyes closed.

They heard the sound of voices from down below on the promenade deck. An orchestra was beginning to tune up.

As they separated, he said, "Dinner seems to be over."

"Yes."

"They'll be up here any minute."

She said nothing, but looked at him expectantly. After a pretence of consideration he said, "We could always go down to my cabin."

"And now what?"

"That's a queer thing to say. Is it?" She looked straight into his face. Her wide-open greenish eyes were a matter of inches from his own, alert, questioning, almost in some curious way hostile. "I don't see why. Experiences don't begin and end—they lead to something else. I like to know what's going to happen next."

"Do we have to worry?" he said. "Why not just be happy?"

"So that's how you feel now?" She laughed. "I really have done you some good."

"Of course you have."

Restlessly she released herself from his arm and lit cigarettes for them both.

"Of course," she said deliberately, "I'm not entirely here to do you good—if you see what I mean."

"I'm not sure that I do."

"Well, one can't deny that our acquaintanceship has been a little short, but with your being so unhappy and my being so fed up, too—and Christmas Day miles away from anywhere . . ."

Comprehension came to him and with it an emotion he had so far missed. She had seemed too secure, too withdrawn to inspire affection. To have shown sympathy for her would have sounded like impertinence. But now, with the note of uncertainty in her voice, there came a sense of responsibility, an impulse to protect.

"I don't think that matters," he said gently and kissed her. She stood up and gripped his arms fiercely with her fingers. The next morning he discovered a row of small marks where her nails had dug into the flesh.

The grey, heavy clouds dropped behind to the east. The wind died down, leaving only a mild breeze, sufficient to freshen the air of the sunlit days. It was like one of those rare, incomparable weeks which sometimes appear, like an unexpected gift from the gods, in the middle of an English summer.

The passengers ate and slept, bathed in the open-air pool, and laid their bodies out on the deck to dry. In the evenings they drank and danced and gambled, each according to his taste. Now that Christmas was over the social life of the ship was allowed to develop under more natural circumstances. It did so, as always, with quite astonishing rapidity. Sudden friendships were formed over a game of deck quoits or a round of drinks, only to be abandoned within a matter of hours.

Strange and unaccountable impulses appeared in the most unlikely people. The respectable father of a family found himself chasing pretty girls round the swimming pool; the ageing spinster, waltzing awkwardly in the arms of the second officer, succumbed, without shame, to the temptation to rest her head on his shoulder. Emotions of all kinds grew and flourished wildly. Soon they would die, consumed by their own rootless vitality, like tropical plants. The passions of years might be experienced and forgotten in as many weeks.

Experience had taught David the artificiality of such relationships. The ship's officers, as they grew older, tended to become wary of involvement with the passengers, except on the most superficial plane. Ross had explained the situation several voyages back.

"You have to remember," he said, "that what's life for us is a few weeks' holiday for them. They're drunk most of their time, not just with alcohol but with sea air and sunshine and idleness. Nothing seems real to them. They'll promise you anything. They'll tell you all sorts of confidences. Some are true and some are not—it

To page 81

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 4, 1957



LOVELIER, MORE NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS!

RICHARD HUDNUT NEW QUICK Home Permanent

The only non-sticky, non-cloudy, crystal-pure Wave Lotion

This wonderful Richard Hudnut Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion penetrates so completely and quickly that much more hair can be wound on each curler. As a result, you can

give yourself a lovely, natural-looking perm in the latest fashionable soft styles with only 20 curlers—half the winding time, half the arm work. It's easy with Richard Hudnut New Quick!

2 NEW STYLE WAVES WITH ONLY 20 CURLERS, OR ONE ALL-OVER PERM IN EACH BOX

Richard Hudnut New Quick Wave Lotion is so pure and efficient that, unlike ordinary, cloudy wave lotions, the unused half can be recapped and saved for another wave. If you want a soft, 20-curler wave you get two waves from the one box. If you desire an all-over perm, using more than 20 curlers, use all the wave lotion.

A MORE NATURAL-LOOKING, STRONGER, LONGER-LASTING WAVE, WHICHEVER STYLE YOU PREFER

Richard Hudnut New Quick gives you the loveliest, most natural-looking, full-bodied wave you've ever known. No more weak surface waves . . . they're deep and won't wash out. No more dry, frizzy waves because Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion is lanolized. And Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Permanent leaves no unpleasant "after-permanent" odour.



Choose the Richard Hudnut Home Perm made specially for your type of hair.

RED BOX. For EASY-TO-WAVE hair and for soft, natural curls in Normal Hair.

GREEN BOX. For HARD-TO-WAVE hair and for tighter firmer curls in Normal Hair.

For bleached, tinted, brightened, colour-rinsed or lightened hair, use the "Easy-to-Wave Hair" kit.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE 13/-

... and for those end curls and between-perm pickups—

RICHARD HUDNUT
Quickette
END CURL HOME PERM



Keep your hair always perfectly styled in between perms, with this smaller-size Richard Hudnut Home Perm. Two pickups in each package . . . 9/-

Give your hair a Richard Hudnut Xmas Gift.

From Corn the richest grain, comes the richest flavour!



So crisp, so delicious, so satisfying! Nutrition experts say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives the same energy as 2 big helpings of bacon and tomatoes.

CORN — WHEN YOU NEED STAYING POWER

Corn soaks up more of the sun's goodness than any other grain. That's why corn tastes best. That's why corn is best. And that's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the most tempting and the most *sustaining* breakfast you could ever serve! Each big crisp, golden flake is packed with richer, deeper flavour... crammed with the kind of lasting energy every member of your family needs day after day. In fact, scientists say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives the same energy as two big helpings of bacon and tomatoes.

Memo to Mothers: If anyone needs a sustaining breakfast, it's *you*! So — make those crunchy Kellogg's Corn Flakes *your* steady breakfast date, too.

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FROM THE SUN**



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for **SMARTNESS**

for **STYLE**

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For "Her" NILE... Coloured borders, fancy checks, coloured grounds... 2/- ea.; 1-doz. box, 6/-

NILE FLORA... Huge range of latest prints, gaily coloured... 1/6 ea.

NILE FANTASY... Exclusive novelty prints—special large size... 1/11 ea.

For "Him" NILE... Attractive gift boxes... 1-doz. box, 19/6; 1-doz. box, 9/9; 3/3 ea.

NILE Initialled... Famous Nile White Handkerchiefs with Blue initial, 3/9 ea. Coloured Nile Handkerchiefs with coloured initial, 4/3 ea.

NILE "JUNIOR"... for boys—coloured designs—2/- ea.

Tired of dull mousey hair?



SHAMPOO GLORIOUS
NEW COLOUR INTO YOUR
HAIR IN A MAGICAL
5 MINUTES



The new semi-permanent colour rinse you use as a shampoo 6/11

hair magic

Try HAIR MAGIC to-night and transform your hair into a vision of loveliness in 5 magical minutes! Not a dye! HAIR MAGIC, used as a shampoo, brings dull, mousey hair to life again, glowing with colour and new-found beauty. Choose from such glamorous shades as Golden Brown, Mellow Gold, Medium Gold, etc. Semi-permanent! Get HAIR MAGIC to-day at any beauty salon, chemist or store. Your hairdresser will blend a personal shade for you... 6/11.

F4726. — Pretty lace-trimmed waist petticoat. Sizes 24 to 30in. waist. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, ¼yds. 3in. lace, 9yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 3/-.

Fashion PATTERNS

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4860, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian orders to Box 96-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN
F4683. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make "sack" dress. The dress can be worn belted or unbelted. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F4726



F4729. — Chic Empire line sheath, the bodice is finished with a flower motif. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material, 1yd. guipure lace edging, and 1 dozen lace flower motifs. Price 4/-.



F4683

F4728. — One-piece dress with contrasting collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.



F4728

F4729



F4730

F4730. — Small girl's summer dress designed with a contrast yoke and bow trim. Sizes: Length 20, 24, 28, and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1 1-3rd yds. to 2½yds. 36in. material and ¼ to ½yd. contrast. Price 3/-.



F4727

F4727. — Attractively styled two-way house-gown. The gown can be belted, floor-length, and finished with long sleeves, or waltz-length, unbelted, and finished with short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires waltz-length gown, 4½yds. 36in. material; floor-length gown, 4½yds. 54in. material, plus ¼yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 5/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 604. — BOY'S SUNSUIT

The suit is obtainable cut out ready to make in cotton broadcloth. The color choice includes white, sage-blue, green, grey, and lemon. Sizes: 1 and 2 years, 18/4; 3 and 4 years, 19/3. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 605. — SUNDRESS AND MATCHING PANTIES

Pretty twosome is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed summer breeze. The color choice includes blue-and-white, lemon-and-white, rose-pink-and-white, and pale green-and-white. Sizes: Length 18in. for 2 years, 26/3; 20in. for 3 to 4 years, 27/9; 23in. for 5 to 6 years, 29/3; 28in. for 7 to 8 years, 31/6. Postage 2/9 extra.

No. 606. — SUNHAT

The hat with detailed instructions for making is obtainable in white pique or headcloth in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: 2 to 12 years and adult sizes in small, medium and large. Price 8/8. Postage 9d. extra.

No. 607. — SUNDRESS

Sundress designed with a bare top and full gathered skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in floral cambric with a white poplin trim. The color choice includes lemon-and-blue, pink-and-green, coffee-and-white, and lemon-and-white with blue. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 42/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 44/9. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

No. 608. — WAIST-LENGTH JACKET

The jacket is obtainable cut out ready to sew in white pique or white poplin. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 22/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 24/3. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

* Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



604



605



606



607

608

doesn't matter. You say good-bye to them at the end of the voyage and never see them again."

David reminded himself of this in connection with Julia. It was good sense in general, he knew, but surely it could not be applied rigidly. The inference behind it was that he could never hope to have a genuine contact with any one of the people amongst whom his life was laid. He must resign himself to an arid bachelor existence like Ross' own, finding a refuge from despair in dreams of retirement and the breeding of imaginary chickens. It was better to run the risk of making a fool of oneself than to be content with so little.

As the days went by he began to look back on Christmas Day as a low point, following which his affairs had begun to take a more favorable turn. He had heard nothing further of Dillon. The steward was presumably working somewhere.

David reasoned that if he had intended to make a nuisance of himself he would have done so

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

(from page 78)

within the first few days. It began to look more and more likely that he had no knowledge of the connection between David and himself.

The purser's office was open all morning and most of the afternoon. After five o'clock David was free. For the last hour he would watch the clock impatiently. Several times he noticed Ross looking sadly in his direction — there was no doubt that the purser, and a great many other people by this time, knew about his interest in Julia.

When he had closed the office he went up immediately to the boat-deck, where she was usually to be found sun-bathing in some secluded corner. In spite of her unapproachability, or perhaps because of it, she attracted attention. As he sat with her, David was always conscious of being under observation.

She was a type of person quite strange to his experience,

and in many ways he found her difficult to understand. It was a sign of her considerable attraction for him that he was prepared to go to so much trouble to do so. When his efforts were not rewarded with success, he was more inclined to blame himself for clumsiness than Julia for perversity.

At times he found it hard to resist the conclusion that she was perverse. She had a tendency towards dramatisation of her own emotions which made their true value difficult to assess. Her temperament was mercurial, her actions often capricious. She was by turns off-hand and affectionate.

And yet, through all her vagaries of mood, he was able to perceive the underlying lack of security which had led her to clutch at him so fiercely. The bruises on his arms faded slowly, remaining as symbols of the weakness that lay beneath her parade of self-confidence.

DAVID'S cabin was conveniently placed in an unfrequented corner at the after end of C deck, and it was relatively easy for her to come and go without giving rise to comment. Every night at about ten o'clock she would visit him. Locked away from the life around them, they were there for hours, sometimes talking, but often in silence, listening to the hum of the engines and the splashing of the water against the hull. On these occasions, when time and space seemed to lose reality, she reached a state approaching contentment.

On one occasion only were they disturbed. There was a knock on the door.

"Are you there, David?" It was Ann. He gave no answer. Julia looked quickly at him.

Ann called again. When he again refused to answer she tried the door. It was locked. He heard her footsteps moving away down the corridor.

Julia said, "Aren't you afraid it might be something urgent?"

"Oh, no. We often call on each other. She probably wants a fourth at bridge or something."

"She may have thought you weren't here."

He shook his head unhappily. The incident had upset him. "The light's on."

"Do you feel bad about it?" "A little."

She hesitated for a moment and then seemed to make a decision. "I think this is something we ought to straighten out. What's the position about her?"

"I like her very much," he said. He was conscious of the weakness of the statement.

"How does she feel about you?"

"I don't know. She's fond of me, I think." He tried to be honest without sounding self-satisfied. "Anyway, she has no claim on me."

Julia was silent for a moment. "I saw her looking at you that first night at the night-club," she said. "I could tell then that she was in love with you."

"You exaggerate." "No. It was obvious."

"How?" "She had that anxious look on her face that women wear when they're unsure of their men. I could see she was furious when we joined you." When David said nothing she said, "I bet she was spiteful about me afterwards, wasn't she?"

David blushed. "You've got to be fair to her," he said defensively.

"I am being. It's you who's treated her badly. I've no doubt you encouraged the poor girl to fall in love with you."

"No."

"Yes. It flattered your vanity. And she was convenient, I suppose."

He realised, rather late, that Julia's voice had taken on an aggressive note. It was as if she was suddenly possessed with a desire to provoke a quarrel.

"Now, look, Julia —" He spoke, if anything, too reasonably; his manner seemed to exasperate her further.

"Now, here am I," she said, "just as convenient — and with a little more novelty."

David made no response. He knew it would be useless to convince her of the unfairness of this attack. In her present frame of mind she would not listen to him. Her desire to hurt herself was stronger than reason.

"To you I'm just an episode, an adventure. I should imagine you have one every voyage."

"You know that isn't true."

"You're surely not going to pretend you're in love with me?" When he opened his mouth to speak, she said, "No, please don't say it. I don't want you to lie to me."

He struggled to keep his temper. After a pause he said, "Let's try not to quarrel."

"I can assure you," she said indifferently, "I haven't any desire —" Her voice became unsteady and she left the sentence unfinished.

"Then let's forget about it."

He tried to take her hand, but she moved away from him.

"No," she said, "I want to talk." She regarded him solemnly for a moment.

"You know I'm supposed to be going home to get married?" she said.

"No."

"It's not definite. But I should think it will come off." She went on in a slightly affected voice, like someone in a play. "I was madly in love with him when I was last in London, a couple of years ago, but he hadn't any money and we couldn't afford to get married. He's a writer. I used to think his stuff was wonderful, but nobody would publish it."

"Why not?"

"It wasn't commercial enough," she said with contempt. "But while I was in America he wrote and told me a friend had got him a very good job on the films."

"Oh," said David. His interest was tepid. Also, this news of another suitor had disconcerted him. It made the protective attitude he had taken towards Julia seem slightly absurd. "What does your father think about it?"

"He'll probably be pleased to get me off his hands. I'm rather a worry to him on the whole. He always has a fear at the back of his mind that I'll let him in for some dreadful scandal, like my mother did."

He made a sympathetic sound, wondering whether he was expected to ask what her mother had done, or whether it would sound vulgar and inquisitive. As if appreciating his difficulty, she asked, "Did I tell you about her?"

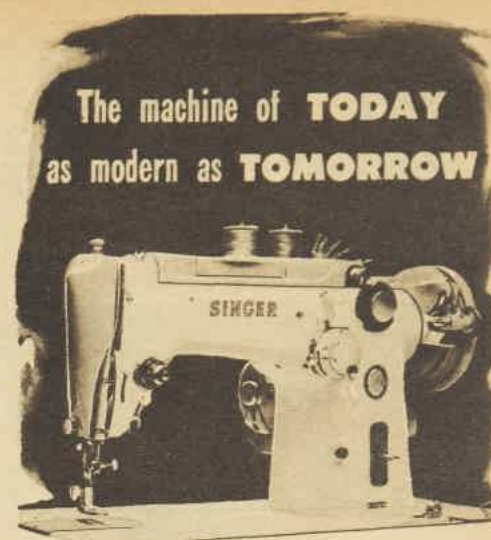
"No."

"There's nothing very unusual about it, I suppose. She ran away with a man years younger than herself and after a few months he left her. She wouldn't come back to father and eventually she took to drink and died in a car accident." She told the story in a brisk mechanical fashion, like someone reciting the plot of an indifferent film. "That's all."

"I'm sorry —"

"Oh," she said with an indifference that was totally unconvincing, "it didn't worry me in the least. I was very young."

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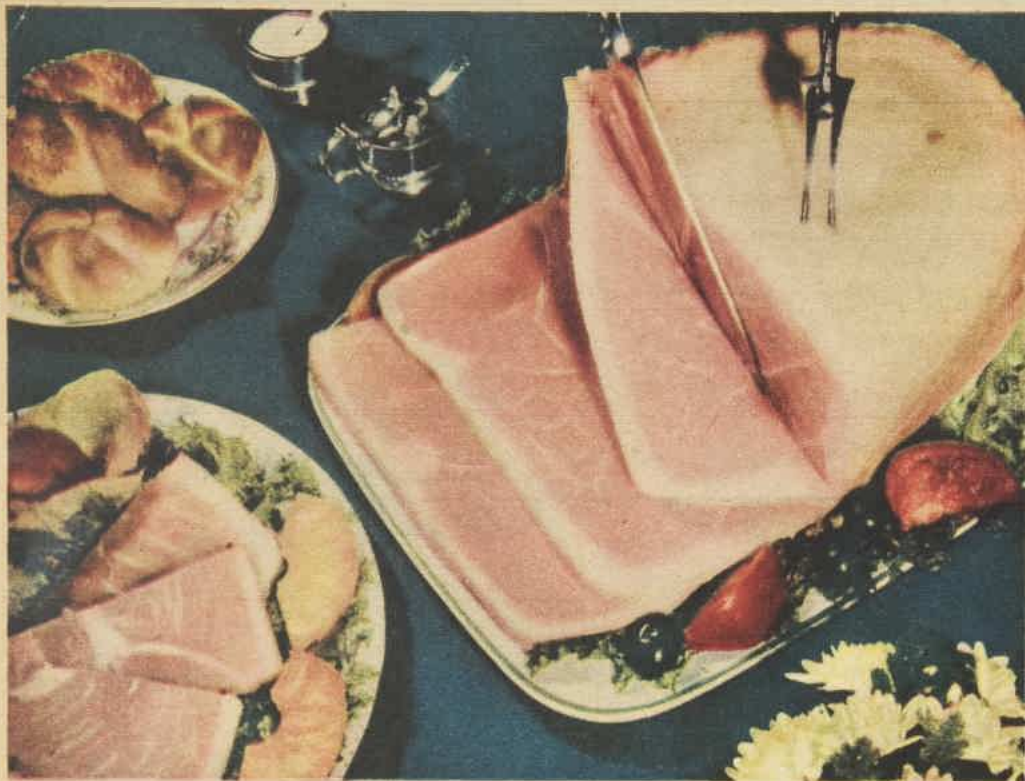


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A Christmas dish to fill every wish



Mayfair is cured from selected pigs
It's the very best ham your money can buy,
Carving the joint is not my strong point
but I can slice Mayfair as easy as pie!



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serve it hot, Mayfair
Ham beats the lot

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Open the small tin

A Mayfair ham gives your Christmas the traditional touch of something extra special —without the traditional work and bother of elaborate preparation. And a Mayfair ham is so versatile; it's delicious so many ways that you will bless it as one of the best Christmas presents a family can give—or get!

Bring home the Christmas Bacon —Mayfair, of course.

Simple truth is there's no other bacon half as tasty as Mayfair! Buy it in the white windowpak with rind, or yellow windowpak without rind. Fry it, try it and give yourself a treat!



Mayfair Boneless Cooked HAMs

IN HANDY FAMILY SIZES, FROM 2 LBS. UPWARDS

New Film Releases

★★★ SEA WIFE

Twentieth Century-Fox drama, starring Joan Collins, Richard Burton, Basil Sydney, Cy Grant. In De Luxe color, CinemaScope. Mayfair, Sydney.

JOAN COLLINS, Britain's answer to Marilyn Monroe, gives a sympathetic portrayal of the beautiful nun who survives, with three men, when their ship is torpedoed after the fall of Singapore.

In a small rubber dinghy the four battle against the sea and the blazing sun.

Eventually they are washed to an island, where they make a raft and set sail again. Weeks later, all delirious and at the point of death, they are picked up and taken to separate hospitals.

During the time they are together, and during all their harrowing experiences, it is the presence and faith of Joan Collins which keeps them sane.

Richard Burton is the R.A.F. officer who falls deeply in love with her, not knowing that she is a religious; Cy Grant, the negro purser, knows and respects her; big businessman Basil Sydney sneers at, but is moved by, her faith in God.

This film, with its superb photography, including one storm scene of terrifying magnificence and its surprising, poignant ending, was adapted from J. M. Scott's novel "Sea-Wif and Biscuit."—A.M.B.

In a word: MOVING.

★★ HIGH TIDE AT NOON

Rank Organisation drama, with Betta St. John, Michael Craig, Alexander Knox. Embassy, Sydney.

THOUGH it could be vastly improved in continuity, two assets make this unusual little film a pleasant experience.

There are its new, vivid star, Betta St. John (half innocence, half maturity), and the charm of its refreshingly different location, a small island off the coast of Nova Scotia.

Betta comes home from school in love with life and the fishing community headed by her father, a role played with his usual quiet distinction by Knox.

However, the island peace soon is shattered. Feuds break out, and the young stranger Betta marries becomes a gambler and gets into debt.

Slowly the once prosperous community breaks up, and the island is deserted. Returning on a sentimental journey, Betta, now a young widow, finds waiting for her Michael Craig, the childhood friend she knew too well to fall in love with.

In a word: DIFFERENT.

MARTHA HYER'S latest date has been Gene Kelly, whose career is now back in top gear following the big success of "Les Girls." Martha's, though, isn't developing as rapidly as was first predicted.

YOU'LL be seeing more of Anthony Quinn as the artist Paul Gauguin. He became so interested in Gauguin

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars—below average

★★ FORTY GUNS

Twentieth Century-Fox outdoor drama, starring Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Sullivan. In CinemaScope. Plaza, Sydney.

FEDERAL - M A R - SHAL Barry Sullivan, flanked by his two brothers, Gene Barry and Robert Dix, are the fast-shooting trio in this conventional clean-up-the town Western saga.

Barbara Stanwyck, looking in some scenes incredibly elderly, is the fearless started-with-nothing boss of a big ranch who leads her 40 henchmen in and out of tangles with the law. Her vicious young brother, John Ericson, is the cause of most of the trouble.

There are no new aspects to this rather hackneyed plot, but the action is fast, there are quite a few really tense moments, and the acting is convincing. For those who like Westerns, this is a good one. —A.M.B.

In a word: DECISIVE.

News from Studios

when he played him in "Lust for Life," that now Quinn wants to do his life story as his first independent production after finishing "The Buccaneer." Quinn intends to both star and direct. The film will be shot in Europe some time next year.

★ MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES

Universal biographical drama, with James Cagney, Jane Greer, Dorothy Malone. State, Sydney.

HOLLYWOOD'S first horror star and master of make-up, the late Lon Chaney, is the subject of this conscientious though plodding film.

Its slow pace and unabashed sentimentality are killers to even a story with the human interest of Chaney's.

The normal child of deaf mutes, he survived a disastrous first marriage and a wrecked career to become Hollywood's leading exponent of horror make-up.

As a measure of the devotion tough little Cagney brings to the lead role, he even manages to look not too embarrassed in the many maudlin passages he has to play with his small screen son.

Dorothy Malone fails to make much of Cagney's hysterical first wife, but in a far less arresting part—the dancer he subsequently marries—Jane Greer is warm and appealing.

The most interesting sequences are those showing the early days of film-making in Hollywood. But it takes a long time to get there.

In a word: DRAGS.

FROM Hollywood comes another interpretation of the Lauren Bacall-Frank Sinatra "romance." He had always been a member of the Bogart circle, and will continue to have a very definite place in Lauren's life. But it will be as a friend. When they're photographed together you don't see the other members of the party, it is explained.



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I hardly knew her. I can't really regard her as my mother at all."

As David sat in his office waiting for the hours to pass, as he lay awake in the night, or sat between Floyd and Mrs. Upjohn through interminable meals, he thought of Julia. He was no longer conscious of the paralysing monotony of his life. Before, he had spent wretched hours staring out at the sea, his mind full of stale thoughts, his heart drained of emotion, numb and heavy like a limb from which the circulation had been lost. Now the circulation was returning.

With Julia he knew again the baffled, mysterious desires of adolescence, the yearning for an impossible intimacy which constantly eluded his grasp. He knew jealousy — jealousy of her money and social position, of the life she had lived outside his experience, of her friends and her previous lovers. But most of all he was jealous of the man she professed to be going home to marry.

He tried to simulate indifference, but he was aware that his pose did not deceive her. Eventually he could not restrain himself from reopening the subject.

"Are you sure you want to marry him?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "It's two years since I've seen him. He may have changed. We shall have to see how we feel about each other when I get home."

"He writes to you?"

"Yes, often. He writes wonderful letters."

"Of course," David pointed out with a trace of asperity. "That's his job, isn't it?"

She looked at him with pity rather than resentment, saying nothing. Conscious of the childishness of his last remark, he shifted his ground. "Is he in love with you?" he asked.

"He says so. But I keep telling him that he doesn't know me at all. I'm quite a different person from the girl he used to know. He may find he can't bear the sight of me."

"What is he like?"

She paused for a moment.

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

from page 81

"Tall," she said vaguely. "Not especially good looking — but attractive in an unusual sort of way. Very amusing to talk to — and he knows masses of interesting people."

David was sufficiently experienced to know that behind these careless, languid remarks there was a touch of malice. The urge to tease and torment was seldom dormant within her; she appeared to direct it impartially against her companions or herself. The picture she conjured up, of a wealthy scenario writer, on visiting terms with celebrities and

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full of smart, fashionable gossip to amplify his conversation, was no doubt false and exaggerated. Yet it succeeded in making him feel he was hardly in a position to compete.

"You must find me very dull in comparison," he said gloomily.

With an off-hand gesture, she replied, "It would be absurd to compare you with Guy. You're so totally different."

"Guy!" he said in disgust. It was a name he hated, and it seemed to fit perfectly the picture which had formed in his mind of a pretentious aesthete. He began to feel disappointed in Julia.

"You must meet him when we get to London. I'm sure you'll find him great fun."

"I doubt it."

She regarded him with a certain satisfaction. "Are you jealous?"

"Naturally."

"You shouldn't show it, even if you are."

He managed a weak smile. "You accused me of playing with you, but it's the other way round, really, isn't it? All this stuff about Guy . . ."

"I thought it was only fair to tell you."

He did not answer. The teasing insincerity of her remarks

was having an exhausting effect. It was hopeless to try to carry on a serious conversation on such a basis. And yet the feeling of being weighed against Guy (or, more likely, some idealist picture of Guy) was maddening to him. He felt an instinctive necessity to compete.

"I don't intend to spend my life in this rut, you know," he said.

"No?"

"No. Do you think I should?"

"How can I say? If that's what you want to do . . ." She refused to be involved. It occurred to David that her lack of possessiveness was a quality he had always thought, in theory, desirable. In practice it was exasperating.

"It's all right if you're prepared to stagnate," he said, "but if you've any ambition . . ." The words, falling against the wall of her indifference, sounded pompous and hollow. He ended weakly, "There's no real scope for ability."

"What would you do if you went ashore?"

He hesitated. This was something he had disclosed to no one as yet. He had kept it secret, tenderly wrapped up in his mind for fear anyone should hurt it by laughter or disparagement. For it was not strong enough to stand the buffets of the world. It existed only as an aspiration, a vision of something grand and solid and permanent stretching austere upwards to the sky.

"I thought I'd like to do architecture," he said hesitantly.

His muscles were tight with anxiety, for fear she should lay hands on his dream. But she did not ask him if he had any talent for drawing, or background in the subject, or connections in the profession. She did not attempt to expose the romantic basis of his conception, reminding him that modern architecture is mainly a

matter of council houses rather than cathedrals. She seemed to treat it as a perfectly feasible but not especially interesting ambition.

"How long will it take?" she asked.

"A few years."

"If you always wanted to do it, why have you left it so long?"

"Money," he said. "It's going to cost quite a bit."

"Is it?" she said vaguely. She managed to imply that financial difficulties of this pedestrian kind were matters with which she was disinclined to concern herself — quite unlike the artistic poverty which had hindered the natural fruition of her relationship with Guy. "Have you been?" — she mouthed the words as if they were part of a foreign language — "saving up?"

He smiled, a little smugly. The real truth, he reflected, if he cared to tell it, would remove the patronage from her voice.

"Not exactly."

She looked at him, intrigued by his expression. "You're looking very mysterious."

"Not really. It's just that — there are certain things I can't tell you about."

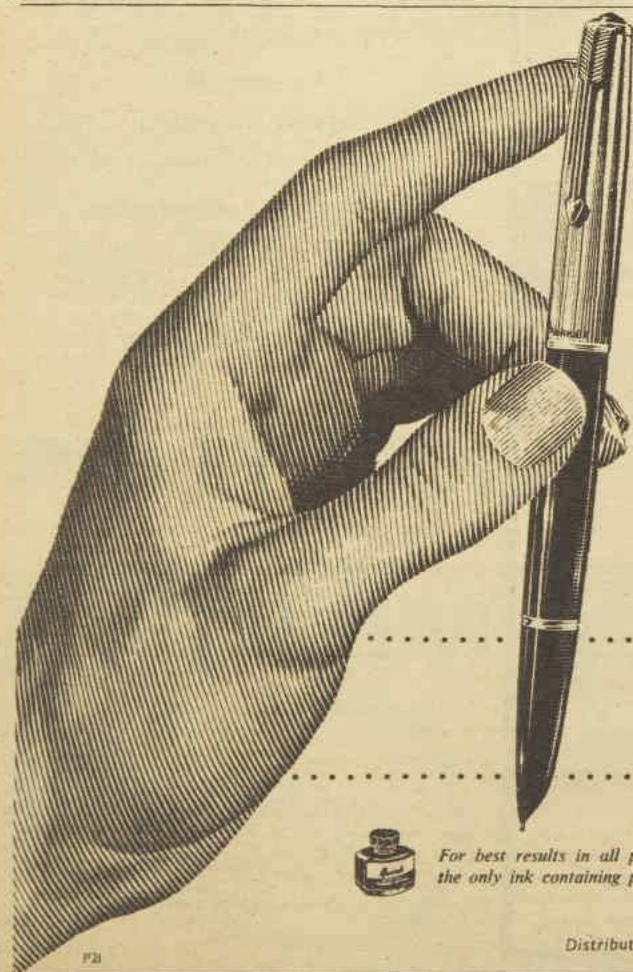
Her curiosity was now thoroughly aroused. She frowned indignantly. "That seems very unfair. It's always happening. I tell people all my secrets, and when it comes to their own affairs they hold back on me."

"Darling — do believe me — this isn't an ordinary sort of secret." His tone was conciliatory. "Let's talk about something else."

Her eyes glittered with determination. "We certainly won't. I shan't rest until I know what you're keeping from me." She added: "I always knew there was more in you than met the eye."

That, thought David with a certain triumph, was untrue. Until a few moments ago she had thought she knew everything about him, and it had

To page 88



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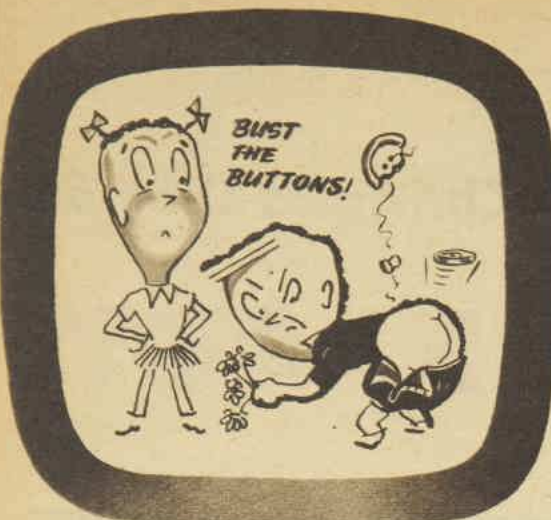
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diminished his interest in her eyes. Now the interest had revived.

"We've been talking too long," he said.

He moved towards her and tried to put his arm round her, but she wriggled out of his grasp.

"I won't let you kiss me until you tell me." When he made as if to ignore the threat she said with determination, "I mean it."

His face was very close to hers. He became suddenly impatient with the argument, and seized hold of her arm. She looked down at his hand and then up at his face again. Her eyes were wide, her teeth bared in a smile that was slightly menacing.

"I warn you," she said softly. "I'll fight. I'll scream."

She made a sudden violent jerk to free herself, but he was expecting it and threw himself upon her, trying to pin her down to the couch with his weight and force her arms in to her sides. He was relieved to find that she did not, after all, scream. But she fought back savagely, twisting and scratching. She was surprisingly strong.

He went on for a while, hoping that she would grow tired and give way; though he was having the best of the struggle it was certainly going to be impossible to bring it to any profitable conclusion so long as she was prepared to offer this degree of resistance. He relaxed a little and she took the opportunity to jerk herself free from his grasp. She moved away and sat on a chair facing him, panting slightly, her face flushed with excitement. She tossed her hair back from her face and grinned at him. Plainly, she had enjoyed the episode.

"I won't give in," she said. "You can make up your mind to it."

It was obvious that she meant it.

"What's the trouble?" she said. "Don't you trust me?"

"Yes. But in a matter of this sort —"

Suddenly she seemed to lose interest. "Oh, all right, forget

it. I don't suppose it's anything very much, if the truth be known. You're just trying to make yourself interesting."

He shook his head. "No. It's only that I have to be terribly careful." She yawned ostentatiously. Driven beyond endurance by this combination of wheedling, blackmail, and taunts, he made the first step towards capitulation. "You'd have to promise on your word of honor not to tell a soul?"

"I promise," she said seriously. "You can trust me."

"Very well then."

DAVID took a deep breath. He was committed now. At the same time he had an uneasy feeling that it had been a very rash decision. He did not exactly distrust Julia, but his knowledge of her was certainly too slight to predict her behaviour with confidence. He was not clear as to the main reason for his own recklessness. There was more than simply a response to pressure, a desire to keep his end up against an antagonist he had never seen. The deciding factor had been something in Julia's own personality by means of which she managed to infect him with her own contempt for prudence and calculation.

He told her almost everything. The rapt attention which she gave to his story took from him his last vestige of caution. He described the packages, the meetings with Mr. Johnson, the arrangements he had made for this voyage. Only Dillon's name he still held back from her.

She regarded him with admiration. "And I was thinking you were very nice, but just a bit stodgy..." She said regretfully, "I've never committed even the smallest crime. What does it feel like?"

"Fortunately," he said, "it's not one of those crimes one has any moral scruples about. The

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the Publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

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main thing against it is the possibility of getting caught. Sometimes I'm pleased because of the money, sometimes I get a kick out of pulling it off without getting caught. At other times I'm just scared."

"I suppose," she said thoughtfully, "you get used to it."

He shook his head. "That's not my experience. In parachute-jumping, they say the more jumps you make the more nervous you get. Subconsciously you know that the laws of chance are working against you. Each jump takes you nearer the one where you break your neck."

He remembered the Customs officer in his cabin at Sydney — the box of chocolates. He had carried it off well, surprised himself. . . . But the thought of doing it again was enough to make him sweat. "It's pretty much the same with this business."

"Yes — I see." She seemed suddenly to have lost interest in that side of the subject. Her mind had strayed elsewhere.

She said, "Now, this fellow you took on at Melbourne . . . what has he done?"

"I've no idea." "You just know that he had to leave Australia under a false name with a false passport?"

"Yes." "Have you tried to find out anything about him?"

"No. Why should I?" "I should have thought you'd have been curious."

"So far as I'm concerned, the less I know about him the better. I got him on the boat and my job's finished. With any luck I shan't have any further contact with him."

"Mightn't he be dangerous? I mean — he might be a murderer or something."

"That's most unlikely." With more confidence than he felt he said, "He's probably just been in some minor trouble. In any case, he'll be very careful to behave himself on the

boat. The last thing he wants to do is to attract attention."

"No. Of course not." Too casually she asked, "Should I be likely to see him at all?"

Now, he resolved, was definitely the time to stop. He had already told her far more than he should have done. "Look," he said, "I'm not saying any more. You can wheedle until you're blue in the face . . ."

"You won't tell me who he is?"

"No."

She got up and began to walk up and down the cabin. "Then let's see if I can get anywhere by guessing. Firstly, he must be a steward — otherwise you wouldn't have been able to engage him." She ticked the points off on her fingers. "Secondly, he's almost certainly in the first class —"

"Why?" "Because you were so obviously alarmed when I asked if there was any chance of my seeing him. Thirdly, he didn't get on until Melbourne. There can't have been many —"

She suddenly stopped, a triumphant smile on her face. She looked at him closely. "I think I know," she said softly.

"Look here, Julia —" He was overcome with exasperation and concern. It had all gone too far. He had acted like a fool.

"His name's Dillon, isn't it?" She sat down and waved a hand as he tried to protest. "You don't need to answer. I can tell by your face."

He leaned back sulkily on the couch. All traces of the emotions which had been responsible for his indiscretion had become submerged in anxiety. "How do you know him?"

She laughed. "Don't you know where he works?"

"No. The chief steward fixes that."

"He has a group of cabins in my section of the accommodation . . ."

To be continued



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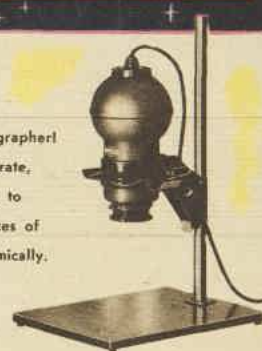
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Latest model in a series of world-famous Kodak Retina Cameras... a glorious gift! Features f/2.8 coated lens, 10-speed Synchro Compur Shutter, built-in self-timer and quick-sighting mirror-frame viewfinder. With always-ready leather case. PRICE: £38/10/-.



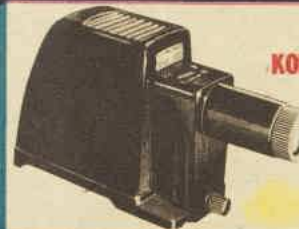
LUSCA ENLARGER

Luxury gift for any home photographer! Handsomely made, easy to operate, the Lusca accepts negatives up to 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches. Makes all sizes of enlargements — quickly, economically. PRICE: With lens, £28/10/-; without lens, £16/10/-.



KODASLIDE FILE BOXES

Your choice of 4 types... fine gifts for anyone with a colour slide collection. (From left) File Box, Kodaslide Flexo File, Compartment File and 400 File Box. PRICES: £1/1/-, 13/-, £2/3/9, £1/15/- respectively.



KODAK MERIT PROJECTOR

All the family can enjoy this gift... Australia's best value in colour slide projectors! Has Kodak 5-inch f/3.5 colour-corrected lens, 250 watt brilliance, aspheric condenser, scientific convection cooling. PRICE: £24.

Best Wishes for a Happy Christmas

from **YOUR KODAK DEALER** and
KODAK (Australasia) PTY. LTD. BRANCHES IN ALL STATES



Kodak

★ Prices subject to alteration without notice.

Lovely Mothers
Tell their
Daughters

Easily Banish
acne — pimples — blackheads



WITH
Innoxa
SOLUTION 41

All lovely mothers have a protective compassion born of their own memories of adolescent problems. That's why they tell their daughters of Innoxa's miraculous Solution 41!

This colourless, unscented preparation banishes those destroyers of youthful confidence and happiness... pimples... blackheads... acne... open pores... over-oily skin.

Solution 41 ensures serenity of spirit to turbulent adolescent years, and forms a basis of beauty for all the years to come.

Solution 41... 13/6

INNOXA Complexion Milk
makes all types of skin
Oh... so fragrantly CLEAN

Not mere cleanliness... but complete cleanliness that glows deep from within. Every speck of the day's grime dissolved in a second!

along with expended natural oils... and impurities! Nothing in the world cleans skin so swiftly, so safely, so gently, so deeply.

9/5, 18/9, 34/11



JUST TELL THE WIFE
to buy **FORD PILLS**
in the larger economy
Family size, and
get over twice
the quantity
for only 6/-
EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS

CORNS
End corn pain
with Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads. They
soothe, cushion, protect. Medicated discs
included remove corns. 3/- at Chemists,
Stores, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

BE YOUR OWN HANDY
MAN. Buy the "Practical
Householder," the
monthly magazine that
tells you how to do those
odd jobs. Price 2/- at all
newsagents.

TEENA by
Hilda Terry



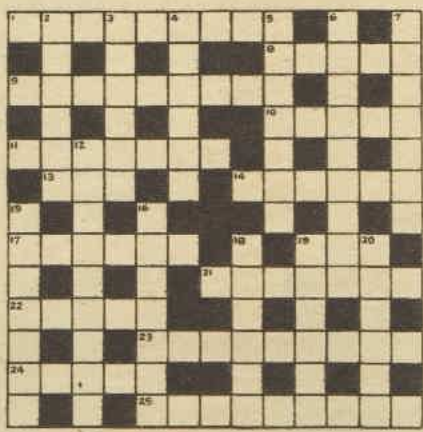
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Confinement keeps a tar in rest (9).
- Bring out and turn what the cow chews in case (5).
- Examples of men's spice (9).
- Get in a slight admixture of color (5).
- A ruler among one hundred and fifty can make a twisted cake (7).
- Sooner than you can find it in a serenade (3).
- It's tight yet it's art, or it could be (6).
- A mouthful to let makes a drinking vessel (6).
- If hot, mostly distributed from a soap-box (3).
- Such set is not for elderly people (7).
- Rowed in Tokio a redecorated boat (5).
- Paper-seller in toaster (9).
- Stimulate though mostly behindhand (5).
- Stained through the drains (9).

DOWN

- Its day is on May 24 (6).
- Annex the French to a windlass (6).
- Limb to permit an ornamental hand worn on that limb (6).
- Having made and left a will for a trial consumed (7).
- Cavy, the head of which is worth 21/- (6-3).
- Has bitter feeling about ruined nests (7).
- Method of interment by Sir Thomas Browne (3, 6).
- Gone man (Anagr., 7).
- Determined attack with a lifeless company (4, 3).
- Place of a famous tea-party (6).
- Nay, son! It molests (6).
- Rider who took part in the tea-party of 18 down (6).



Solution will be published next week.



Men go for Mustard!

Your menfolk know that Keen's Mustard makes the BIG difference to every meal. No other condiment brings out the flavour, the savoury taste—the hidden, juicy goodness of all meats. Use it, too, with fish and cheese dishes... with sandwiches and in mayonnaise to give that extra appetite appeal.

And here's the 2-minute way to make an economy mayonnaise: Pour 1/2 tin Nestlé's sweetened condensed milk into a mixing bowl, add 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup Holbrook's vinegar and 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard; mix thoroughly until mixture thickens; allow to stand a few minutes before serving.

Keen's
Mustard makes the meal!

"The Most Irritable Woman Ever known," Mother says

"I'm quickly becoming the most irritable woman in this neighbourhood," said a young mother, last week. "I don't know what's wrong with me. I've never been like it before. I adore my husband and kiddies yet I find myself snapping their heads off just because the children get healthily boisterous at times. I'm starting to get really worried about it."

Someone should tell her. She's suffering from nervous tension; suffering as far too many other men and women are. Her body and nerve cells need concentrated nourishment. They need Sanatogen. A course of Sanatogen would nourish her nerves back to full health. Sanatogen contains concentrated amounts of protein together with phosphorus. These essential nutrients exercise a high, lasting tonic action, not only on the nervous system, but on the body as a whole.

Get a tin of Sanatogen from your chemist today and from the start you will begin to respond to its strengthening effect. Sanatogen is recommended by doctors the world over.

Sanatogen The PROTEIN Nerve Tonic.

Made by Chronometer craftsmen in the Black Forest of Germany



Junghans TIME

the handsomest gift you can give

For the most practical, acceptable present, choose a Junghans. A gift of beauty for someone you love. They're precision-perfect, accurate and reliable timekeepers. Smartest styling and colours. See the wide range at your jewellers and leading stores.

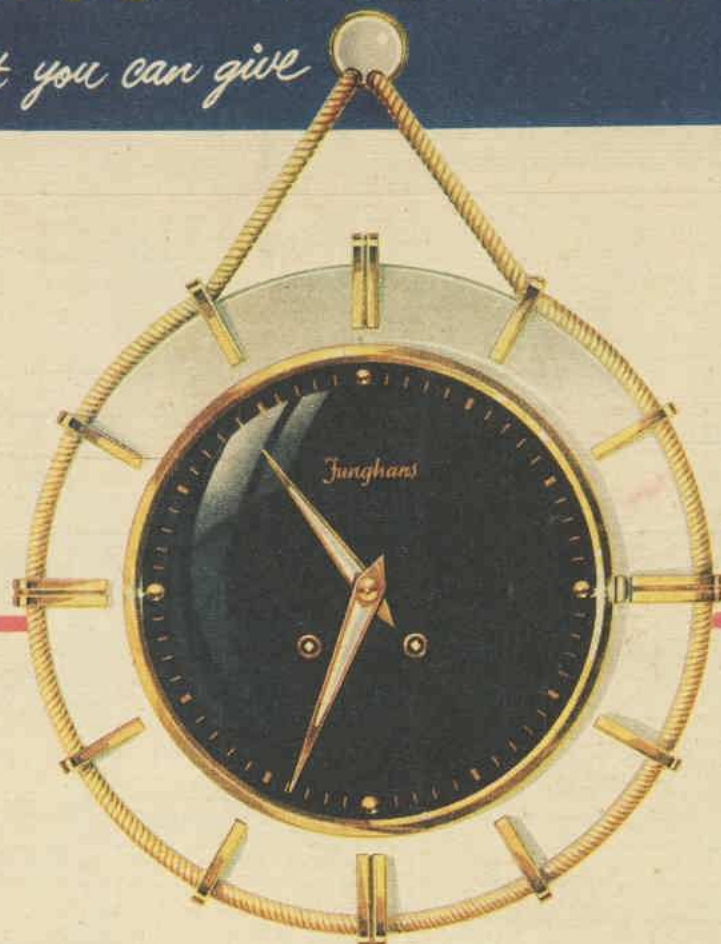
for Dad . . .

he sleeps like a log, but Junghans Silent-tic TRIVOX will always wake him on time . . . it's dependable as the sun. Whispers first, reminds, then finally insists. 4 colours. Luminous.



for Mum . . .

Junghans MINIATURE ALARM will delight her. A cute 2¾" high. Luminous figures and hands. Lovely colours. Polished gilt feet.



for all the family . . .

the smartest wall clock ever. Big range of designs. This one fitted with elegant gold hanging cord. Unique membrane gong chimes with a lovely mellow tone.

for daughter . . .

Junghans beautiful "BALLERINA" glass-domed clock wakes her with music. Little ballerina dances to the strains of the Blue Danube Waltz. A truly unique and beautiful gift. 6¾" high — so petite, so charming.



for son . . .

Junghans SHOCKPROOF TRAVEL ALARM will wake him in time for planes, trains. Jewelled movement, unbreakable mainsprings. Attractive leather case. Straight or shield design.



Junghans wrist watches . . .

shockproof, waterproof — with unbreakable mainsprings and jewelled pallets. Price range: from £5/19/6 to £21/15/- (for the famous 17-jewel, observatory-certified, waterproof chronometer with the centre second hand)



for someone special . . .

Junghans all-purpose clocks in a variety of elegant designs and shapes, for dressing table or executive desk. Modern recessed dials with luminous figures and hands.



Junghans MASTERS OF TIME

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